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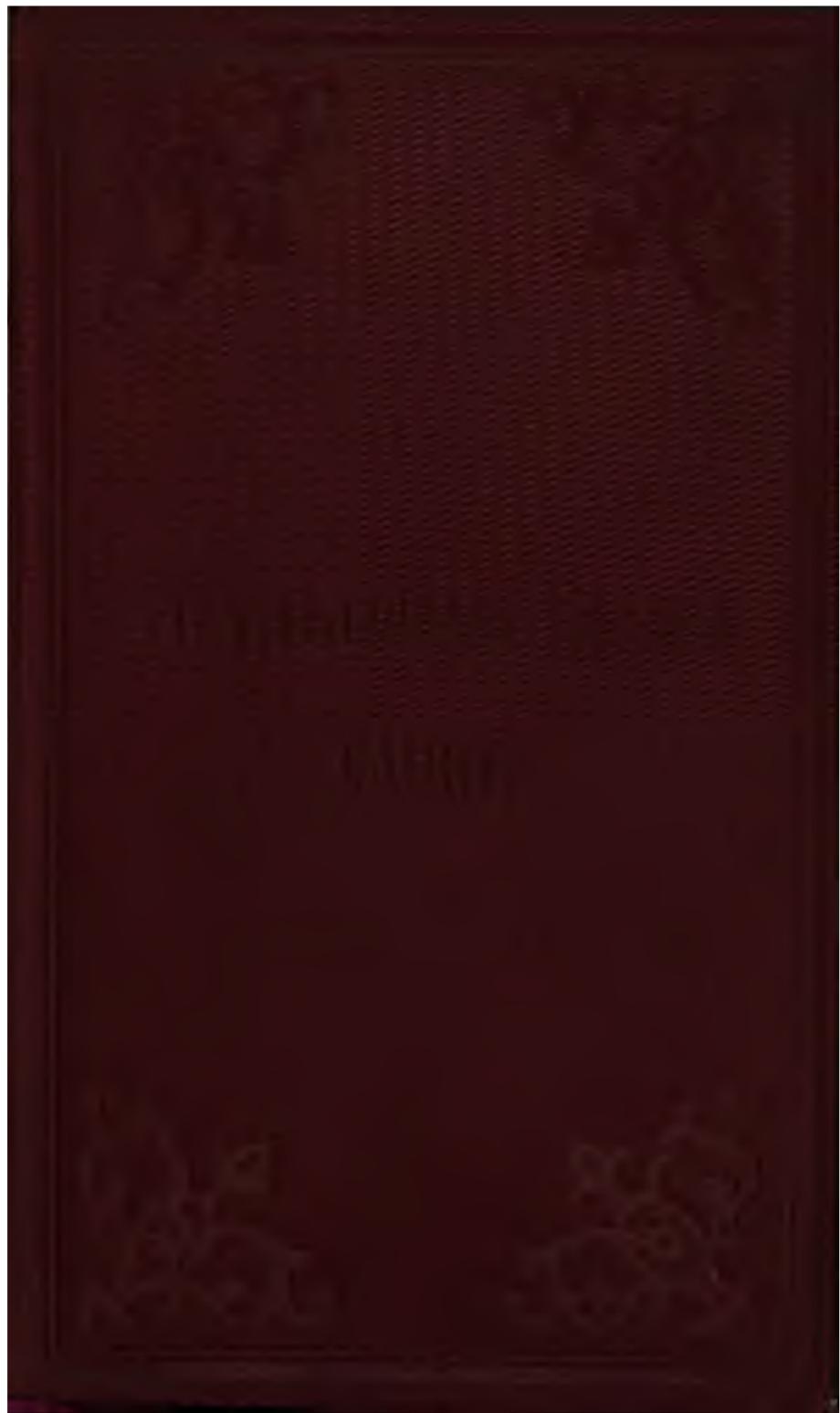
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THE 'STANDARD' SERIES
OF
ELEMENTARY READING BOOKS.

THE
FIFTH 'STANDARD' READER;

OR,

Poetry and Adventure.

BY

J. S. LAURIE,

EDITOR OF "THE GRADUATED SERIES OF READING-LESSON BOOKS," ETC.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS.

1863.



M E M O R A N D U M.

Revised Code.

S T A N D A R D V.

READING.—A few lines of poetry from a reading-book used in the first class of the school.

WRITING.—A sentence slowly dictated once, by a few words at a time, from a reading-book used in the first class of the school.

ARITHMETIC.—A sum in compound rules (common weights and measures).

PREFACE.

THE chief object aimed at in the present volume is to introduce the pupil to poetry—poetry in the literal and true sense of the term. An endeavour of this kind is of so peculiar a character as to call for a word of explanation. The young reader is not suddenly launched into a field of literature in which he will find the language or the ideas entirely new to him. From the earliest stage of his progress his ear has been accustomed to rythm in a variety of forms; in the shape of easy rhymes, pictorial versification, simple ballads and lyrics, and fables in verse. Again, in the third and fourth books of this series an effort has been made to render him familiar, by little and little, with figurative expressions, and other artifices of poetic diction. To the present volume the transition will thus be found easy and gradual. The first sections of it—namely, *Miscellaneous Poems*, *Poems on Animals*, *Poems on Nature and the Affections*—consist almost entirely of lyrical pieces; and they have been selected not so much on account of their absolute merit (though also on that account) as because they are interesting, short, and not too highly pitched for the period of mental growth for which they are intended.

At the same time it is important to observe that to imbue a pupil at so early a stage with a love of poetry is no easy task. He cannot but meet with some perplexities of speech which he will of himself be unable to solve, or phases of imagery which will transcend his experience; and it will therefore be the more imperative on the teacher to come to his aid and clear away stumbling-blocks. In addition to the careful selection of the pieces themselves, the explanations which have been occasionally inserted as foot-notes will, it is hoped, render those unavoidable difficulties as few and as slight as possible.

As poetical lessons will necessarily occupy a much larger portion of the teacher's time than prose ones, it has not been thought advisable to restrict the volume to poetry alone. A full half of it, however, is devoted to that department, and only every alternate sheet of thirty-two pages consists of prose. The species of prose lesson which has been chosen—tales of adventure—is that which appears best calculated to relieve the tedium of continuous reading in poetry.

The fourth poetical section chiefly consists of poems adapted for recitation.

** *Although the greater part of the materials have long been independently collected, the Editor has pleasure in acknowledging his obligations to the "Golden Treasury," the "Children's Garland," and "Poetry for Children," for the mechanical facilities which these compilations have afforded him in preparing the present volume.*

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THE
FIFTH 'STANDARD' READER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WAY FOR BILLY AND ME.

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river, and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thickest and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow among the hay;
Up the water, and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.—*Hogg.*

THE BEGGAR MAN.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat ;
The faggot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round, and careless chat.

When, hark ! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door,
And thus, to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard t' implore :

“ Cold blows the blast across the moor ;
The sleet drives hissing in the wind ;
Yon toilsome mountain lies before :
A dreary treeless waste behind.

“ My eyes are weak and dim with age ;
No road, no path can I descry ;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

“ So faint I am—these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear ;
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

“ Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast ;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have pass'd ! ”

With hasty step the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor, half-frozen beggar man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came,
And warm'd his stiff'ning hands in theirs ;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheer'd his drooping soul ;
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tears were seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
 And all their merry chat was o'er ;
 And yet they felt, they knew not why,
 More glad than they had done before.

Lucy Aikin.

THE PALMER.*

“OPEN the door, some pity to show !
 Keen blows the northern wind !
 The glen is white with the drifted snow,
 And the path is hard to find.

“No outlaw† seeks your castle gate,
 From chasing the king's deer ;
 Though even an outlaw's wretched state
 Might claim compassion here.

“A weary Palmer, worn and weak
 I wander for my sin ;
 Oh, open, for Our Lady's sake !
 A pilgrim's blessing win !

“The hare is crouching in her form,
 The hart beside the hind ;
 An aged man, amid the storm,
 No shelter can I find.

“You hear the Ettrick's sullen roar,
 Dark, deep, and strong is he,
 And I must ford the Ettrick o'er,
 Unless you pity me.

“The iron gate is bolted hard,
 At which I knock in vain ;
 The owner's heart is closer barr'd,
 Who hears me thus complain.

“Farewell, farewell ! and Heaven grant,
 When old and frail you be,
 You never may the shelter want
 That's now denied to me !”

* *Palmer*, pilgrim or wanderer, going to some shrine to fulfil a vow.

† *Outlaw*, one whose crimes have deprived him of the protection of the laws.

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,
 And heard him plead in vain ;
 But oft, amid December's storm,
 He'll hear that voice again :

For lo ! when through the vapors dank
 Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
 A corpse, amid the alders rank,
 The Palmer welter'd there.

Sir W. Scott.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS, AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

" You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
 " The few locks which are left you are grey ;
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray."

" In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
 " I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
 And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
 That I never might need them at last."

" You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
 " And pleasures with you pass away,
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray."

" In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
 " I remember'd that youth could not last ;
 I thought of the future, whatever I did,
 That I never might grieve for the past."

" You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
 " And life must be hastening away ;
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray."

" I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied,
 " Let the cause thy attention engage :
 In the days of my youth I remember'd my God,
 And He has not forgotten my age."

Southey.

THE BAG OF THE BEE.

ABOUT the sweet bag of a bee,
 Two Cupids fell at odds ;
 And whose the pretty prize should be,
 They vow'd to ask the gods.

Which hearing, Venus thither came,
 And for their boldness stripp'd them ;
 And taking thence from each his flame,
 With rods of myrtle whipp'd them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
 When quiet grown she'd seen them,
 She kiss'd and wiped their dove-like eyes,
 And gave the bag between them.

Donne.

THE BLIND BOY.

O SAY ! what is that thing call'd light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy ?
 What are the blessings of the sight,
 O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wond'rous things you see,
 You say the sun shines bright ;
 I feel him warm, but how can he,
 Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make,
 Whene'er I sleep or play ;
 And could I ever keep awake
 With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hapless woe,
 But sure with patience I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy ;
 While thus I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy.

Colley Cibber.

CHEERFULNESS.

THE wind blows east, the wind blows west,
 And the frost falls, and the rain ;
 A weary heart went thankful to rest,
 And must rise to toil again, 'gain,
 And must rise to toil again.

The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
 And there comes good luck and bad ;
 The thriftiest man is the cheerfulness ;
 'Tis a thriftless thing to be sad, sad,
 'Tis a thriftless thing to be sad.

The wind blows east, the wind blows west ;
 What skills it to mourn or to talk ?
 A journey I have, and far ere I rest ;
 I must bundle my wallets and walk, walk,
 I must bundle my wallets and walk.

Carlyle.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly ! bow the head—
 In reverent silence bow ;
 No passing bell doth toll—
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,
 With lowly reverence bow ;
 There's one in that poor shed—
 One by that paltry bed—
 Greater than thou !

Beneath that beggar's roof,
 Lo ! Death doth keep his state ;
 Enter—no crowds attend ;
 Enter—no guards defend
 This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold,
 No smiling courtiers tread ;
 One silent woman stands
 Lifting with meagre hands
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
 An infant wail alone;
 A sob suppress'd—again
 That short deep gasp, and then
 The parting groan.

Oh, change!—oh, wondrous change!
 Burst are the prison bars—
 This moment there, so low,
 So agonised, and now
 Beyond the stars!

Oh, change!—stupendous change!
 There lies the soulless clod:
 The sun eternal breaks—
 The new immortal wakes—
 Wakes with his God.

Mrs. Southey (C. Bowles).

THE LITTLE SCARECROW GIRL.

SHE's up in yonder field,
 'Mid the new-sown corn,
 She'll be there until the eve,
 She has been there since morn.

O the pretty little creature with the bright blue eye,
 I heard her noisy clapper and her scarecrow cry.

I paused to mark the child—
 She was very pale and young;
 She told me she was "six"
 With her merry little tongue.

In her hand she held her hat,
 Which the wild wind sway'd;
 And purple were the feet
 Of the scarecrow maid.

More happy than a queen,
 Though scanty was her food,
 The child that sang her song
 To that clapper music rude.

This, the maiden's simple lay,
 As she warbled in her nook,
 "Here, clapping every day,
 I scare the robber rook."—*Capern.*

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

Little white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed ;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, " It is good ;
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily,
Dress'd like a bride !
Shining with whiteness,
And crown'd beside !

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup ;
Rain is fast falling,
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, " Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have nice rain ;
Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool ;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet :
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
" Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain !
Little white Lily
Is happy again ! "

G. MacDonald.

DEATH-BED REMEMBRANCES.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window, where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day ;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light ;
The lilacs where the robins built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum, on his birthday :
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender spires,
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing.
My spirit flew in feathers,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

Hood.

MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

THE curling waves, with awful roar,
A little boat assail'd ;
And pallid fear's distracting power
O'er all on board prevailed—

Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who steadfast viewed the storm ;
And cheerful, with composure, smiled
At danger's threatening form.

" And sport'st thou thus," a seaman cried,
" While terrors overwhelm ?"
" Why should I fear ?" the boy replied,
" My father's at the helm !"

So when our worldly all is reft—
Our earthly helper gone,
We still have one true anchor left—
God helps, and He alone.

He to our prayers will bend an ear,
He gives our pangs relief ;
He turns to smiles each trembling tear,
To joy each torturing grief.

Then turn to Him, 'mid sorrows wild,
When want and woes o'erwhelm ;
Remembering, like the fearless child,
Our Father's at the helm.

TO THE ROBIN.

LITTLE bird with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed !
Daily near my table steal,
While I take my scanty meal.

Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee ;
Well rewarded if I spy,
Pleasure in thy glancing eye,

And see thee when thou'st had thy fill,
Plume thy breast and wipe thy bill.

Come, my feather'd friend, again,
Well thou know'st the broken pane ;
Ask of me thy daily store,
Ever welcome to my door.

Langhorne.

MARY ANN'S CHILD.

MARY ANN was alone with her baby in arms,
In her house with the trees overhead,
For her husband was out in the night and the storms,
In his business a-toiling for bread ;
And she, as the wind in the elm-heads did roar,
Did grieve to think he was all night out of door.

And her kinsfolk and neighbours did say of her child,
(Under the lofty elm-tree),
That a prettier never did babble and smile
Up a-top of a proud mother's knee ;
And his mother did toss him, and kiss him, and call
Him her darling and life, and her hope and her all.

But she found in the evening the child was not well
(Under the gloomy elm-tree),
And she felt she could give all the world for to tell
Of a truth what his ailing could be ;
And she thought on him last in her prayers at night,
And she look'd at him last as she put out the light.

And she found him grow worse in the dead of the night,
(Under the gloomy elm-tree),
And she press'd him against her warm bosom so tight,
And she rock'd him so sorrowfully ;
And there in his anguish a-nestling he lay,
Till his struggles grew weak, and his cries died away.

And the moon was a-shining down into the place
(Under the gloomy elm-tree),
And his mother could see that his lips and his face
Were as white as clean ashes could be ;
And her tongue was a-tied, and her still heart did swell
Till her senses came back with the first tear that fell.

Never more can she feel his warm face in her breast
 (Under the leafy elm-tree),
 For his eyes are a-shut, and his hands are at rest,
 And he's now from his pain a-set free,
 For his soul we do know is to heaven a-fled,
 Where no pain is a-known, and no tears are a-shed.

W. Barnes.

THE SANDS O' DEE.

"O MARY! go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee."
 The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see;
 The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
 And never home came she.

Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair?—
 A tress o' golden hair,
 O' drowned maiden's hair,
 Above the nets at sea.
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
 Among the stakes o' Dee.

They row'd her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel crawling foam,
 The cruel hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea:
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee.

C. Kingsley.

THE FOUNTAIN.

INTO the sunshine,
Full of light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night.

Into the moonlight
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like,
When the winds blow !

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day !

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary ;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest ;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment—
Ever the same ;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element.

Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee !

Lowell.

THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

God moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up His bright designs,
 And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take !
 The clouds you so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust Him for His grace ;
 Behind a frowning Providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain ;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

Cowper.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the west,
 Away to the west as the sun went down ;
 Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the town ;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
 And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down ;
 They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the shower,
 And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.

But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town ;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

C. Kingsley.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze ;
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave ;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below.
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor-flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm hath ceased to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

Campbell.

HOW'S MY BOY.

Ho, sailor of the sea !
 How's my boy—my boy ?
 "What's your boy's name, good wife,
 And in what good ship sail'd he ?"
 My boy John—
 He that went to sea—
 What care I for the ship, sailor ?
 My boy's my boy to me.

You come back from sea
 And not know my John !
 I might as well have ask'd some landsman
 Yonder down in town.
 There's not an ass in all the parish
 But he knows my John.
 How's my boy—my boy ?
 And unless you let me know
 I'll swear you are no sailor,
 Blue jacket or no,
 Brass button or no, sailor,
 Anchor and crown or no !
 Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton*—
 " Speak low, woman, speak low ! "

And why should I speak low, sailor,
 About my own boy John ?
 If I was loud as I am proud
 I'd sing him o'er the town !
 Why should I speak low, sailor ?
 " That good ship went down."

How's my boy—my boy ?
 What care I for the ship, sailor,
 I never was aboard her.
 Be she afloat, or be she aground,
 Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound,
 Her owners can afford her !—
 I say, how's my John ?
 " Every man on board went down,
 Every man aboard her."

How's my boy—my boy ?
 What care I for the men, sailor ?
 I'm not their mother—
 How's my boy—my boy ?
 Tell me of him and no other !
 How's my boy—my boy ?

S. Dobell.

NAPOLEON AND THE SAILOR.

NAPOLEON's banners at Boulogne
 Arm'd in our island every freeman ;
 His navy chanced to capture one
 Poor British seaman.

They suffer'd him—I know not how—
 Unprison'd on the shore to roam ;
 And aye was bent his longing brow
 On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
 Of birds to Britain half-way over ;
 With envy *they* could reach the white
 Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
 Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
 If but the storm his vessel brought
 To England nearer.

At last, when care had banish'd sleep,
 He saw one morning—dreaming—doating,
 An empty hogshead from the deep
 Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
 The livelong day laborious ; lurking
 Until he launch'd a tiny boat
 By mighty working.

Heaven help us ! 'twas a thing beyond
 Description wretched : such a wherry
 Perhaps ne'er ventur'd on a pond,
 Or cross'd a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea-field,
 It would have made the boldest shudder ;
 Untarr'd, uncompass'd, and unkeel'd,
 No sail—no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
 His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;
 And thus equipp'd he would have pass'd
 The foaming billows ;—

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach
 His little Argo* sorely jeering ;
 Till tidings of him chanced to reach
 Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
 Serene alike in peace and danger ;
 And in his wonted attitude
 Address'd the stranger :—

"Rash man that wouldst yon channel pass
 On twigs and staves so rudely fashion'd ;
 Thy heart with some sweet British lass
 Must be impassion'd."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad ;
 "But—absent long from one another—
 Great was the longing that I had
 To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,
 "Ye've both my favor fairly won ;
 A noble mother must have bred
 So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
 And with a flag of truce commanded
 He should be shipp'd to England Old,
 And safely landed.

* *Argo*, argosie, fleet ; (satirically spoken).

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty ;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparté.

T. Campbell.

THE SAILOR.

THOU that hast a daughter
For one to woo and wed,
Give her to a husband
With snow upon his head :
Oh, give her to an old man,
Though little joy it be,
Before the best young sailor
That sails upon the sea.

How luckless is the sailor
When sick and like to die,
He sees no tender mother,
Nor sweetheart standing by.
Only the captain speaks to him,—
“Stand up, stand up, young man,
And steer the ship to haven,
As none beside thee can.”

“Thou say’st to me, ‘Stand, stand up ;’
I say to thee take hold,
Lift me a little from the deck,
My hands and feet are cold.
And let my head, I pray thee,
With handkerchiefs be bound :
There, take my love’s gold handkerchief,
And tie it tightly round.

“Now bring the chart, the doleful chart ;
See where these mountains meet—
The clouds are thick around their head,
The mists around their feet :
Cast anchor here ; ‘tis deep and safe
Within the rocky cleft ;
The little anchor on the right,
The great one on the left.

"And now to thee, O captain,
 Most earnestly I pray,
 That they may never bury me
 In church or cloister grey;
 But on the windy sea-beach,
 At the ending of the land,
 All on the surfy sea-beach,
 Deep down into the sand.

"For there will come the sailors,
 Their voices I shall hear,
 And at casting of the anchor
 The 'yo-ho' loud and clear;
 And at hauling of the anchor
 The 'yo-ho' and the cheer,—
 Farewell, my love, for to thy bay
 I never more may steer."

W. Allingham.

THE SAILOR'S SONG.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast;—
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

"Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!"
 I heard a fair one cry;
 But give to me the snoring breeze
 And white waves heaving high;—
 And white waves heaving high, my lads,
 The good ship tight and free;
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,*
 And lightning in yon cloud;
 But hark the music, mariners!
 The wind is piping loud;—

* *There's tempest*, &c., i.e., the horned moon forebodes a storm.

The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free ;
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage* the sea.

A. Cunningham.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
 That sail'd the wintry sea ;
 And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
 His pipe was in his mouth,
 And he watch'd how the veering flaw did blow
 The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
 Had sail'd the Spanish Main :
 "I pray thee put into yonder port,
 For I fear the hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
 And to-night no moon we see !"
 The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
 And a scornful laugh laugh'd he.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
 A gale from the north-east ;
 The snow fell hissing in the brine,
 And the billows froth'd like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain
 The vessel in its strength ;
 She shudder'd and paused like a frighted steed,
 Then leap'd her cable's length.

* *Heritage*, what we own, or inherit.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
 And do not tremble so,
 For I can weather the roughest gale,
 That ever wind did blow."

He wrapp'd her warm in his seaman's coat,
 Against the stinging blast;
 He cut a rope from a broken spar,
 And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring,
 O say, what may it be?"
 " 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
 And he steer'd for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
 O say, what may it be?"
 "Some ship in distress that cannot live
 In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
 O say, what may it be?"
 But the father answer'd never a word—
 A frozen corpse was he.

Lash'd to the helm, all stiff and stark,
 With his face turn'd to the skies,
 The lantern gleam'd through the gleaming snow
 On his fix'd and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasp'd her hands and pray'd
 That saved she might be;
 And she thought of Christ who still'd the waves
 On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
 Through the whistling sleet and snow,
 Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
 T'wards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
 A sound came from the land;
 It was the sound of the trampling surf
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
 She drifted a dreary wreck,
 And a whooping billow swept the crew
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
 Look'd soft as carded wool,
 But the cruel rocks they gored her sides
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds all sheath'd in ice,
 With the masts went by the board ;
 Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,
 Ho ! ho ! the breakers roar'd.

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,
 A fisherman stood aghast,
 To see the form of a maiden fair
 Lash'd close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes ;
 And he saw her hair like the brown sea-weed,
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
 In the midnight and the snow ;
 Heav'n save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's Woe !

Longfellow.

THE SOWER'S SONG.

Now hands to seedsheet, boys,
 We step and we cast ; old Time's on wing,
 And would ye partake of Harvest's joys,
 The corn must be sown in spring.
 Fall gently and still, good corn,
 Lie warm in thy earthly bed ;
 And stand so yellow some morn,
 For beast and man must be fed.

Old Earth is a pleasure to see,
 In sunshiny cloak of red and green ;
 The furrow lies fresh ; this year will be,
 As years that are past have been.
 Fall gently and still, good corn,
 Lie warm in thy earthly bed ;
 And stand so yellow some morn,
 For beast and man must be fed.

Old Mother, receive this corn,
 The son of six thousand sires ;
 All these on thy kindly breast were born,
 One more thy poor child requires.
 Fall gently and still, good corn,
 Lie warm in thy earthly bed ;
 And stand so yellow some morn,
 For beast and man must be fed.

Now steady and sure again,
 And measure of stroke and step we keep ;
 Thus up and thus down, we cast our grain :
 Sow well, and you gladly reap.
 Fall gently and still, good corn,
 Lie warm in thy earthly bed ;
 And stand so yellow some morn,
 For beast and man must be fed.

Carlyle.

LULLABY.

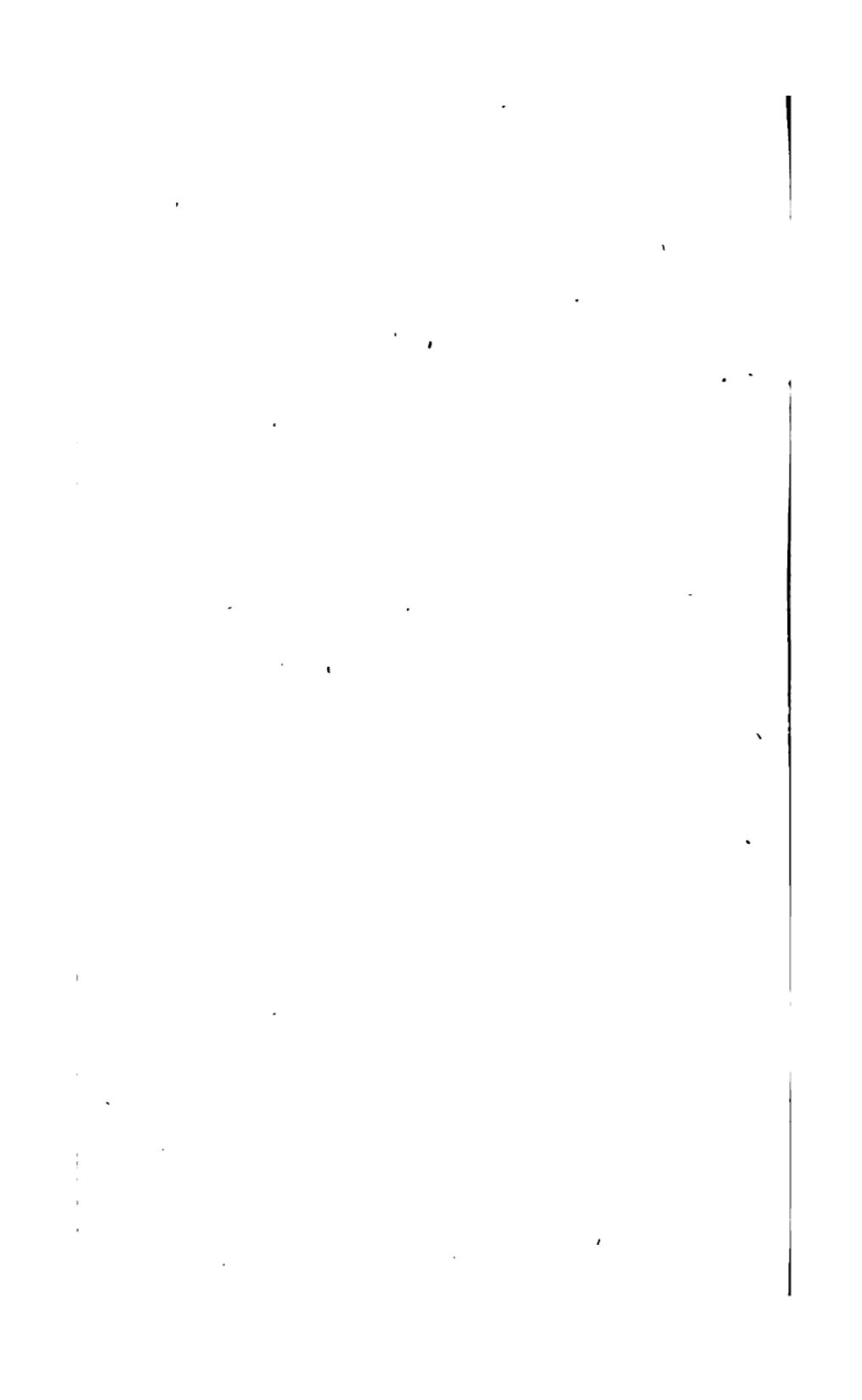
SWEET and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea ;
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea !
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me ;
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon :
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west,
 Under the silver moon ;
 Sleep, my little one, sleep ; my pretty one, sleep.

Tennyson.

Tales of Adventure.

I.



TALES OF ADVENTURE.

Famine, want of food, starvation.
Result, effect, consequence.
Region, district, piece or tract of country.
Expedition, journey, adventure (with some object in view).
Exactly, similar to, precisely.
Endure, bear, suffer.

THE ESQUIMAUX DOG.

In the countries the nearest to the pole which are inhabited by man, I believe many of the tribes could not live at all without their dogs. In other places these creatures are most useful helpers to man, but there they are necessary to his very existence. When there is sickness among the dogs, and they die in great numbers, a famine is the result, so the people die too.

I must tell you how this happens.

The summer in those regions is very short—only about three months—and the winter is very long, lasting all the rest of the year; and it is also terribly severe. Well, then, in summer the people must be as busy as possible, laying up stores of fish and flesh, and skins for clothing, and fuel for fire. When the terrible winter comes, they would be in danger of perishing from cold and hunger if they did not do so. No shops are there; every one must provide food and clothes for himself. Great quantities of fish are dried, and the flesh of the reindeer and other animals is dried too; and when the hard frost comes, it makes a casing of ice which keeps this food sweet for a long time.

You wouldn't like very well to have dried fish, day after day, for many weeks together, with a little bit of tough dried meat, now and then, for a change. But it is so with those poor nations, except that those who live near enough to the sea-coast ha-

sometimes a bit of seal, or dead whale, with some of its blubber and oil, by way of a treat.

In their fishing, as well as on their hunting expeditions, they have often long journeys to make, and heavy burdens to carry. Who, then, is there to drag along men, and burdens, and all, over hundreds of miles of frozen snow, in walking over which they would soon get so worn out as to lie down and die? And who is to bring home fish, and skins, and seal and bear flesh, and loads of firewood, to their huts again?

I believe if it were not for their dogs they would be very badly off. These dogs are able to live exactly as their masters do. Being first-rate fishers, they catch fish for themselves all summer time; and when they return to the huts, are well fed for awhile upon the heads and other refuse of what has been brought home. During the rest of the winter, they are able to endure pangs of hunger which would kill almost any other animal whatever.

Now and then, however, they go out upon hunting expeditions after reindeer, or bears, or seals, and these they enjoy amazingly, both on account of their great love of the chase, and because of the prospect of plenty which is before them for a time. It is they who, harnessed in couples to a sledge, and having a dog who has been purposely trained as a leader, will draw their master, with two or three hundred pounds' weight into the bargain, over frozen snow, for three or four days together, at the rate of from sixty to a hundred miles a day.

Resin, a sticky matter largely found in pines.

Gear, materials, implements.

Garments, clothes.

Burrowing, scratching holes.

Remains, or remainder, what is left.

Snow-drift, snow driven by the wind.

Surface, top, the part that is seen of anything.

Let us take a journey; but before we set out, we shall imagine that we have been snowed up for several weeks inside a Kam-schat-kan hut, without having seen any light but that from a wood fire and a small lamp fed with coarse oil. We have tried, indeed, to make ourselves as comfortable as possible before the winter

began. We have had all the crannies in our walls stopped up with moss, and have plastered them with clay. A great mound of earth is raised outside, as high as the ice windows, in order to keep us from being quite buried by the snow-storms when they come.

We have got in a good stock of pine-wood, which is so full of resin, that when some pieces are thrown on the fire in the middle of our floor, a great stream of sparks escapes through the chimney, or, rather, hole in the top. This stream looks outside like rockets and squibs rising suddenly out of the snow. Round the fire all the family are gathered.

The men put their fishing-tackle and hunting-gear in order, and the women sew together the skins that are worn for garments. Altogether there is a kind of rude comfort which we can manage to put up with for a while. The dogs lie burrowing in the snow outside, and every six or eight hours set up a great howling like wolves, whom, indeed, they are not unlike. When the family meal is over they will come in, and get their share of the remains, and then they will go out and burrow in the snow again.

All this goes on pretty well for a time; but, by-and-by, both dogs and men get wearied of the constant snow-drift, which obscures air and sky, and glad they are when it ceases, and the moon and stars once more appear. The dogs would let it be known when the moon shines out, if nothing else did, for as soon as they see her bright face they begin to howl.

Then the men clear a path-way through the snow, and go forth upon the glittering white plains. It is too soon yet, however, to set forth upon a hunting journey. A good frost must come first and harden the surface of the snow, to make it fit for travelling upon. At length the important day comes when the sledge has to be got ready. Then comes the business of harnessing the dogs. As many as six pair are put to in one sledge, but the reins are fastened to the collar of the leader only. The master gets in, well wrapped up in skins, and with all the provisions he needs for himself, and a very little for his dogs, and with the spears and other things that are needed for the chase.

Cramped up, *shut up, confined.*

Directions, *orders.*

To be too many for, *too strong for.*

Have recourse to, *take up, adopt, resort to.*

Without interruption, *without stopping.*

Away they go, steadily and merrily for a time, and the driver has nothing to do but to sit still and enjoy the rapid motion and the keen bracing air, and look up at the merrily-dancing streamers, thinking how much better this is than to be cramped up in his hut, as he has been for so long. But presently the dogs put down their noses, as if they scented something in the snow, and the driver knows that now his troubles are going to begin. A reindeer or an arctic fox has passed there shortly before. The dogs smell its footsteps, and become furious to start off upon its track. If they are not well managed, they may overturn the sledge, and dash it to pieces.

If the master has time, he will indulge them in going after the scent, and so procure them a good meal, while he keeps the best for himself. But if he is in a hurry to get down to the shore of the frozen sea, for seals and bears, he must do his best to get them put off, and go steadily forward. He carries in his hand a short stick, which he flings now at this dog, now at that, and catches cleverly again; and he calls out sharply words and sentences which they all very well understand; but if it were not for the leader they would have their own way in spite of him.

The leader is by far the most intelligent and obedient dog of the pack. He attends carefully to his master's directions. He refuses, on any consideration, to be turned out of the right onward path. If the others threaten to be too many for him, he will even have recourse to some trick to induce them to follow his lead. He will, perhaps, pretend to smell again on the ground in another direction, and then turn round suddenly and begin to bark, as if he had discovered some new scent, and the other dogs believe him, and begin to follow him readily again.

But now the air suddenly darkens; the master feels alarmed to see some large, soft snow-flakes begin to fall. A storm is approaching; faster and thicker becomes the drift; and in this rackless, snowy desert, without road or tree, there is very great

danger of losing his way. The stars, by which he knows how to guide his course, are no longer seen. If the leader cannot find his way to the hut, which is built at a certain distance for the shelter of travellers, all is lost ; and before the sledge reaches so far, this hut is snowed up, so that no human eye can discover where it is. But, by some wonderful instinct, the leader has found its place : he begins scratching with his feet, while he gives a peculiar bark, and the master knows that his life is saved. He searches for an entrance, manages to dig his way in, and lights a fire with the wood which he finds lying there. Himself and his dogs rest until the storm is over, and the stars once more shine forth. Away then, again, they go, without interruption, until they reach the coast, where master and dogs are equally delighted to dodge about after the seals lying in holes under the ice, or the prowling bears, who are watching to get hold of those very seals in order to make a meal of them, but who have now to turn and defend themselves. Well would the dogs like to remain here altogether ; but that cannot be. They have a more wearisome journey before them than when they first set out, for now they will have a load to carry of skins, and blubber, and seal and bear flesh. But they have been well fed, and are in better condition, and less liable to be tempted off by a stray scent ; so they make good way this time, and, to the great joy of their mistresses, reach in safety their poor huts again.

"Cats and Dogs," by Mrs. Myrtle.

Emigrate, to go out of a country.

Lustre, brilliance.

Salutation, greeting.

Abyss, deep hollow.

Chasm, abyse.

JOURNEY OVER THE FROZEN SEA.

LABRADOR is a part of North America, where the climate is so excessively cold during the winter, that wine becomes frozen into a solid mass, and the very breath falls on the blankets of a bed in the form of a hoar frost. It is inhabited by a people called the Esquimaux, whose usual mode of travelling is as described in the previous chapters. The following is an interesting account of such an expedition, given by an Englishman who had emigrated to America:—

Having occasion to visit Okkak, about one hundred and fifty English miles distant from Nain, my friend Samuel and I, with three other men, a woman and a child, left Nain on the 11th of March, 1782. It was early in the morning, with very clear weather, the stars shining with uncommon lustre. Our company were in two sledges. An Esquimaux sledge is drawn by two teams of dogs.

We were all in good spirits, and appearances being in our favor, we hoped to reach Okkak in safety in two or three days. The track over the frozen sea was in the best possible order, and we went with ease at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. After we had passed the islands in the bay of Nain, we kept at a considerable distance from the coast; both to gain the smoothest part of the ice, and to weather the high promontory of Kiglapeit. About eight o'clock we met a sledge with Esquimaux turning in from the sea. After the usual salutation, the Esquimaux alighting, held some conversation, as is their general practice, the result of which was, that some hints were thrown out by the strange Esquimaux that it would be better to return. However, as we saw no reason whatever for it, and only suspected that the Esquimaux wished to enjoy the company of their friends a little longer, we proceeded.

After some time, the Esquimaux who drove the sledges, hinted that there was a *ground swell* under the ice. It was hardly perceptible, except on lying down and applying the ear close to the ice, when a hollow, disagreeable, grating, and roaring noise was heard, as if ascending from the abyss. The weather remained clear, except towards the east, where a bank of light clouds appeared, interspersed with some dark streaks. But the wind being strong from the north-west, nothing less than a sudden change of weather was expected. The sun had now reached its height, and there was as yet little or no alteration in the appearance of the sky. But the motion of the sea under the ice had grown more perceptible, so as rather to alarm us, and we began to think it prudent to keep close to the shore. The ice had cracks and large openings in many places, some of which formed chasms of one or two feet wide; but as they are not uncommon even in its best state, and the dogs easily leap over them, the sledge following without danger, they are terrible only to new-comers.

Elasticity, *suppleness, flexibility.*
League, *about three miles.*
Precipitate, *to hurl headlong.*

As soon as the sun declined towards the west, the wind increased and rose to a storm; the bank of clouds from the east began to ascend, and the dark streaks to put themselves in motion against the wind. The snow was violently driven about by partial whirlwinds, both on the ice, and from off the peaks of the high mountains, and filled the air. At the same time, the ground swell had increased so much, that its effects upon the ice became very extraordinary and alarming. The sledges, instead of gliding along smoothly upon an even surface, sometimes ran with violence after the dogs, and shortly after seemed with difficulty to ascend the rising hill; for the elasticity of so vast a body of ice, of many leagues square, supported by a troubled sea, though in some places three or four yards in thickness, would in some degree occasion a wa-

motion, not unlike that of a sheet of paper accommodating itself to the surface of a rippling stream. Noises were now likewise distinctly heard in many directions, like the report of cannon, owing to the bursting of the ice at some distance.

The Esquimaux, therefore, drove with all haste towards the shore, intending to take up their night-quarters on the south side of the Nivak; but, as it plainly appeared that the ice would break and disperse in the open sea, one of the Esquimaux advised us to push forward to the north of the Nivak, whence he hoped the ice to Okkak might still remain entire. To this proposal we all agreed; but when the sledges approached the coast, the prospect before us was truly terrific. The ice having broken loose from the rocks, was forced up and down, dashing and breaking into a thousand pieces against the precipices, with a tremendous noise, which, added to the raging of the wind, and the snow drifting about in the air, deprived us almost of the power of seeing anything distinctly.

To make the land at any risk, was now the only hope left; but it was with the utmost difficulty the frightened dogs could be forced forward, the whole body of the ice sinking frequently below the surface of the rocks, then rising above it. As the only moment to land was that when it gained the level of the coast, the attempt was extremely nice and hazardous. It, however, providentially succeeded; both sledges gained the shore, and were drawn up the beach without difficulty.

We had hardly time to reflect with gratitude on our safety, when that part of the ice from which we had just now made good our landing, burst asunder, and the water, forcing itself from below, covered and precipitated it into the sea. In an instant, as if by a signal given, the whole mass of ice, extending for several miles from the coast, as far as the eye could reach, began to burst, and be overwhelmed by the immense waves. The sight was tremendous and awfully grand; the large fields of ice raising themselves out of the water, striking against each other, and plunging into the deep, with a violence not to be described, and a noise like the discharge of innumerable batteries of heavy guns. The darkness of the night, the roaring of the sea, and the dashing of the waves and ice against the rocks, filled us with sensations of awe and horror, so as almost to

deprive us of the power of utterance. We stood overwhelmed with astonishment at our miraculous escape, and even the heathen Esquimaux expressed gratitude for their deliverance.

The Esquimaux now began to build a snow-house, about thirty yards from the beach, but before they had finished their work, the waves reached the place where the sledges were secured, and they were with difficulty saved from being washed into the sea.

*Refuge, shelter from danger.
Imminent, overhanging, near.
Expedient, temporary measure.*

About nine o'clock, all of us crept into the snow-house, grateful for this place of refuge, for the wind was piercing cold, and so violent that it required great strength to be able to stand against it.

Before we entered into this habitation, we could not help once more turning to the sea, which was now free from ice, and beheld with horror, mingled with gratitude for our safety, the enormous waves, driving furiously before the wind, like huge castles, and approaching the shore, where with dreadful noise they dashed against the rocks, foaming and filling the air with the spray. We now took our supper, and lay down to rest about ten o'clock. We lay so close, that if any one stirred, his neighbors were roused by it. The Esquimaux were soon fast asleep, but my friend Samuel and I could not get any rest, partly on account of the dreadful roaring of the wind and sea, and partly owing to sore throats, which gave us great pain.

Our wakefulness proved the deliverance of the whole party from sudden destruction. About two o'clock my friend perceived some salt water to drop from the roof of the snow-house upon his lips. Though rather alarmed on tasting the salt, which could not proceed from a common spray, he lay quiet, till the same dropping being more frequently repeated, just as he was about to give the alarm, on a sudden, a tremendous surf broke close to the house, discharging a quantity of water into it: -

second soon followed, and carried away the slab of snow placed as a door before the entrance. We immediately called aloud to the sleeping Esquimaux to rise and quit the place. They jumped up in an instant; one of them, with a large knife, cut a passage through the side of the house, and each seized some part of the baggage; it was thrown out upon a higher part of the beach. We assisted the Esquimaux:—the woman and child fled to a neighbouring eminence, where they were wrapt up by the Esquimaux in a large skin, and placed in shelter behind a rock, for it was impossible to stand against the wind, snow, and sleet. Scarcely had we retreated to this eminence when an enormous wave carried away the whole house; but nothing of consequence was lost.

We now found ourselves a second time delivered from the most imminent danger of death; but the remaining part of the night, before the Esquimaux could seek and find a safer place for a snow-house, were hours of great trial to mind and body, and filled every one with painful reflections. Before the day dawned, the Esquimaux dug a hole into a large drift of snow, to secure the woman and child.

As soon as it was light they built another snow-house, and miserable as such a habitation is, at all times, we were glad to creep into it. It was about eight feet square, and six or seven feet high. We now congratulated each other on our deliverance, but found ourselves in a miserable plight. My friend and I had taken but a small stock of provisions with us, merely sufficient for the short journey to Okkak. The Esquimaux had nothing at all. We were obliged, therefore, to divide our small stock into daily portions, especially as there appeared no hopes of soon quitting this place, and reaching any dwelling. Only two ways were left for this purpose; either to attempt the land passage, across a wild and unfrequented mountain, or wait for a new ice-track over the sea, which it would require much time to form; we therefore resolved to serve out no more than one biscuit and a half every day. But as this would not by any means satisfy an Esquimaux stomach, we offered to give one of our dogs to be killed for them, on condition that in case distress obliged us to resort again to that expedient, the next dog killed should be one of the Esquimaux team. They

replied that they should be glad of it, if they had a kettle to boil the flesh in, but as that was not the case, they must even suffer hunger, for they could not, even now, eat dog's flesh in its raw state. We now remained in the snow-house, resigned to our situation; and even our rough heathen companions declared that it was proper to be thankful that they were still alive, adding, that if they had remained a very little longer upon the ice, all their bones would have been broken to pieces in a short time.

Victuals, provisions.

Reproof, blame.

Melancholy, dull and sad.

Boisterous, rough.

Towards noon of the 13th, the weather cleared up, and the sea was seen, as far as the eye could reach, quite free from ice. Some of the Esquimaux went up the hills, and returned with the disagreeable news, that not a morsel of ice was to be seen, even from thence, in any direction, and that it had even been forced away from the coast at Nuasornak. They were, therefore, of opinion that we could do nothing but force our way across the mountain.

This day one of the Esquimaux complained much of hunger, probably to obtain from us a larger portion than the common allowance. We represented to him that we had no more ourselves, and reproved him for his impatience. Whenever the victuals were distributed, he always swallowed his portion very greedily, and put out his hand for what he saw we had left, but was easily kept, by serious reproof, from any further attempt. The Esquimaux ate this day an old sack made of fish skin, which proved, indeed, a dry and miserable dish. Whilst they were at this singular meal, they kept repeating in a low humming tone, "You were a sack a little time ago, and now you are food for us." Towards evening, some flakes of ice were discovered towards the west, and on the 14th, in the morning, the sea was covered with them. But the weather was again very strong, and the Esquimaux could not quit the snow-house, which made them low-spirited and melancholy. One of them

suggested, that it would be well to attempt to make good weather; by which he meant to practise his art as a sorcerer, to make the weather good: but we opposed it. I told him his heathenish practices were of no use, but that the weather would become favorable as soon as it should please God.

This day the Esquimaux began to eat a filthy and worn-out skin which had served them for a mattress.

On the 15th the weather continued extremely boisterous, and the Esquimaux appeared every now and then to sink under disappointment. But they possess one good quality, namely, a power of going to sleep when they please, and, if need be, they will sleep for days and nights together.

Occasion, *cause*.

Promontory, *headland*.

Retrace, *go back on*.

Remnant, *what is left*.

Obscure, *dark, unintelligible*.

In the evening the sky became clear, and our hopes revived. Some of the Esquimaux went up the hills again, and brought word that the ice had acquired a considerable degree of solidity, and might soon be fit for use. The poor dogs had meanwhile fasted for nearly four days, but now in the prospect of a speedy release, we allowed to each a few morsels of food.

The temperature having been rather mild, it occasioned a new source of distress, for by the warm breath of the inhabitants, the roof of the snow-house got to be in a melting state, which occasioned a continual dropping, and by degrees made everything soaking wet. We considered this the greatest hardship we had to endure, for we had not a dry thread about us, nor a dry place to lie down in.

Early on the 16th the sky cleared, but the fine particles of snow were driven about like clouds. Two of the Esquimaux determined to pursue their journey to Okkak, by the way of Nuasornak, and set out with the wind and the snow full in their faces. We could not resolve to accompany them, and yet our present distress dictated the necessity of venturing something to reach the habitation of men: we were afraid of passing over the newly-frozen sea under the promontory, and

could not immediately determine what to do. We went out again to examine the ice ; and having strong hopes that it would hold, came at last to a resolution to return to Nain, and endeavour to retrace our perilous journey.

On the 17th, the wind had considerably increased, with heavy showers of snow and sleet, but we set off at half-past ten o'clock in the forenoon, and about one o'clock we were out of danger and reached the bay. Here we found a good track upon smooth ice, and made a meal of the remnant of our provisions. Thus refreshed, we resolved to proceed without stopping until we reached Nain, where we arrived at twelve o'clock at night.

Our friends at Nain rejoiced exceedingly to see us return, for they had been much terrified by several hints of the Esquimaux, who first met us going out to sea, and who then, in their own obscure way, had endeavoured to warn us of the danger of the ground swell. One of the Esquimaux, who had made some article of dress for Samuel, addressed his wife in the following manner :—"I should be glad of the payment for my work." "Wait a little, and when my husband returns he will settle with you, for I am unacquainted with the bargain made between you." "Samuel," replied the Esquimaux, "will not return." "How, not return ! what makes you say so ?" After some pause, the Esquimaux replied in a low tone, "Samuel and his companions are no more ! all their bones are broken, and in the stomachs of the sharks !"

Terrified at this alarming account, my friend's wife called in the rest of her family, and the Esquimaux was examined as to his meaning ; but his answers were little less obscure. He seemed so certain of our destruction, that he was with difficulty prevailed on to wait some time for our return. He could not believe that we could have escaped the effects of so furious a tempest, considering the course we had taken.

Object, *to bring reasons against.*
Ruling passion, *strongest desire.*

STORY OF A CABIN-BOY.

I AM now going to tell you the story of a cabin-boy. His name was George Gordon. His mother was a widow. George was her only child. His father, who was a sailor, had not been heard of for several years. Sometime since, he sailed for South America, and that was the last that was ever known of him.

Mrs. Gordon was a poor woman, but she was very industrious; and, with a little help from some kind neighbors, she did pretty well. She lived in a small house, but she kept it very neat and clean, so that it was quite comfortable.

Mrs. Gordon contrived to send George to school; and although he was more fond of play than books, yet he learnt to read and write. At length he was fifteen years old, and then he was very anxious to go to sea. His mother objected to it, for she thought the life of a sailor a hard one; and, besides, she was afraid that he would fall into bad company, and become thoughtless and wicked, like many other sailors.

But George had been familiar with the water from childhood. He could manage a boat with the greatest ease. In catching fish with a hook and line, he was more clever than any other boy in the town. He loved the very dangers of the water; and when a storm heaved the waves upon the rocks, he delighted to be out in a little skiff, and hover, like a sea-gull, on the tops of the breaking billows.

His love for the sea became at length his ruling passion; and, as his mother withheld her consent, he resolved to leave her by stealth, and go abroad in a ship. Accordingly, one night, after his mother had gone to bed, he packed up his clothes, passed silently out of the door, and set off on foot for a large neighboring seaport. Poor thoughtless lad!

It was sunrise when he arrived at the port. He immediately went down to one of the wharfs, and offered himself as cabin-boy

to the captain of a whale-ship that was just about to sail. The captain received him on board the vessel, and in a few hours they sailed upon their voyage.

They had a fair wind, and in a short time were out at sea. George's plans had all succeeded. He had escaped from his mother, he had found a berth on board a ship, and he was now actually on the broad ocean, going in search of adventures.

*Frolic, active fun.
Trim, order.*

For two days George was quite happy. His business was to take care of the cabin, to keep it in good order, and attend to the wants of the captain. He found his situation an easy one, and he saw many things to please him. He was delighted with the sparkling of the sea at night: he would often sit and look at the waters that heaped themselves up before the bows of the vessel. These seemed sometimes to be a mass of fire, so brilliant as to make it quite light for all around the ship.

The second day after they left the port, George saw a number of strange-looking creatures. They were quite black, and looked like a parcel of hogs rolling along in the waves. George knew them to be porpoises; he had now and then seen them before, but never in such numbers. There were more than a thousand of them, and they seemed to be all engaged in frolic.

George was delighted with these creatures, and seemed to consider the whole a very pleasant affair. But an old sailor, who was looking at the porpoises, shook his head, and said they would have foul weather to-morrow. George paid little attention to this, for the weather was now extremely fine.

A fisherman can see a fish in the water when another person can not; and, in like manner, an old sailor can see danger when a landsman does not suspect it.

In a few hours, however, things began to change. The sky became cloudy, and the sea began to roll in long heavy waves. The captain had put on his thick pea-jacket, and was very busy in ordering the men to put every part of the ship in

complete trim. He wore a look of some anxiety, and this seemed gradually to spread among all the sailors.

The wind now began to blow in heavy gusts; and, as they fell upon the sails of the ship, she was driven upon one side, as if she would be upset. The time of night was coming on: it was already beginning to be dark. At this moment a little bird flew on board the ship, and, overcome by fatigue, fell upon the deck. George picked it up, and carried it down into the cabin; but the little creature soon died.

This little bird was one of those which the sailors call Mother Cary's chickens. These birds are not often seen but out at sea; and, as they are particularly given to coming near ships in stormy weather, the sailors consider them as forerunners of evil.

*Solitude, loneliness.
Abate, decrease.*

The sun went down, and, as the darkness settled upon the waters, the howling tempest swept over the ocean with resistless fury. The rattling of the cordage, the creaking of the masts, the roar of the waters, the flapping of the sails, the groaning of the ship as she struggled with the waves, the cries of the captain and the mate to the sailors—all these sounds came upon the ear of the cabin-boy with a new and frightful meaning. He had never imagined a scene like this.

Afraid to be on deck, he went down into the cabin; but there he was uneasy, and again he went upon deck. All was darkness around, except that here and there, the breaking of the waves gave a momentary view of the white and sparkling tops. Now and then, too, a broad flash of lightning laid bare the tumbling waters to the sight. Then the thunder sounded, and, for an instant, the peal seemed to silence the uproar of the ship.

Overawed by the scene, George retired to his cabin, and crept into his berth, or bedplace. He wrapped the clothes about his head to hide himself from the flashes of lightning, and he held his ears to avoid hearing the thunder. But there was a feeling at his heart that he could not shut out. It whispered of his poor mother, and the folly and wickedness of her son, who had

stolen from her roof, and left her to weep in solitude and sorrow. This feeling was far more bitter than fear; and, for a short time, the poor boy forgot the dangers of the storm in his distress at the thoughts of his mother, and of his own behaviour.

But at length he was roused from his reflections by a loud noise, and a sudden cry of the men on deck. He sprang from his berth and ran upon deck. The lightning had struck the vessel and set it on fire. The flame had already extended nearly over the mainsail, which, at the time, was the only sail spread.

The destruction of the ship seemed inevitable; and, for a moment, all on board gave themselves up for lost. But the next instant a tremendous wave struck the side of the ship, and, passing over it, fell upon the mainsail, and in an instant put out the flame!

The remainder of the night was spent in fear and anxiety. The waves repeatedly broke over the vessel, and several times it seemed that she would be overwhelmed. But Providence watched over the crew; and as the morning came, the tempest began to abate.

When the sun rose, the wind had quite subsided; but yet the water continued to roll, with a heavy swell, for several hours. This ceased at length, and the water gradually settled into a state of perfect rest. All around the ocean seemed like a vast lake, whose surface was not disturbed by a breath of wind. The vessel lay on the water as motionless as a stone upon the land.

The sailors took advantage of the calm to repair the ship. At length the night came, and the moon shed its beautiful light upon the waves. The cabin-boy, who had now, in some measure, forgotten his sorrow, looked upon the scene with pleasing wonder. The whole ocean beneath the moon appeared like a broad bay of silver. The sailors seemed to forget the peril they had passed. One of them had a violin, on which he played some lovely tunes; some of them danced, some of them sang songs, and they were happy again.

The next morning a breeze sprang up, and the vessel proceeded on her voyage.

*Harpoon, small spear for whales.
Prodigious, astonishing.*

The whale-ship went on her voyage, but nothing remarkable happened for some time. At length they began to approach the seas in the neighbourhood of Greenland. They had already met with several icebergs, and although it was now near the first of June, the air was exceedingly cold.

They soon arrived among a great number of icebergs, which nearly covered the water. Among these they at length discovered a whale. Immediately a boat was got out, and eight of the men entered it. They then rowed cautiously towards the fish. They could just see its back above the water. As the whale is very quick in hearing and sight, they were obliged to be very careful.

Pretty soon the men in the boat had come close to the whale. At this moment it threw up great jets of its thick breath into the air, from the two holes in its head, which are its nostrils. At the same instant, one of the men, standing in the forepart of the boat, plunged a harpoon into its body, just behind its head.

As soon as the whale felt the wound it plunged beneath the water, making such a whirlpool as it went down, as nearly to swallow up the boat. The harpoon stuck fast in the whale's back. A long rope being fastened to it, the whale drew away the rope with prodigious swiftness. As the rope ran over the edge of the boat, the sailors were obliged to throw water upon the place, to prevent its taking fire by the violent rubbing.

Thus the whale continued to dart forward in the waters, pulling the rope after it. The boat, also, was pulled along with great rapidity; but the sailors were very careful to keep it straight, and not to let the rope get entangled, lest the boat should be upset. For some time the whale kept under water; but at length it was obliged to come up to the top to breathe. The sailors saw it at a great distance spouting its breath into the air. As they approached the spot they

saw that the waves were stained with blood, and by this they knew that the whale was severely wounded, and would soon die.

By and by the fishermen noticed that the rope began to slacken, and at length it was drawn out no more. They pulled the rope, but felt no motion. They then knew that the whale was dead. In about half an hour the body of the huge creature rose to the top of the water, and lay floating upon the surface.

*Tow, pulled by a boat.
Windlass, ship's crane.*

The whale was now towed alongside of the ship, and the whole crew fell to cutting it up. Several of the men got upon the side of the whale, having sharp irons in their shoes to prevent their slipping off. They cut off the fat part, or blubber (which lies between the skin and the lean parts, or muscles), in pieces about three feet thick, and eight inches long. These pieces were drawn up the side of the vessel by a windlass. They were then put into tubs, in the hold of the ship.

After the fat was all taken off, they cut out what is called the whalebone with an axe. I suppose you have often seen a whalebone. After it is cut into small rods, &c., these are used for the frames of umbrellas, for whip stocks, and many other purposes.

After all was done, the immense carcass of the whale was left floating upon the sea, and the vessel pursued its way in search of more fish.

*Apparently, seemingly.
Reproaches, blame.
Make amends for, give a return for.*

After this the whale-ship went still farther in search of whales. One day the sailors saw one of these creatures apparently asleep upon the water. They approached it very cautiously, and one of the men struck the harpoon into its side. The fish im-

mediately lifted its tail out of the water, and then brought it down again with the utmost violence.

In descending, it struck the end of the boat, in which there were three or four men. Such was the force of the blow, that the boat was thrown at least twenty feet into the air, and it came down bottom upwards. The men were all thrown out except one, who went up with the boat, and when it came down he was caught under it. They would all have been drowned had not another boat came immediately to their assistance.

I dare say you fancy that you can see the boat in the air, and the poor fishermen thrown in different ways amid the billows. If you want to keep out of danger, never go a whale-fishing.

I can hardly tell you all that happened to the whale-ship in these northern seas. After staying there three or four months, and getting a large quantity of oil, the captain set sail for home.

George had been greatly delighted with all he had seen; but now that he was about to return to his own country, the thought of his mother crowded upon his mind. Although he knew that he deserved her reproaches, yet he was anxious to see her. He longed to confess his fault, to obtain her forgiveness, and in some way to make amends for the pain he had given her.

For a long time, in sailing back, the vessel had head-winds, which obliged her to run off from her course, for a great distance. But at length they came within a few hundred miles of port. The sailors were all looking forward to the pleasure of soon being on land; and George was thinking of his mother.

Recognise him, *tell who he was.*
Procure an existence, *get a living.*

At length George reached the seaport near his home. Full of anxiety, he immediately set out to see his mother. It was evening when he reached the house where she used to live.

With a beating heart, he approached the door, and discovered that there was no light within. He knocked, but no answer

was returned. He put his hand against the door, and being rotten, it fell to the ground. He looked into the house, and it was all in ruins. The roof had partly fallen in, the plastering was broken, and the chimney was thrown down.

In an agony of distress, he went to a neighbor's house, and inquired for his mother. The people stared in his face, and it was long before they could recognise him. When they discovered that it was George Gordon, an old man offered to take him to his mother. They set out together, and in a short time they arrived at the workhouse.

There, in a dark apartment, on a miserable bed, lay the mother of the cabin-boy. She was clearly very near her end. Distress, anxiety, and mourning on account of her boy, had wasted her strength, until at length she was unable to procure an existence by her industry. For a time, she was supported by the charity of the neighbors; but at last she had been taken to the workhouse, and there, for several months, she had lingered out the remainder of a sad existence.

At this moment her son arrived; she appeared to have closed her eyes for ever. When he spoke to her, she opened them for a short time. She looked into his face, and she evidently knew him; but her lips were sealed, and she could not speak. Yet there was a smile on her countenance, and a gentleness in her manner, which seemed to say, "My dear boy, I forgive you all." She then closed her eyes, and her heart ceased to beat. She was dead.

Lowering, *gloomy and threatening*.

Tarpaulin, *canvas cloth*.

Hurricane, *violent storm of wind and rain*.

Entreaties, *urgent requests*.

Starboard, *right side* (looking towards the poop); *opp.* larboard,
port.

Weatherside, or windward, *the side exposed to the wind*.

A WRECK (AUSTRALIA).

THE morning of the 25th November showed a dark and lowering sky. All that day the heavens were overcast, and the wind was high; yet nothing, I am sure, was further from the thoughts of any one on board, than the notion of danger.

I was at the time lying in my cot dangerously ill. A screen of tarpaulin had been drawn across the break of the poop, to protect me from the wind and rain. This tarpaulin, towards evening, was split by the wind into ribbons, and I was removed into the captain's cabin. Here I stayed for some hours in fancied safety, till the gun-room steward appeared in the cabin with the startling news that we had *parted both anchors*!

The hurricane had begun, and we were now wholly at the mercy of the winds and waves. I immediately begged the young man to go on deck, and look out for his own safety, assuring him he could be of no service to me in my then weakly state. "No, sir," he nobly replied, "I will never leave you so long as the ship holds together." In spite of all my entreaties he could not be persuaded to leave my bedside.

At last she struck: it was on mud, and we hoped that she had thus made a bed for herself during the night. But the now raging hurricane would not allow her to rest quietly even here. The lightning flashed, and the thunder pealed in a way you, in your climate, have no idea of. As wave succeeded wave, and each broke over our vessel, the ship trembled while she shook off the foaming sea. But, as I have already said, the raging of the wind would not allow the vessel to rest in her bed. Suddenly she gave a heavy lurch to port, and almost in a moment fell over on her starboard side, there *to fill and sink*!

It was not my lot to be on deck at this fearful period.

But the shrieks of those who were at this moment plunged into the boiling surf—the agonising struggles of the drowning—were all the more terrible to me.

The rush of water through the hatchways was now dreadful. The cabin was being rapidly filled. Not an instant was lost in trying to escape into the gun-room passage, through the door which was now over our heads! A lantern had but a few minutes previously been hung by the surgeon to a cot-hook, on what fortunately proved to be the weather side of the ship, and by its light all had reached the passage, save a sailor and myself. This man, on my pressing him to hasten to the door, refused till he had seen me there first.

At last I reached the passage, but from my extreme weakness at the time, I dropped back again into the middle of the cabin, which was filled with drawers, and crockery, &c., thrown from their proper places. The marine, to his honor, again came down, and brought me in safety to the door. Still the water rose, and still we awaited our fate with fear and trembling. The lantern at last went out, and left us in darkness.

Suspense, state of great anxiety.

Contrasting, in contrast with.

Dismal, dark, horrible.

Ascertained, known for certain.

Marines, soldiers on board ship.

The water had, by this time, risen to our shoulders, and I found myself still struggling between fear and hope. The events of a whole life crowded into my memory in a moment. Events of yesterday, and events long since past and forgotten—scenes of youth, and scenes dearer and more distant—all were distinctly and powerfully brought to mind.

The rush of water then moved back and forward over our heads, burying the whole body,—another breath, and the wave returned.

I know not how long we were thus held between life and death; but at length the water began to retire, and we were enabled to breathe more freely. For some time longer it rose and fell, keeping us in a most awful suspense, till at length

our whole bodies were dry. A death-like stillness now reigned around, contrasting fearfully with the wild wind and the dashing of the billows outside, along with the crashing of thunder above. At length the dismal scene drew near its close. I heard a voice from the main hatchway, which I knew to be that of the boatswain's mate, calling me loudly by name. Without making a reply, I dived instantly down where I caught a glimpse of light, through the gun-room hatch, and came out on the other side. My companion soon followed, and we found that the rest of the party had already escaped by the main hatchway. The surgeon was the first person I met with at this most happy moment, and through his kindness and attention I was soon carefully folded in blankets.

Our actual position at this time could not be ascertained. The hours of darkness, during which nothing could be done, must have appeared an age of anxiety and deep suspense to those who had passed all the night on the cold side or rigging of the ship; but to us, who had but just been admitted to any hope at all, it was far otherwise. Day at length dawned upon that night of terrors, and the appearance of land, within a few hundred yards of us, was a most cheering sight. The brig had been driven into a small bay, with a reef of rocks lying outside of her, and with a heavy surf then washing the beach. With every drawback of the surge, casks of flour, and empty casks that once had held spirits and other stores, dressing cases, boxes, pieces of furniture, books, instrument cases, and writing desks—all floated about in a confused mass.

Several of our men had swam on shore during the morning, and we now discovered the marines of the settlement, that had lately been established on shore, ready to lend us a helping-hand. Our men were now in comparative safety, the strength of the gale having abated; and a boat soon arrived, which delivered us from our perilous position.

Tales for Spare Hours.

Lyrate, lyre-shaped (like an oak leaf).

Inference, conclusion.

Leeward (pron. looard), the point to which the wind blows; opp. windward.

Circuit, roundabout road.

Decoy, something employed to entice into a snare

Lure, entice.

STALKING THE OUREBI—SOUTH AFRICA.

It was to Hendrik that our youthful hunters were indebted, not only for a pet, but for a dinner of delicate venison, which they had that day eaten. Hendrik had procured the venison by a shot from his rifle, and in the following manner.

About midday he went out, having fancied that upon a large grassy meadow near the camp he saw some animal. After walking about half a mile, and keeping among bushes, around the edge of the meadow, he got near enough to be sure that it *was* an animal he had observed,—for he now saw *two* in the place he had marked.

They were of a kind he had not met with before. They were very small creatures,—smaller even than springboks,—but, from their general form and appearance, Hendrik knew they were either antelopes or deer; and, as Hans had told him there were *no deer in Southern Africa*, he concluded they must be some species of antelope. They were a buck and doe,—this he knew, because one of them only carried horns. The buck was under two feet in height, of slender make, and pale tawny color. He was white-bellied, with white arches above the eyes, and some long white hair under the throat. Below his knees were yellowish tufts of long hair; and his horns—instead of being lyrate, like those of the springbok—rose nearly vertical to the height of four inches. They were black in color, round-shaped, and slightly ringed. The doe was without horns, and was a much smaller animal than her mate.

From all these marks, Hendrik thought the little antelopes were “ourebis;” and such they were.

He continued to stalk in upon them, until he was as close as he could get. But he was still more than two hundred

yards from them, and, of course, far from being within shooting distance with his small rifle. A thick *jang dora* bush concealed him, but he dared not go farther, else the game would have taken the alarm. He could perceive that they were shy creatures. Every now and again the buck would raise his graceful neck to its full stretch, utter a slight bleating call, and look suspiciously around him. From these symptoms Hendrik drew the inference that it was shy game, and would not be easily approached.

He lay for a moment, thinking what he should do. He was to leeward of the game, as he had purposely gone there; but after awhile, he saw that they were *feeding up the wind*, and, of course, widening the distance between them and himself.

It occurred to Hendrik that it might be their habit to browse up the wind, as springboks and some other species do. If so, he might as well give it up, or else make a long circuit and *head* them. To do this would be a work of labor and of time, and a very uncertain stalk it would be in the end. After all his long tramping, and creeping, and crouching, the game would be like enough to scent him before they came within shot. It is for this very reason that their instinct teaches them to browse *against*, and not *with* the wind. As the plain was large, and the cover very distant, Hendrik was discouraged, and gave up the design he had half formed of trying to head them.

He was about to rise to his feet, and return home, when it occurred to him that perhaps he might find a decoy available. He knew there were several species of antelopes, with whom curiosity was stronger than fear. He had often lured the springbok within reach. Why would not these obey the same impulse?

He determined to make trial. At the worst he could only fail, and he had no chance of getting a shot otherwise.

Chagrin (pron. shagreen), *vexation, annoyance.*
Gymnastics *muscular exercises.*
Fantastic, *odd, ridiculous.*

Without losing a moment he thrust his hand into his pocket. He should have found there a large red handkerchief, which he had more than once used for a similar purpose. To his chagrin it was not there!

He dived into both pockets of his jacket, then into his wide trousers, then under the breast of his waistcoat. No. The handkerchief was not to be found. Alas! it had been left in the wagon! This was very annoying.

What else could he make use of? Take off his jacket and hold it up? It was not gay enough in color. It would not do.

Should he raise his hat upon the end of his gun. That might be better, but still it would look too much like the human form, and Hendrik knew that all animals feared that. A happy thought at length occurred to him. He had heard, that with the curious antelopes, strange forms or movements attract almost as much as glaring colors. He remembered a trick that was said to be practised with success by the hunters. It was easy enough, and consisted merely in the hunter standing upon his hands and head, and kicking his heels in the air!

Now Hendrik happened to be one of those very boys who had often practised this little bit of gymnastics for amusement; and he could stand upon his head like an acrobat. Without losing a moment he placed his rifle upon the ground, between his hands, and hoisting his feet into the air, commenced kicking them about, clinking them together, and crossing them in the most fantastic manner.

He had placed himself so that his face was turned towards the animals, while he stood upon his head. Of course he could not see them while in this position, as the grass was a foot high; but, at intervals, he permitted his feet to descend to the earth; and then, by looking between his legs, he could tell how the trick was succeeding. It *did* succeed. The buck, on first perceiving the strange object, uttered a sharp whistle, and darted off with the swiftness of a bird—for the "ourebi" is one of the swiftest of African antelopes. The doe followed, though not so fast, and soon fell into the rear.

The buck, perceiving this, suddenly halted—as if ashamed of his want of gallantry—wheeled round, and galloped back, until he was once more between the doe and the odd thing that had alarmed him.

Biped, two-footed; quadruped, four-footed animal.

Consultation, deliberation between two persons.

Fascination, irresistible influence.

What could this odd thing be? he now seemed to inquire of himself. It was not a lion, nor a leopard, nor a hyena, nor yet a jackal. It was neither fox, nor fennec, nor earth-wolf, nor wild hound, nor any of his well-known enemies. It was not a Bushman either, for they are not double-headed as it appeared. What *could* it be? It had kept its place—it had not pursued him. Perhaps it was not at all dangerous. No doubt it was harmless enough.

So reasoned the ourebi. His curiosity overcame his fear. He would go a little nearer. He would have a better view of the thing before he took to flight. No matter what it was, it could do no hurt at that distance; and as to *overtaking him*, pah! there wasn't a creature, biped or quadruped, in all Africa, that he could not fling dust in the face of.

So he went a little nearer, and then a little nearer still, and continued to advance by successive runs, now this way and now that way, zigzagging over the plain, until he was within less than a hundred paces of the odd object that at first sight had so terrified him.

His companion, the doe, kept close after him; and seemed quite as curious as himself—her large shining eyes opened to their full extent, as she stopped to gaze at intervals. Sometimes the two met each other in their course, and halted a moment, as though they held consultation in whispers; and asked each other if they had yet made out the character of the stranger.

It was evident, however, that neither had done so—as they still continued to approach it with looks and gestures of inquiry and wonder.

At length, the odd object disappeared for a moment under the grass, and then reappeared; but this time in an altered form. Something about it glanced brightly under the sun, and this

glancing quite fascinated the buck, so that he could not stir from the spot, but stood eyeing it steadily. Fatal fascination! It was his last gaze. A bright flash shot up—something struck him through the heart, and he saw the shining object no more!

Quarry, *captured game.*

Prostrate, *lying on the ground.*

Wantonly, *out of mere whim.*

The doe bounded forward to where her mate had fallen, and stood bleating over him. She knew not the cause of his sudden death, but she saw that he was dead. The wound in his side—the stream of red blood—were under her eyes.

She had never witnessed death in that form before, but she knew her lover was dead. His silence—his form stretched along the grass motionless and stiff—his glassy eyes—all told her he had ceased to live.

She would have fled, but she could not leave him; she could not bear to part even from his lifeless form. She would remain awhile, and mourn over him.

Her widowhood was a short one. Again flashed the priming, again cracked the shining tube, and the sorrowing doe fell over upon the body of her mate.

The young hunter rose to his feet, and ran forward. He did not, according to usual custom, stop to load before approaching his quarry. The plain was perfectly level, and he saw no other animal upon it. What was his surprise on reaching the antelopes, to perceive that there was a *third* one of the party still alive!

Yes, a little fawn, not taller than a rabbit, was bounding about through the grass, running around the prostrate body of its mother, and uttering its tiny bleat.

Hendrik was surprised, because he had not observed this creature before; but, indeed, he had not seen much of the antelopes until the moment of taking aim, and the grass had concealed the tiny young one.

Hunter as Hendrik was, he could not help feeling strongly as he regarded the scene before him. But he felt that he had not wantonly destroyed these creatures for mere amusement, and that satisfied his conscience.

The little fawn would make a famous pet for Jane, who had often wished for one, to be equal with her sister. It could be fed upon the cow's milk; and though it had lost both father and mother, Hendrik resolved that it should be carefully brought up.

Boy Hunters of South Africa.

Inflate, *blow up, distend with wind.*
Contract, *opp., expand, dilate.*
Denunciation, *threat.*
Vibrated, *shook, quivered.*

SERPENT CHARMING.

A CANADIAN who could play on the flute, advanced with his magic pipe towards the reptile. On his approach the haughty reptile curled itself into a spiral line, inflated its cheeks, contracted its lips, displayed its deadly fangs, and its bloody throat. Its double tongue glowed like two flames of fire; its eyes were burning coals. Its body, swollen with rage, rose and fell like the bellows of a forge; its dilated skin assumed a dull and scaly appearance, and its rattle, which sounded the denunciation of death, vibrated with extreme rapidity.

The Canadian now began to play upon his flute; the serpent started with surprise, and drew back its head. In proportion as it was struck with the magic effect, its eyes lost their fierceness, the vibrations of its tail became slower, and the sound which it emitted gradually became weaker, and ceased. The folds of the fascinated serpent became less perpendicular upon their spiral line, expanded by degrees, and sank one after another upon the ground, forming circle within circle. The colors recovered their brilliancy on its quivering skin; and slightly twining its head, it remained motionless, in the attitude of attention and pleasure.

At this moment the Canadian advanced a few steps, producing with his flute sweet and simple notes. The reptile inclined its pretty neck, opened a passage with its head through the high grass, and began to creep after the musician, stopping when he stopped, and following him again as soon as he moved forward. In this manner, to the astonishment of both Europeans and natives, he was led out of the camp; and it was unanimously decided that the life of a creature so sensitive to sweet sounds ~~---~~ be spared.

Chateaubriand.

Spermaceti, in reference to the species found in the south seas.

Harpooned, struck with a harpoon.

Incredible, not to be believed, or credited.

Bow, forepart.

Timbers, planks of the vessel.

Exposed, unprotected from the weather.

SINGULAR STORY OF A WHALE SHIP.

I WILL now relate to you a remarkable story of a ship, which sailed for the Pacific Ocean, where she was employed some time in catching spermaceti whales.

One day, the seamen harpooned a young whale. The love of the whale towards her young ones is, as you know, very strong. This was shown in a striking manner on that occasion.

When the mother of the young whale found her young one was killed, she went to some distance from the ship, and then, rushing through the water, struck her head against the stern of the vessel with the greatest violence. So great was the force of the shock that several of the timbers were loosened, and the vessel pitched and reeled in the water, as if struck by a whirlwind.

Nor was the whale satisfied with this. Again she retired to the distance of more than a mile, and then, shooting through the waves with incredible swiftness, came like a thunderbolt upon the bow of the vessel. The timbers were instantly beaten in, and the ship began to fill with water. This was an accident which no prudence nor forethought could have avoided. Scarcely had the people on board sufficient time to get into their boat, before she went down.

Thus suddenly wrecked in this extraordinary manner, the poor seamen were now on the wide water in an open boat. If the whale had come against them in this condition, they would all have been drowned. But they fortunately saw no more of her.

For a long time they were out upon the sea, and they suffered very much from fatigue, want, and anxiety. There is no situation more dreadful than that of seamen thus exposed upon the waves. If a storm arises, they are liable every moment to be swallowed up. If they do not soon meet with some vessel that will take

them on board, or get to some port, their food is exhausted, and they die of hunger or thirst.

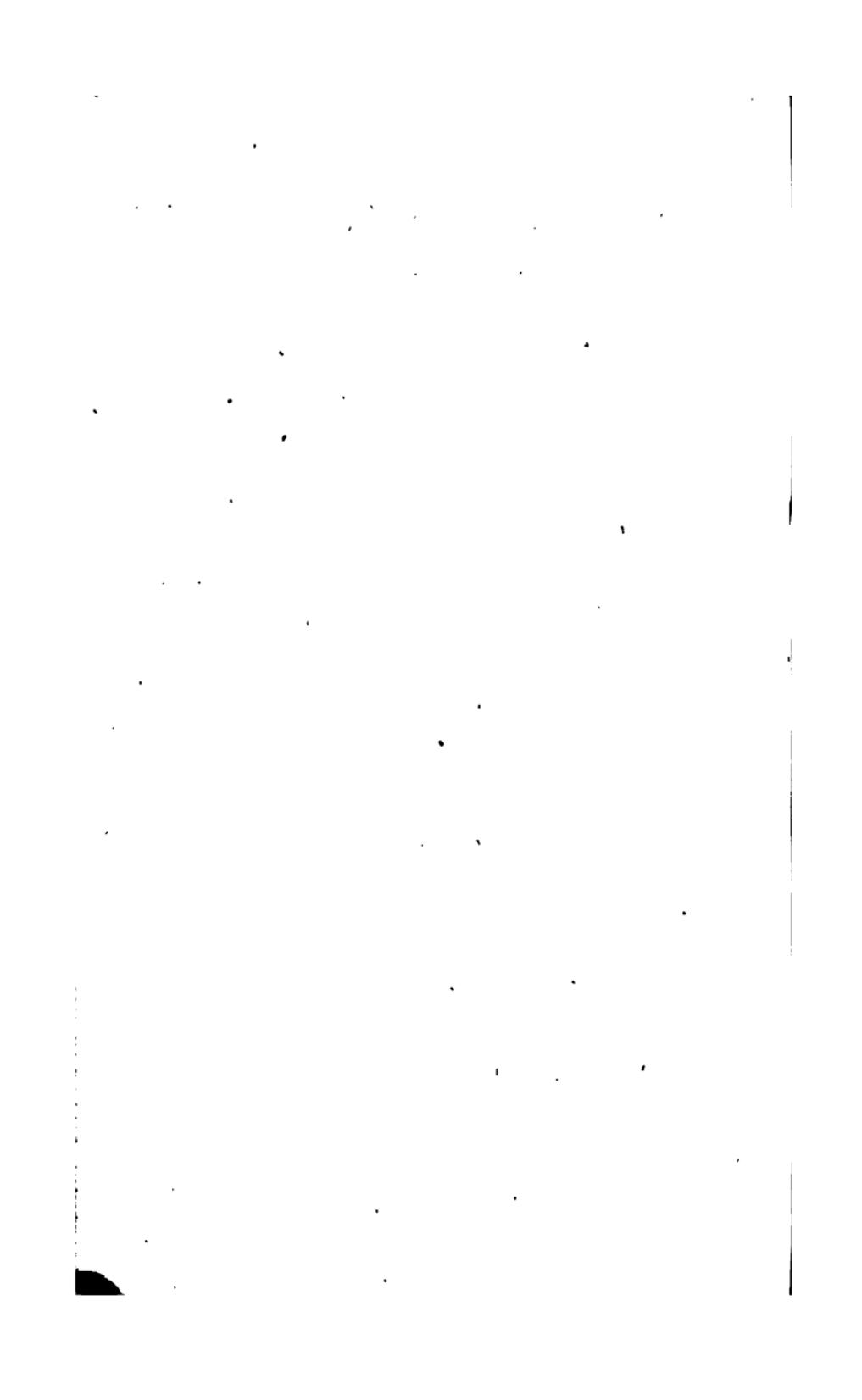
In the present instance, the captain and his men were a long time upon the sea, and they suffered a great deal from the want of victuals and drink. But at length they met with another vessel, and were all taken on board.

Finally they reached their native country, and the mate of the vessel published an account of these remarkable adventures.

The ship was a Nantucket whale-ship, called the *Essex*, Pollard, master; and her voyage was made in the year 1820.

Peter Parley.

Poems on Animals.



POEMS ON ANIMALS.

THE CHILD AND THE PIPER.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me—

“ Pipe a song about a lamb,”
So I piped with merry cheer;
“ Piper, pipe that song again,”
So I piped, he wept to hear.

“ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer.”
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“ Piper, sit thee down and write,
In a book that all may read.”
So he vanish'd from my sight;
And I pluck'd a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear;
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear.

W. Blake.

THE LAST OF THE FLOCK.

IN distant countries have I been,
And yet I have not often seen
A healthy man, a man full grown,
Weep in the public roads alone;
But such a one, on English ground,
And in the broad highway I met;
Along the broad highway he came,
His cheeks with tears were wet:
Sturdy he seem'd, though he was sad;
And in his arms a lamb he had.

He saw me, and he turn'd aside,
As if he wish'd himself to hide :
And with his coat did then essay
To wipe those briny tears away.
I follow'd him and said, " My friend,
What ails you ! wherefore weep you so ?" —
" Shame on me, Sir ! this lusty lamb,
He makes my tears to flow.
To-day I fetch'd him from the rock ;
He is the last of all my flock.

" When I was young, a single man,
And after youthful follies ran,
Though little given to care and thought,
Yet so it was, an ewe I bought ;
And other sheep from her I raised,
As healthy sheep as you might see ;
And then I married, and was rich
As I could wish to be ;
Of sheep I number'd a full score,
And every year increased my store.

" Year after year my stock it grew ;
And from this one, this single ewe,
Full fifty comely sheep I raised,
As fine a flock as ever grazed !
Upon the Quantock Hills they fed ;
They thrrove, and we at home did thrive :—
This lusty lamb of all my store
Is all that is alive ;
And now I care not if we die,
And perish all of poverty.

" Six children, Sir, had I to feed ;
Hard labor, in a time of need !
My pride was tamed, and in our grief,
I of the parish ask'd relief,
They said I was a wealthy man :
My sheep upon the uplands fed,
And it was fit that thence I took
Whereof to buy us bread.
' Do this ; how can we give to you ?'
They cried, ' what to the poor is due ?

" I sold a sheep, as they had said,
And bought my little children bread,

And they were healthy with their food ;
 For me*—it never did me good.
 A woeful time it was for me,
 To see the end of all my gains,
 The pretty flock which I had rear'd
 With all my care and pains,
 To see it melt like snow away—
 For me it was a woeful day.

“Another still ! and still another !
 A little lamb, and then its mother !
 It was a vein that never stopp'd—
 Like blood drops from my heart they dropp'd,
 Till thirty were not left alive ;
 They dwindled, dwindled, one by one ;
 And I may say that many a time
 I wish'd they all were gone ;
 Reckless of what might come at last,
 Were but the bitter struggle past.

“To wicked deeds I was inclined,
 And wicked fancies cross'd my mind ;
 And every man I chanced to see,
 I thought he knew some ill of me .
 No peace, no comfort could I find,
 No ease within doors or without ;
 And crazily and wearily
 I went my work about ;
 And oft was moved to flee from home
 And hide my head where wild beasts roam.

“Sir, 'twas a precious flock to me,
 As dear as my own children be ;
 For daily with my growing store
 I loved my children more and more.
 Alas ! it was an evil time ;
 God cursed me in my sore distress ;
 I pray'd, yet every day I thought
 I loved my children less ;
 And every week, and every day,
 My flock it seem'd to melt away ;

“They dwindled, Sir, sad sight to see !
 From ten to five, from five to three.

* For me, as for me.

A lamb, a wether, and a ewe,
 And then at last from three to two ;
 And, of my fifty, yesterday
 I had but only one :
 And here it lies upon my arm.
 Alas, and I have none ;
 To-day I fetch'd it from the rock—
 It is the last of all my flock."

W. Wordsworth.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone,
 'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
 By the stream-side on the grass ;
 And the trees are showering down
 Doubles of their leaves in shadow
 On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by ;
 And her feet she has been dipping
 In the shallow waters' flow—
 Now she holds them nakedly
 In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
 While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
 And the smile she softly useth
 Fills the silence like a speech :
 While she thinks what shall be done,
 And the sweetest pleasure chooseth
 For her future, within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
 Chooseth—"I will have a lover,
 Riding on a steed of steeds !
 He shall love me without guile ;
 And to him I will discover
 That swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed it shall be red-roan,
 And the lover shall be noble,
 With an eye that takes the breath,
 And the lute he plays upon
 Shall strike ladies into trouble,
 As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
 All in silver, housed in azure,
 And the mane shall swim the wind ;
 And the hoofs along the sod
 Shall flash onward and keep measure,
 Till the shepherds look behind.

"He will kiss me on the mouth
 Then, and lead me as a lover,
 Through the crowds that praise his deeds ;
 And, when soul-tired by one troth,
 Unto *him* I will discover
 That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
 Not yet ended, rose up gaily,—
 Tied the bonnet, donn'd the shoe,
 And went homeward round a mile,
 Just to see, as she did daily,
 What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
 Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
 Where the osier pathway leads—
 Past the boughs she stoops and stops :
 Lo ! the wild swan had deserted,
 And a rat had gnaw'd the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow.
 If she found the lover ever,
 With his red-roan steed of steeds,
 Sooth I know not ; but I know
 She could never show him—never,
 That swan's nest among the reeds.

E. B. Browning.

THE WREN'S NEST.

AMONG the dwellings framed by birds
 In field or forest with nice care,
 Is none that with the little wren's
 In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires,
 And seldom needs a labor'd roof ;
 Yet is it to the fiercest sun
 Impervious and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal,
 In perfect fitness for its aim,
 That to the kind* by special grace
 Their instinct surely came.

And when from their abode they seek
 An opportune recess,
 The hermit has no finer eye
 For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied abbey walls,
 A canopy in some still nook ;
 Others are penthoused† by a brae‡
 That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding bird, her mate
 Warbles by fits his low clear song ;
 And by the busy streamlet, both
 Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequester'd lanes they build,
 Where, till the flitting bird's return,
 Her eggs within the nest repose
 Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,
 There is a better and a best :
 And, among fairest objects, some
 Are fairer than the rest.

This one of those small builders proved
 In a green covert, where, from out
 The forehead of a pollard oak,§
 The leafy antlers sprout ;

For she who plann'd the mossy lodge,
 Mistrusting her evasive|| skill,
 Had to a primrose look'd for aid
 Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow
 And fix'd an infant's span above
 The budding flowers, peep'd forth the nest,
 The prettiest of the grove !

* *The kind*, the species. † *Penthoused*, protected by.

‡ *Brae*, the slope of a hill.

§ *Pollard*, a tree with its head and branches lopped off.

|| *Evasive* skill, skill to escape discovery.

The treasure proudly did I show
 To some whose minds without disdain
 Can turn to little things ; but once
 Look'd up for it in vain ;

'Tis gone !—a ruthless spoiler's prey,
 Who heeds not beauty, love, or song ;
 'Tis gone ! (so seem'd it) and we grieved
 Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by,
 In clearer light the moss-built cell
 I saw, espied its shaded mouth,
 And felt that all was well.

The primrose for a veil had spread
 The largest of her upright leaves :
 And thus, for purposes benign,
 A simple flower deceives.

Conceal'd from friends who might disturb
 Thy quiet with no ill intent,
 Secure from evil eyes and hands,
 On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, mother-bird ! and when thy young
 Take flight, and thou art free to roam,
 When wither'd is the guardian flower,
 And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prosper'd, thou and thine,
 Amid the unviolated grove,
 Housed near the growing primrose tuft,
 In foresight, or in love.

Wordsworth.

THE KID.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye
 To think yon playful kid must die ;
 From crystal spring and flowery mead
 Must, in his prime of life, recede.*

Erewhile, in sportive circles, round
 She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound ;

* *Recede*, depart, die.

From rock to rock pursue his way,
And on the fearful margin play.

Pleased on his various freaks to dwell,
She saw him climb my rustic cell ;
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells with what delight he stood
To trace his features in the flood :
Then skipp'd aloof with quaint amaze,
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed,
He flew to hear my vocal reed ;
And how, with critic face profound,
And steadfast ear devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care ;
And tears bedew her tender eye
To think the playful kid must die.

Shenstone.

THE PARROT.

In painted plumes superbly dress'd,
A native of the gorgeous East,
By many a billow toss'd ;
Poll gains at length the British shore,
Part of the captain's precious store,
A present to his host.

Belinda's maids are soon preferr'd
To teach him now and then a word,
As Poll can master it ;
But 'tis her own important charge,
To qualify* him more at large,
And make him quite a wit.

* *Qualify*, teach.

"Sweet Poll!" his doating mistress cries,
 "Sweet Poll!" the mimic* bird replies,
 And calls aloud for sack.†
 She next instructs him in the kiss;
 'Tis now a little one, like Miss;
 And now a hearty smack.

At first he aims at what he hears;
 And, listening close with both his ears,
 Just catches at the sound;
 But soon articulates‡ aloud,
 Much to the amazement of the crowd,
 And stuns the neighbours round.

A querulous§ old woman's voice
 His humorous talent next employs;
 He scolds, and gives the lie.
 And now he sings, and now is sick,
 "Here Sally, Susan, come, come quick,
 Poor Poll is like to die!"

Couper.

FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
 A cry as of a dog or fox;
 He halts, and searches with his eye
 Among the scatter'd rocks:
 And now at distance can discern
 A stirring in a brake of fern!
 And instantly a dog is seen,
 Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
 With something, as the shepherd thinks,
 Unusual in its cry:

* *Mimic*, imitative.

‡ *Articulate*, utter.

† *Sack*, drink.

§ *Querulous*, quarrelsome.

Nor is there any one in sight
 All round, in hollow or on height.
 Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear :
 What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
 That keeps, till June, December's snow ;
 A lofty precipice in front,
 A silent tarn below ;
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
 Remote from public road or dwelling,
 Pathway, or cultivated land ;
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
 The crags repeat the raven's croak,
 In symphony austere ;
 Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud—
 And mists that spread the flying shroud,
 And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,
 That, if it could, would hurry past ;
 But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile
 The shepherd stood ; then makes his way
 O'er rocks and stones, following the dog
 As quickly as he may ;
 Not far had gone before he found
 A human skeleton on the ground :
 The appall'd discoverer, with a sigh,
 Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks !
 The man had fallen—that place of fear !
 At length, upon the shepherd's mind
 It breaks—and all is clear :
 He instantly recall'd the name,
 And who he was, and whence he came ;
 Remember'd, too, the very day
 On which the traveller pass'd that way.

But here a wonder for whose sake
 This lamentable tale I tell !
 A lasting monument of words
 This wonder merits well.

The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
 Repeating the same timid cry,
 This dog had been through three months' space,
 A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain, that since the day
 When this ill-fated traveller died.
 The dog had watch'd about the spot,
 Or by his master's side.
 How nourish'd there through that long time,
 He knows who gave that love sublime ;
 And gave that strength of feeling great,
 Above all human estimate.

W. Wordsworth.

TO A DOG ON HIS KILLING A BIRD.

A SPANIEL, Beau, that fares like you,
 Well fed, and at his ease,
 Should wiser be than to pursue
 Each trifle that he sees.

But you have kill'd a tiny bird,
 Which flew not till to-day ;
 Against my orders, whom you heard
 Forbidding you the prey.

Nor did you kill, that you might eat,
 And ease a doggish pain ;
 For him, though chased with furious heat,
 You left where he was slain.

Nor was he of the thievish sort,
 Or one whom blood allures ;
 But innocent was all his sport,
 Whom you have torn for yours.

My dog, what remedy remains,
 Since, teach you all I can,
 I see you, after all my pains,
 So much resemble man ?

BEAU'S REPLY.

SIR, when I flew to seize the bird,
 In spite of your command;
 A louder voice than yours I heard,
 And harder to withstand.

You cried—forbear!—but in my breast
 A mightier cried—proceed!
 'Twas Nature, Sir, whose strong behest
 Impell'd me to the deed.

Yet, much as Nature I respect,
 I ventured once to break
 (As you, perhaps, may recollect,)
 Her precept for your sake;

And when your linnet, on a day,
 Passing his prison door,
 Had flutter'd all his strength away,
 And panting press'd the floor;

Well knowing him a sacred thing,
 Not destined to my tooth,
 I only kiss'd his ruffled wing,
 And lick'd his feathers smooth.

Let my obedience then excuse
 My disobedience now,
 Nor some reproof yourself refuse
 From your aggrieved bow-wow;

If killing birds be such a crime,
 (Which I can hardly see,)
 What think you, Sir, of killing time
 With verse address'd to me?

Conquer.

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A PET DOG.

ON his morning rounds the master
 Goes to learn how all things fare ;
 Searches pasture after pasture,
 Sheep and cattle eyes with care ;
 And for silence, or for talk,
 He hath comrades in his walk ;
 Four dogs, each of a different breed,
 Distinguish'd, two for scent, and two for speed.

See a hare before him started !
 —Off they fly in earnest chase ;
 Every dog is eager-hearted,
 All the four are in the race !
 And the hare whom they pursue
 Knows from instinct what to do ;
 Her hope is near, no turn she makes ;
 But like an arrow to the river takes.

Deep the river was and crusted
 Thinly by a one night's frost ;
 But the nimble hare hath trusted
 To the ice, and safely cross'd ;
 She hath cross'd, and without heed
 All are following at full speed—
 When lo ! the ice so thinly spread,
 Breaks, and the greyhound Dart is overhead !

Better fate have Prince and Swallow—
 See them cleaving to the sport !
 Music has no heart to follow,
 Little Music, she stops short.
 She hath neither wish nor heart,
 Hers is now another part :
 A loving creature she, and brave !
 And fondly strives her struggling friend to save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,
 Very hands as you would say !
 And afflicting moans she fetches,
 As he breaks the ice away.
 For herself she hath no fears,—
 Him alone she sees and hears,—
 Makes efforts with complainings ; nor gives o'er
 Until her fellow sinks to re-appear no more.

W. Wordsworth.

TO FLUSH, MY DOG.

LOVING friend, the gift of one
Who her own true faith has run
Through thy lower nature ;
Be my benediction said
With my hand upon thy head,
Gentle fellow-creature.

Like a lady's ringlets brown,
Flow thy silken ears adown
Either side demurely
Of thy silver-suited breast,
Shining out from all the rest
Of thy body purely.

Underneath my stroking hand,
Sparkle eyes of hazel bland,
Kindling, growing larger ;
Up thou leapest with a spring,
Full of prank and curveting,
Leaping like a charger.

Leap ! thy broad tail waves a light ;
Leap ! thy slender feet are bright,
Canopied in fringes ;
Leap ! those tassel'd ears of thine
Flicker strangely, fair and fine,
Down their golden inches.

Yet, my pretty, sportive friend,
Little is't to such an end
That I praise thy rareness ;
Other dogs my be thy peers,
Haply in these drooping ears,
And this glossy fairness.

But of *thee* it shall be said,
This dog watch'd beside my bed
Day and night unweary ;
Watch'd within a curtain'd room,
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom,
Round the sick and dreary.

Other dogs in thymy dew
Track'd the hares and follow'd through
Sunny moor or meadow ;

This dog only crept, and crept
Next a languid cheek that slept,
Sharing in the shadow.

Other dogs of loyal cheer
Bounded at the whistle clear,
Up the wood-side hieing;
This dog only watched in reach
Of a faintly utter'd speech,
Or a louder sighing.

And if one or two quick tears
Dropp'd upon his glossy ears,
Or a sigh came double;
Up he sprang in eager haste,
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
In a tender trouble.

This dog, if a friendly voice
Call him now to blither choice
Than such chamber-keeping,—
“Come out!” praying from the door,—
Presseth backward as before,
Up against me leaping.

Therefore to this dog will I,
Tenderly, not scornfully,
Render praise and favor:
With my hand upon his head,
Is my benediction said
Therefore and for ever.

E. B. Browning.

ON MY DOVE.

I HAD a dove, and the sweet dove died;
And I have thought it died of grieving;
Oh, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied
With a silken thread of my own hands' weaving;
Sweet little red feet! why should you die—
Why would you leave me, sweet bird! why?
You lived alone in the forest tree,
Why, pretty thing! would you not live with me?
I kiss'd you oft and gave you white peas;
Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees?

J. Keats.

INVITATION TO BIRDS.

Ye gentle warblers ! hither fly,
 And shun the noontide heat,
 My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
 My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
 And weave the mossy nest ;
 Here rove and sing the live-long day,
 At night here sweetly rest.

Amid this cool transparent rill,
 That trickles down the glade,
 Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
 And revel in the shade.

No schoolboy rude, to mischief prone,
 Here shows his ruddy face,
 Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone
 In this sequestered place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs ;
 Secure the linnet sings ;
 The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares
 To clog her painted wings.

Sweet nightingale ! oh, quit thy haunt,
 Yon distant woods among,
 And round my friendly grotto chant
 Thy sadly-pleasing song.

Let not the harmless redbreast fear,
 Domestic bird, to come
 And seek a safe asylum here,
 With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
 Shall store of fruit preserve ;
 Oh ! let me thus your friendship bribe—
 Come, feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
 To you these plums belong ;
 Sweet is the fruit that you have pecked,
 But sweeter far your song.

Graves.

THE PARROT.

THE deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts.

A Parrot from the Spanish main,
Full young, and early caged, came o'er,
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves, where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But, petted, in our climate cold
He lived and chatted many a day;
Until with age, from green and gold,
His wings grew grey.

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore.

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round his cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died.

Campbell.

THE CHAFFINCH'S NEST AT SEA.

IN Scotland's realm, forlorn and bare,
 The history chanced of late—
 The history of a wedded pair,
 A chaffinch and his mate.

The spring drew near, each felt a breast
 With genial instinct filled ;
 They paired, and would have built a nest,
 But found not where to build.

The heaths uncovered, and the moors,
 Except with snow and sleet,
 Sea-beaten rocks, and naked shores,
 Could yield them no retreat.

Long time a breeding-place they sought,
 Till both grew vexed and tired ;
 At length a ship arriving brought
 The good so long desired.

A ship ! could such a restless thing
 Afford them place of rest ?
 Or was the merchant charged to bring
 The homeless birds a nest ?

Hush !—silent readers profit most—
 This racer of the sea
 Proved kinder to them than the coast,—
 It served them with a tree,

But such a tree ! 'twas shaven deal,
 The tree they call a mast ;
 And had a hollow with a wheel,
 Through which the tackle passed.

Within that cavity, aloft,
 Their roofless home they fixed ;
 Formed with materials neat and soft,
 Bents,* wool, and feathers mixed.

* *Bents*, a kind of creeping grass.

Four ivory eggs soon pave its floor,
 With russet specks bedight :*
 The vessel weighs,† forsakes the shore,
 And lessens to the sight.

The mother-bird is gone to sea,
 As she had changed her kind ;
 But goes the male ? Far wiser, he
 Is doubtless left behind.

No :—soon as from the shore he saw
 The winged mansion move,
 He flew to reach it, by a law
 Of never-failing love ;

Then perching at his consort's side,
 Was briskly borne along ;
 The billows and the blasts defied,
 And cheered her with a song.

The seaman, with sincere delight,
 His feathered shipmate eyes ;
 Scarce less exulting in the sight
 Than when he tows a prize.

For seamen much believe in signs—
 And from a chance so new,
 Each some approaching good divines ;
 And may his hopes be true !

Hail, birds ! who, rather than resign
 Your matrimonial plan,
 Were not afraid to plough the brine,
 In company with man.

Be it your fortune, year by year,
 The same resource to prove ;
 And may ye, sometimes landing here,
 Instruct us how to love !

Cowper.

* *Bedight*, covered.

† *Weights*, set sail.

TO A HEDGE SPARROW.

LITTLE flutterer ! swiftly flying,
 Here is none to harm thee near;
 Kite, nor hawk, nor schoolboy prying ;—
 Little flutterer ! cease to fear.

One who would protect thee ever
 From the schoolboy, kite, and hawk,
 Musing, now obtrudes, but never
 Dreamt of plunder in his walk.

He no weasel, stealing slyly,
 Would permit thy eggs to take ;
 Nor the polecat, nor the wily
 Adder, nor the speckl'd snake.

May no cuckoo, wand'ring near thee,
 Lay her egg within thy nest ;
 Nor thy young ones, born to cheer thee,
 Be destroyed by such a guest !

Little flutterer ! swiftly flying,
 Here is none to harm thee near ;
 Kite, nor hawk, nor schoolboy prying ;—
 Little flutterer cease to fear.

THE DEAD SPARROW.

TELL me not of joy ! there's none,
 Now my little sparrow's gone :
 He would chirp and play with me ;
 He would hang his wing awhile—
 Till at length he saw me smile
 Oh ! how sullen he would be !

He would catch a crumb, and then
 Sporting, let it go again ;
 He from my lip
 Would moisture sip ;
 He would from my trencher feed ;
 Then would hop, and then would run,
 And cry "*phillip*" when he'd done !
 Oh ! whose heart can choose but bleed ?

Oh ! how eager would he fight,
 And ne'er hurt, though he did bite !
 No morn did pass,
 But on my glass
 He would sit, and mark and do
 What I did ; *now* ruffle all
 His feathers o'er, *now* let them fall ;
 And then straightway sleek them too,
 Now my faithful bird is gone ;
 Oh ! let mournful turtles* join
 With loving redbreasts, and combine
 To sing dirges o'er his stone !

Carlwright.

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

THE gorse is yellow on the heath,
 The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,
 The oaks are budding, and, beneath,
 The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
 The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled Spring,
 The swallow, too, has come at last ;
 Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
 I saw her dash, with rapid wing,
 And hail'd her as she past.

Come, summer visitant, attach
 To my reed roof your nest of clay,
 And let my ear your music catch,
 Low twittering underneath the thatch
 At the grey dawn of day.

C. Smith.

EPITAPH† ON A TAME HARE.

HERE lies whom hound did ne'er pursue,
 Nor swifter greyhound follow ;
 Whose foot ne'er tainted morning's dew,
 Nor ear heard huntsman's hallo ;

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
 Who, nursed with tender care

* *Turtles*, turtle-doves. † *Epitaph*, inscription for a tomb.

And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw,
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
Or pippin's russet peel;
And when his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrots pleased him well.

A turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he lov'd to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching showers
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round rolling moons
He thus saw steal away;
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humor's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now beneath this walnut shade,
He finds his long last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

She, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save;
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

Cowper.

THE NAUTILUS.*

WHERE southern suns and winds prevail,
 And undulate the summer seas,
 The Nautilus expands his sail,
 And scuds before the freshening breeze.

Oft is a little squadron seen
 Of mimic ships, all rigg'd complete ;
 Fancy might think the fairy-queen
 Was sailing with her elfin fleet.

With how much beauty is design'd
 Each channeled bark of purest white !
 With orient[†] pearl each cabin[‡] lined,
 Varying with every change of light ;

While with his little slender oars,
 His silken sail and tapering mast,
 The dauntless mariner explores
 The dangers of the watery waste.

Prepar'd, should tempests rend the sky,
 From harm his fragile bark to keep,
 He furls[§] his sail, his oars lays by,
 And seeks his safety in the deep.

Then safe on ocean's shelly bed,
 He hears the storm above him roar,
 'Mid groves of coral glowing red,
 And rocks o'erhung with madrepore.||

So let us catch life's favoring gale,
 But if fate's adverse winds be rude,
 Take calmly in the adventurous sail,
 And find repose in solitude.

C. Smith.

* A shellfish of tropical seas.

† Orient (eastern), poet. for *brilliant*.

‡ Cabin, cells into which the shell is divided.

§ Furls, takes in.

|| Madrepore, a kind of coral of a white color.

THE SILK-WORM.

THE beams of April, ere it goes,
 A worm, scarce visible, disclose ;
 All winter long content to dwell
 The tenant of his native shell.
 The same prolific season gives
 The sustenance by which he lives,
 The mulberry-leaf, a simple store,
 That serves him—till he needs no more !
 For his dimensions once complete,
 Thenceforth none ever sees him eat ;
 Though, till his growing-time be past,
 Scarce ever is he seen to fast.
 That hour arrived, his work begins ;
 He spins and weaves, and weaves and spins ;
 Till circle upon circle wound
 Careless around him and around,
 Conceals him with a veil, though slight,
 Impervious* to the keenest sight.
 Thus self-enclosed, as in a cask,†
 At length he finishes his task ;
 And, though a worm when he was lost,
 Or caterpillar at the most,
 When next we see him, wings he wears,
 And in papilio‡ pomp appears ;
 Becomes oviparous§ ; supplies
 With future worms and future flies
 The next ensuing year!—and dies !

Well were it for the world, if all
 Who creep about this earthly ball—
 Though shorter-lived than most he be—
 Were useful in their kind as he.

Cowper.

* *Impervious*, that cannot be pierced. † *Cask*, i.e., the cocoon.

‡ *Papilio*, butterfly. § *Oviparous*, egg-producing.

TO THE CROW RETURNING HOME.

SAY, weary bird, whose level flight,
Thus at the dusky hour of night
Tends thro' the midway air,
Why yet beyond the verge of day
Is lengthen'd out thy dark delay,
Adding another to the hours of care?

The wren within her mossy nest
Has hush'd her little brood to rest;
The wood wild pigeon, rock'd on high,
Has coo'd his last soft note of love,
And fondly nestles by his dove,
To guard their downy young from an inclement sky.

Haste, bird, and nurse thy callow* brood,
They call on Heaven and thee for food,
Bleak—on some cliff's neglected tree!
Haste, weary bird, thy lagging flight—
It is the chilling hour of night,
Fit hour of rest for thee!

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.†
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee,
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice:
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.

* *Callow*, naked, unfledged. † *Ganymede*, (Jove's) cupbearer.

The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee, country minds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year :
Thee Phœbus* loves and does inspire ;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth ;
Happy insect ! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know :
But when thou'rt drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among
(Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean† animal),
Sated with the summer feast
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

Cowley.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee, and rejoice :
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listen'd to ; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

* *Phœbus* (Apollo), the Sun. † *Epicurean*, dainty.

To seek thee did I often rove
 Through woods and on the green ;
 And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
 Still long'd for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again.

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An insubstantial, fairy place,
 That is fit home for thee.

Wordsworth.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
 Thou messenger of spring !
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear ;
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant, with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers

The schoolboy wandering through the wood
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts the new voice of spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
 Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear ;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year !

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the spring.

Logan.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

FAREWELL, O warbler, till to-morrow eve ;
 And you, my friends, farewell, a short farewell !
 We have been loitering long and pleasantly :
 And now for our dear homes. That strain again !
 Full fain it would delay me ! My dear babe,
 Who, capable of no articulate sound,
 Mars all things with his imitative lisp,—
 How he would place his hand beside his ear,
 His little hand, the small forefinger up,
 And bid us listen ! And I deem it wise
 To make him nature's playmate. He knows well
 The evening star ; and once, when he awoke
 In most distressful mood (some inward pain
 Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream),
 I hurried with him to our orchard plot,
 And he beheld the moon, and, hush'd at once,
 Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
 While his fair eyes, that swam with undropp'd tears,
 Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam. Well !—
 It is a father's tale. But if that Heaven
 Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
 Familiar with these songs, that with the night
 He may associate joy ! Once more, farewell !
 Sweet nightingale ! Once more, my friend, farewell !

Hartley Coleridge.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourrest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated* art.

* *Unpremeditated*, unconsidered, improvised.

Higher still, and higher,
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever, singest.

In the golden lightening
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run,
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight ;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not ;
 What is most like thee ?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour,
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering un beholden
Its aërial hue

Amongst the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives

Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was

Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine ;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine

That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,

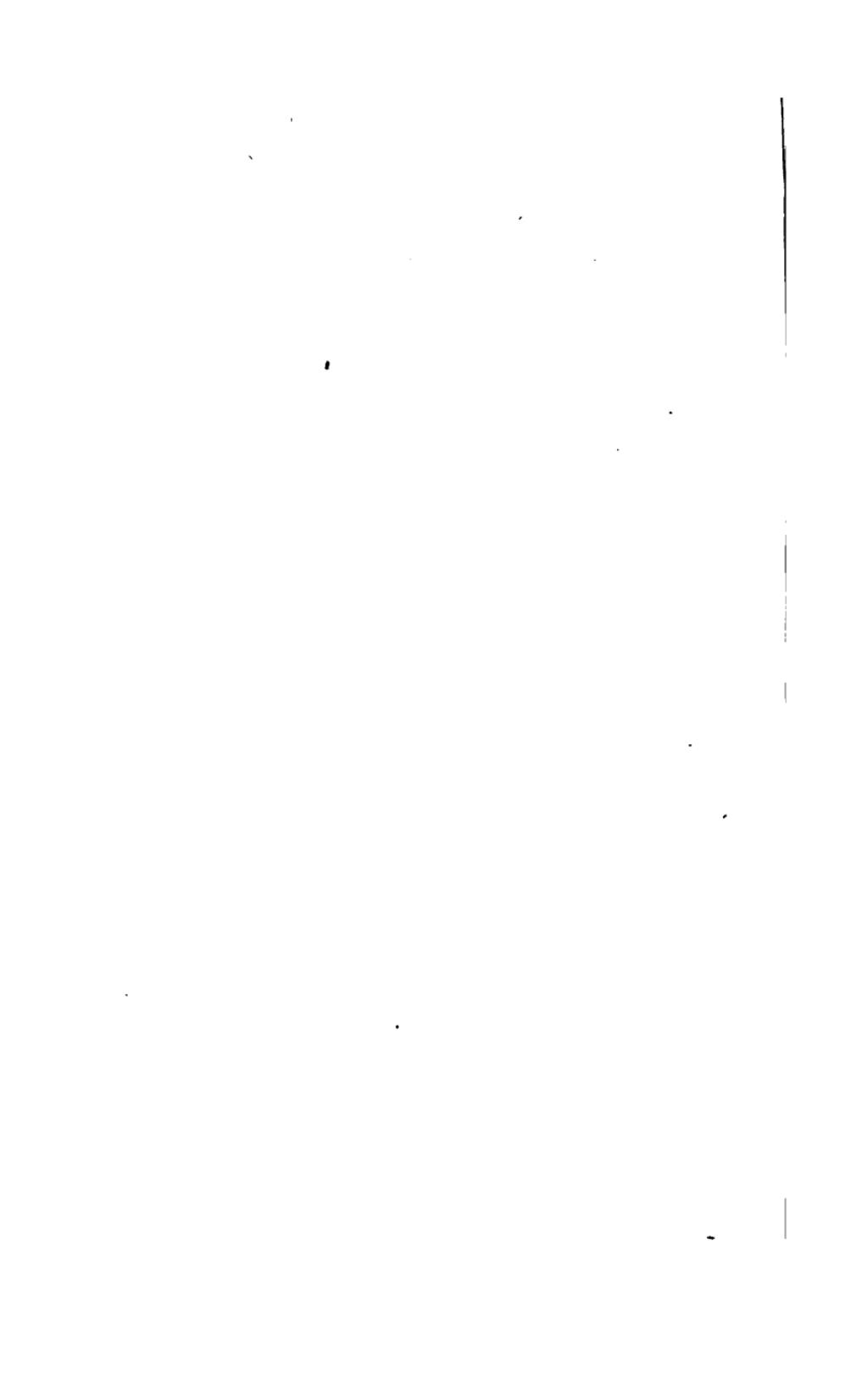
The world should listen then as I am listening now.

Shelley.

Tales of Adventure.

II.

H



TALES OF ADVENTURE.

Purser, officer who attends to the stores and the expenses.

Antagonist, enemy.

Booty, plunder.

Rendezvous (pron. ren-deh-voo), place of meeting.

Satiated, fully satisfied.

Careen, lay a ship on her side for the purpose of cleansing and caulking.

DRAKE'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.*

THIS illustrious man was born near Tavistock, in the year 1545. He was brought up at the expense and under the care of his kinsman, Sir John Hawkins, and at the age of eighteen was the purser of a ship trading to Biscay. At twenty he made a voyage to Guinea, and at twenty-two was made captain of the Judith. He now engaged in expeditions against the Spaniards in the West Indies, in which he did his antagonists some mischief and obtained considerable booty.

In these enterprises he was much assisted by a nation of Indians, who were then engaged in a warfare with the Spaniards. The prince of this people was named Pedro, to whom Drake presented a fine cutlass from his side, which he saw the Indians greatly admired. Pedro, in return, gave him five wedges of gold, which Drake threw into the common stock, saying that he thought it but just that such as on his credit bore the charge of so uncertain a voyage, should share the utmost that that voyage produced. Then, having embarked his men, with all the wealth he had obtained, which was very considerable, he bore away for England.

Introduced by Sir Christopher Hatton to Queen Elizabeth, and having the countenance and protection of the court, he proposed to take a voyage to the South Seas, through the straits

* This lesson should be read with a map of the world before the class, and the course of Dampier should be traced as it proceeds. Similarly with reference to other lessons of the same character.

of Magellan; an achievement which no Englishman had ever yet attempted. His project was well received; the Queen furnished him with means, and his own fame quickly obtained for him a sufficient force. His fleet consisted of five small vessels, having on board no more than one hundred and sixty-four able men.

Having sailed on the 13th of December, 1577, he soon fell in with the coast of Barbary and Cape de Verde. On the 18th of March he passed the equinoctial line, made for the coast of Brazil a few days after, and entered the river Plata, where he parted company with two of his ships; but having met them again, and taken out their provisions, he turned them adrift. On the 29th of May he entered the port of St. Julian, where he continued two months, for the sake of laying in a stock of provisions. On the 20th of August he entered the straits of Magellan, and on the 25th of September passed them, having only his own ship. On the 25th of November he arrived at Macao, which he had appointed as the place of rendezvous in the event of his ships being separated; but Captain Winter, his vice-admiral, having repassed the straits, had returned to England.

Drake thence continued his voyage along the coast of Chili and Peru, taking all opportunities of seizing Spanish ships, and attacking the settlements on shore, till his men were satiated with plunder. Then, coasting America as far as forty-eight degrees, he endeavoured to find a passage that way back into the Atlantic, but could not, because none exists. However, he landed, and called the country New Albion, taking possession of it in the name and for the use of Queen Elizabeth; and, having careened his ship, he set sail from thence on the 29th of September, 1579, for the Moluccas. He is supposed to have chosen the passage round partly to avoid being attacked by the Spaniards at a disadvantage, and partly because, from the lateness of the season, dangerous storms and hurricanes were apprehended.

On the 13th of October he fell in with certain islands, inhabited by the most barbarous people he had met with in all his voyages. On the 4th of November he got sight of the Moluccas, and arriving at Ternate, was extremely well received by the king of that place. On the 10th of December he made

the Celebes, where his ship unfortunately struck on a rock, but, beyond all expectation, they got her off, and continued their course. On the 16th of March he arrived at Java, whence he intended to have directed his course to Malacca; but he found himself obliged to alter his purpose, and to think of returning home. On the 15th of June he doubled the Cape of Good Hope, having then on board only fifty-seven men and three casks of water. On the 12th of July he passed the line, reached the coast of Guinea on the 16th, and there took in water. On the 11th of September he made the island of Torceira, and on the 3rd of November he entered the harbour of Plymouth.

This voyage round the world was performed in two years and about ten months. Shortly after his arrival, the Queen, having gone to Deptford, went on board Drake's ship, and there, after dinner, conferred on him the honor of knighthood, at the same time declaring her approbation of all that he had done. She likewise gave directions for the preservation of his ship, as a memorial of his own and his country's glory.

Messmate, companion at table. *Rover, pirate, sea-robbler.*
Turn to account, make a profit of. *Quarter, side of the stern.*
Competent, sufficient. *Sequel, following portion.*

ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE AMONG THE MOORS.

I FIRST became acquainted with the master of a ship who had been on the coast of Guinea, and who, having had very good success there, was resolved to go again. This captain took a fancy to me, and, on hearing me say I had a mind to see the world, told me if I would go the voyage with him I should be at no expense. I should be his messmate and companion; and if I could carry anything with me, I should have all the advantage of it that the trade would admit of.

I embraced the offer, and, entering into a strict friendship with this captain, who was an honest, plain-dealing man, went the voyage with him. I carried a small stock of toys and trifles with me, which, by the kindly interest of my friend the captain, I turned to account.

This was the only voyage which I may say was successful in all my adventures. I owe this and much more to the integrity and honesty of my friend the captain. Under him I got a competent knowledge of the rules of navigation: learned how to keep an account of the ship's course; and, in short, to understand some things that were needful to be understood by a sailor. As he took delight in instructing me, I took delight in learning. In a word, this voyage made me both a sailor and a merchant; for I brought home five pounds nine ounces of gold dust, which yielded me in London, at my return, almost £300. This filled me with those aspiring thoughts which have since so completed my ruin.

Yet, even in this voyage, I had my misfortunes too; particularly in that I was continually sick, and suffered from a fever caused by the excessive heat of the climate.

I was now set up as a Guinea trader; and my friend, to my great misfortune, dying soon after his arrival, I resolved to go the same voyage again. I accordingly embarked in the same vessel, with one who was his mate in the former voyage, and who had now got the command of the ship. This was the unhappiest voyage that I ever made. The first misfortune was this, namely, our ship, making her course towards the Canary Islands, or rather between those islands and the African shore, was surprised in the grey of the morning by a Moorish rover of Sallee, which gave chase to us with all the sail she could make. We crowded also as much canvas as our yards would spread or our masts carry, in order to get clear; but finding the pirate gaining upon us, and likely to come up with us in a few hours, we prepared to fight. Our ship had twelve guns, and the rover eighteen.

About three in the afternoon he came up with us, and bringing to, by mistake, just athwart our quarter, instead of athwart our stern, as he intended, we brought eight of our guns to bear on that side. We poured in a broadside upon him, that made him sheer off again, after returning our fire, and pouring in also his small shot from nearly two hundred men that he had on board. However, we had not a man touched, all our men keeping close.

— prepared to attack us again, and we to defend ourselves;

but, approaching us the next time upon our other quarter, sixty of his men boarded us, and they immediately fell to cutting and hacking the decks and rigging. We plied them with small shot, half-pikes, cutlasses, and such like, and cleared our deck of them twice. However, to cut short this melancholy part of our story, our ship being disabled, and three of our men killed and eight wounded, we were obliged to yield. Then we were carried prisoners into Sallee, a port belonging to the Moors.

The usage I had there was not so dreadful as I expected. I was not carried up the country to the emperor's court, as the rest of our men were, but was kept by the captain of the rover as his proper prize, and made his slave, being young and nimble, and fit for business.

At this surprising change of circumstances, from a merchant to a miserable slave, I was perfectly overwhelmed. But, alas ! this was but a taste of the misery I was to go through, as will appear in the sequel of this story.

Cruise, sail.

Meditate, consider, think of.

Pinnace, boat with oars and sails, rigged like a schooner.

Dexterous, clever, nimble-handed.

As my new patron or master had taken me home to his house, so I was in hopes that he would take me with him when he went to sea again. I hoped that it would be some time or other his fate to be taken by a Spanish or Portuguese man-of-war, and that then I should be set at liberty. But this hope of mine was soon taken away; for when he went to sea, he left me on shore to look after his little garden, and do the common drudgery of slaves about his house. When he came home again from his cruise, he ordered me to lie in the cabin to look after the ship.

Here I meditated nothing but my escape, but could think of no way that had the least prospect of success in it. Nothing presented itself to make the supposition of it reasonable, for I had nobody to induce to embark with me—no fellow-slave, no Englishman, Irishman, or Scotchman there. Accordingly,

for two years, though I often pleased myself with the fancy, yet I never had the least encouraging prospect of putting it in practice.

After about two years, an odd circumstance presented itself, which put the old thought of making some attempt for my liberty again in my head. My patron lying at home longer than usual, without fitting out his ship, he used constantly, once or twice a-week, to take the ship's pinnace, and go out into the roads a-fishing. As he always took me and a young Moresco with him to row the boat, we made him very merry, while I proved very dexterous in catching fish, insomuch that sometimes he would send me with a Moor, one of his kinsmen, and the youth, the Moresco as they called him, to catch a dish of fish for him.

It happened one time, that going a-fishing with him in a calm morning, a fog rose so thick, that though we were not half a league from the shore, we lost sight of it. We rowed we knew not whither; we labored all day, and all the next night, and when the morning came, we found we had pulled out to sea instead of pulling in for the shore, and that we were at least two leagues from the land. However, we got well in again, though with a great deal of labor and some danger, for the wind began to blow pretty fresh in the morning. Worst of all, we were very hungry.

Now our patron, warned by this disaster, resolved to take more care of himself for the future, and having lying by him the long-boat of our English ship which he had taken, he resolved he would not go a-fishing any more without a compass, and some provisions. He therefore ordered the carpenter of his ship, who was also an English slave, to build a little state-room or cabin in the middle of the long-boat, which was then like a barge. She sailed with what we call a shoulder-of-mutton sail, and the boom jibbed over the top of the cabin, which lay very snug and low. There was room in it for him to lie, with a slave or two, and a table to eat on; and it was provided with small lockers for bottles and victuals.

Distinction, *importance, rank.*

Ancient, *flag or streamer.*

Subsistence, *means of livelihood.*

Patron, *protector.*

Pendant, *pennon, flag at the mast-*

head (the end shaped like a
swallow's tail).

We were frequently out with this boat fishing; and as I was most dexterous in catching fish for him, he never went without me. It happened one day that he had arranged to go out in this boat with two or three Moors of some distinction. He had therefore sent on board the boat over night a larger store of provisions than usual, and had ordered me to get ready three guns, with powder and shot, for some fowling-sport as well as fishing.

I got all things ready as he had directed, and waited next morning with the boat washed clean, her ancient and pendants out, and everything prepared to accommodate his guests. But by-and-by, my patron came on board alone, and told me his guests had put off going. However, he ordered me with the man and boy, as usual, to go out with the boat and catch them some fish, as his friends were to sup at his house. He commanded me, too, that as soon as I had got some fish I should bring them home to his house,—all which I prepared to do.

This moment my former notions of deliverance darted into my thoughts, for now I found I was likely to have a little ship at my command. Well, my master being gone, I prepared to furnish myself, not for fishing business, but for a voyage, though I knew not, neither did I care, whither I would steer; for anywhere to get out of that place was my way.

My first contrivance was to make a pretence to speak to this Moor to get something for our subsistence on board; for I told him we must not presume to eat of our patron's bread. He said that was true; so he brought a large basket of rusk or biscuit, and three jars of fresh water, into the boat. I knew where my patron's case of bottles stood, which, it was evident by the make, were taken out of some English prize; these I conveyed into the boat while the Moor was on shore, as if they had been there before for our master. I conveyed also a great lump of bees-wax into the boat, whi-

weighed about half a hundredweight, with a parcel of twine or thread, a hatchet, a saw, and a hammer,—all of which were of great use to us afterwards, especially the wax to make candles.

Another trick I tried on the Moor, which he innocently fell into also. His name was Ismael, commonly called Muley, or Moley; so I called to him—

"Moley," said I, "our patron's guns are on board the boat; can you not get a little powder and shot? It may be we may kill some alcamies" (a fowl like our curlews) "for ourselves."

"Yes," says he, "I'll bring some;" and accordingly he brought a great leather pouch, which held about a pound and a half of powder, or rather more, and another with shot, that had five or six pounds, with some bullets, and put all into the boat. At the same time I had found some powder of my master's in the great cabin, with which I filled one of the large bottles in the case, which was almost empty, pouring what was in it into another. Thus furnished with everything needful, we sailed out of the port to fish.

The garrison, which is at the entrance of the port, knew who we were, and took no notice of us; and we were not a mile out of the port before we hauled in our sail and began to fish. The wind blew from the north-north-east, which was contrary to my desire; for had it blown southerly, I would certainly have made the coast of Spain, and at least reached the bay of Cadiz. But my resolution was, blow which way it would, I would be gone from that horrid place, and leave the rest to fate.

After we had fished some time, and caught nothing, I said to the Moor, "This will not do; our master will not be thus served. We must stand farther off." He, thinking no harm, agreed, and being at the head of the boat, set the sails; and, as I had the helm, I ran the boat out nearly a league farther, and then brought her to, as if I would fish. Then, giving the boy the helm, I stepped forward to where the Moor was, and feigning to stoop for something behind him, I took him by surprise with my arm under his waist, and tossed him clear overboard into the

He rose immediately—for he swam like a cork—and

begged to be taken in, saying he would go all over the world with me. He swam so well after the boat that he would have reached me very quickly, there being but little wind; upon which I stepped into the cabin, and fetching one of the fowling-pieces, I presented it at him, and told him I had done him no hurt, and if he would be quiet, I would do him none. "But," said I, "you swim well enough to reach the shore, and the sea is calm. Make the best of your way to shore; but if you come near the boat, I'll shoot you through the head, for I am resolved to have my liberty." So he turned himself about and swam for the shore; and I make no doubt but he reached it with ease, for he was an excellent swimmer.

I could have been content to have taken this Moor with me, but the risk of trusting him was too great. When he had gone, I turned to the boy, whom they called Xury, and said to him, "Xury, if you will be faithful to me, I'll make you a great man; but if you will not stroke your face to be true to me" (that is the custom of the country), "I must throw you into the sea too." The boy smiled in my face, and spoke so innocently that I could not mistrust him; and he vowed to be faithful to me, and go all over the world with me.

While I was in view of the Moor that was swimming, I stood out directly to sea with the boat, rather stretching to windward, that they might think me gone towards the Strait's mouth—as, indeed, any one who had been in his senses must have been supposed to do. For who would have thought we would sail to the southward, to the truly barbarian coast, where whole nations of negroes were sure to surround us with their canoes, and destroy us? For there we could not go on shore without being devoured by savage beasts, or more merciless savages of human kind?

But as soon as it grew dusk in the evening, I changed my course, and steered directly south and by east, bending my course a little towards the east. This I did that I might keep in with the shore; and having a fair, fresh gale of wind, and a smooth, quiet sea, I made such sail, that I believe by the next day at three o'clock in the afternoon, when I first made the land, I could not be less than 150 miles south of Sallee, quite beyond the Emperor of Morocco's dominions.

Slip (the cable), *let it run out.*

Buoy, *a float.*

Apprehensive of, *fearing.*

Such was the dread I felt of the Moors, and the terror of falling into their hands, that I would not stop or go on shore, or come to an anchor. The wind continuing fair till I had sailed in that manner five days, and then having shifted to the southward, I concluded that if any vessels were in chase of me, they also would now give over. So I ventured to make for the coast, and came to anchor in the mouth of a little river, I knew not what or where, neither what latitude, what country, what nation, nor what river. I neither saw nor desired to see any people,—the principal thing I wanted was fresh water. We came into this creek in the evening, resolving to swim on shore as soon as it was dark, and discover the country. But as soon as it was quite dark, we heard such dreadful noises of the barking, roaring, and howling of wild beasts, that the poor boy was ready to die with fear, and begged of me not to go on shore till day.

"Well, Xury," said I, "then I won't; but it may be we may see men by day who will be as bad to us as those lions."

"Then we may give them the shoot gun," says Xury, laughing, "make them run away."

Such English Xury spoke by conversing among us slaves. However, I was glad to see the boy so cheerful, and I gave him a dram to cheer him up. After all, Xury's advice was good, and I took it. We dropped our little anchor, and lay still all night. I say *still*, for we slept none; for in two or three hours we saw huge brutes of many sorts come down to the sea-shore, and run into the water, wallowing and washing themselves for the pleasure of cooling themselves. They made such hideous howlings and yellings that I never indeed heard the like.

Xury was dreadfully frightened, and indeed so was I too; but we were both more frightened when we heard one of those mighty creatures come swimming towards our boat. We could

see him, but we guessed him by his blowing to be a rous, huge and furious beast. Xury said it was a lion, and

it might be so for aught I know. Poor Xury cried out to me to weigh anchor and row away.

"No," says I, "Xury, we can slip our cable with a buoy to it, and go to sea; they cannot follow us far."

I had no sooner said so, than I perceived the creature (whatever it was) within two oars' length, which somewhat surprised me. However, I immediately stepped to the cabin door, and taking up my gun, fired at him, upon which he turned about, and swam towards the shore again.

But it was not possible to describe the horrible noises, and hideous cries and howlings, that were raised upon the report of the gun—a thing I have some reason to believe those creatures never had heard before. This convinced me that there was no going on shore for us in the night upon that coast, and how to venture on shore in the day was another question too. For, to have fallen into the hands of any of the savages would have been as bad as to have fallen into the paws of lions and tigers; at least we were equally apprehensive of the former as of the latter.

Be that as it would, we were obliged to go on shore somewhere or other for water, for we had not a pint in the boat; when or where to get it was the point. Xury said if I would let him go on shore with one of the jars, he would find if there was any water, and bring some to me. I asked him why he would go, why I should not go, and he stay in the boat. The boy answered with so much affection that it made me love him ever after. Says he—

"If wild mans come, they eat me up, you go away."

"Well, Xury," said I, "we will both go, and if the wild mans come, we will kill them; they shall eat neither of us."

So I gave Xury a piece of rusk-bread to eat, and a dram out of our patron's case of bottles, which I mentioned before. We then hauled the boat in as near the land as we thought was proper, and waded on shore, carrying nothing but our arms, and two jars for water.

I did not care to go out of sight of the boat, fearing the coming of canoes with savages down the river, but the boy seeing a low place about a mile up the country, rambled to it, and by-and-by I saw him come running towards me. I thought he was pursued by some savage, or scared by some wild beast, and

I ran forward towards him to help him ; but when I came near to him, I saw something hanging over his shoulders, which was a creature that he had shot, like a hare, but different in color and with longer legs. However, we were very glad of it, and it was very good meat ; but the great news that poor Xury brought was, that he had found good water and seen " no wild mans."

We found afterwards that we need not have taken such pains, for, a little higher up the creek, we found the water fresh when the tide was out, which flows but a little way up. For the present, we filled our jars, and feasted on the hare we had killed, and prepared to go on our way, having seen no footsteps of any human creature in that part of the country.

To harbour, *take shelter, frequent.*
Slug, *piece of metal used as a bullet.*
Muzzle, *mouth.*
Effectually, *completely.*

As I had been one voyage to this coast before, I knew very well that the islands of the Canaries, and the Cape de Verd islands also, lay not far off from the coast. But I knew not where to look for them, or when to stand off to sea towards them, otherwise I might easily have found some of these islands. But my hope was, that if I stood along this coast till I came to that part where the English traded, I should find some of their vessels, that would relieve and take us in.

By the best of my calculation, the place where I now was must be that country which, lying between the Emperor of Morocco's dominions and those of the negroes, is waste and uninhabited, except by wild beasts ; the negroes having abandoned it and gone farther south for fear of the Moors, and the Moors not thinking it worth inhabiting, by reason of its barrenness ; and both forsaking it because of the prodigious number of tigers, lions, leopards, and other furious creatures which harbour there. The Moors use it for hunting only, and go there like an army, two or three thousand men at a time. Indeed, for nearly a hundred miles upon this coast we saw nothing but a waste, uninhabited country by day, and heard nothing but the howling and roaring of wild beasts by night.

Once or twice in the day-time, I thought I saw the Peak of Teneriffe, being the high top of the mountain Teneriffe in the Canaries, and had a great mind to venture out in hopes of reaching the islands. But, having tried twice, I was forced in again by contrary winds, the sea also running too high for my little vessel. So I resolved to pursue my first design, and keep along the shore.

Several times we were obliged to land for fresh water, after we had left this place; and once in particular, being early in the morning, we came to an anchor under a little point of land, which was pretty high; and the tide beginning to flow, we lay still to go farther in. Xury, whose eyes were more awake than it seems mine were, calls softly to me, and tells me that we had best go farther off the shore; "for," says he, "look, yonder lies a dreadful monster on the side of that hillock, fast asleep." I looked where he pointed, and saw a dreadful monster indeed, for it was a terrible great lion, that lay on the side of the shore, under the shade of a piece of the hill, that hung as it were a little over him.

"Xury," said I, "you shall go on shore and kill him." Xury looked frightened, and said—

"Me kill! He eat me at one mouth" (one mouthful he meant).

However, I said no more to the boy, but bade him be still, and took our biggest gun, and loaded it with a good charge of powder, and with two slugs, and laid it down. Then I loaded another gun with two bullets, and the third (for we had three pieces) I loaded with five smaller bullets. I took the best aim I could with the first piece, aiming at the head; but he lay so with his leg raised a little above his nose, that the slugs hit his leg about the knee, and broke the bone. He started up, growling at first, but finding his leg broken, fell down again, and then got upon three legs, and gave the most hideous roar that I ever heard. I was a little surprised that I had not hit him on the head; however, I took up the second piece immediately, and though he began to move off, fired again, and shot him in the head, when I had the pleasure of seeing him drop. He made but little noise, but lay struggling for life. Then Xury took heart, and would have me let him go ashore. "Well, go," said

I. So the boy jumped into the water, and taking a little gun in one hand, swam to shore with the other hand, and coming close to the creature, put the muzzle of the piece to his ear, and shot him in the head again, which despatched him quite.

— This was game indeed to us, but it was not food, and I was very sorry to lose three charges of powder and shot upon a creature that was good for nothing to us. However, Xury said he would have some of him; so he came on board, and asked me to give him the hatchet.

“For what, Xury?” said I.

“Me cut off his head,” said he.

However, Xury could not cut off his head; but he cut off a foot, and brought it with him, and it was a monstrous great one.

I bethought myself, however, that perhaps his skin might one way or other be of some value to us; and I resolved to flay him if I could. So Xury and I set to work; but he was much the better workman at it, for I knew very ill how to do it. Indeed, it took us both the whole day; but at last we got off the hide, and spreading it on the top of our cabin, the sun effectually dried it in two days’ time. It afterwards served me to lie upon.

Stake, risk.

Tremendous, huge.

Inclined, disposed, wishful.

Ravenous, voracious, greedy.

Counsellor, adviser.

After this stop we made for the southward continually for ten or twelve days, living very sparingly on our provisions. As to them, they began to lessen very much, and we went ashore for fresh water as seldom as possible. My design in this was to make for the river Gambia or Senegal—that is to say, anywhere about the Cape de Verd—where I was in hopes of meeting with some European ship; and if I did not, I knew not what course to take but to seek for the islands; otherwise I must perish among the negroes. I staked the whole of my fortune upon this single point, either that I must meet with some ship or perish.

When I had pursued this resolution about ten days longer, as

I have said, I began to see that the land was inhabited, and in two or three places, as we sailed by, we saw people standing upon the shore looking at us. We could also perceive they were quite black, and stark naked. I was once inclined to have gone on shore to them, but Xury was my better counsellor, and said to me, "No go, no go." However, I hauled in nearer the shore, that I might talk to them, and I found they ran along the shore by me a good way. I observed they had no weapons in their hands, except one, who had a long slender stick, which Xury said was a lance, which they could throw a great way with good aim. So I kept at a distance, but talked with them by signs as well as I could, and particularly made signs for something to eat. They beckoned to me to stop my boat, and they would fetch me some meat. Upon this I lowered the top of my sail, and lay by. Two of them then ran up into the country, and in less than half an hour came back, and brought with them two pieces of dried flesh and some corn, such as is the produce of their country. But we neither knew what the one nor the other was; however, we were willing to accept it. But how to get at it was our next question, for I was not willing to venture on shore to them, and they were as much afraid of us. At length they adopted a course safe enough for both parties, for they brought it to the shore, and laid it down, and went and stood a great way off till we fetched it on board. After that they came close to us again.

We made signs to thank them, for we had nothing to make them amends; but an opportunity offered that very instant to oblige them wonderfully. While we were lying by the shore there came two tremendous creatures, one pursuing the other with great fury, from the mountains towards the sea. Whether they were in sport or in rage we could not tell, any more than we could tell whether it was usual or strange; but I believe it was the latter, because, in the first place, those ravenous creatures seldom appear but in the night, and, in the second place, we found the people terribly frightened, especially the women. The man that had the lance or dart did not fly from them, but the rest did.

However, as the two creatures ran directly to the water, they did not seem to offer to fall upon the negroes, but plunged

into the sea, and swam about as if they had come for their diversion. At last one of them began to come nearer our boat than I first expected ; but I lay ready for him, for I had loaded my gun with all possible expedition, and bade Xury load both the others. As soon as he came fairly within my reach, I fired, and shot him right in the head. Immediately he sank, but rose instantly, and plunged up and down as if he were struggling for life; and so indeed he was. He endeavoured to make for the shore, but both the wound, which was mortal, and the suffocation of the water, ended his existence just before he gained the land.

It is impossible to express the astonishment of these poor creatures at the report of my gun ; some of them were ready even to die of fear, and fell down as dead with terror. But when they saw the creature dead, and sunk in the water, and that I made signs to them to come to the shore, they took heart and approached, and began to search for the carcass. I found him by his blood staining the water ; and by the help of a rope, which I flung round him, and gave the negroes to haul, he was dragged on shore, and turned out to be a most curious leopard, beautifully spotted, and wonderfully handsome. The negroes held up their hands with wonder at the ease with which so savage a brute had been despatched.

The other creature, frightened with the flash of fire and the noise of the gun, swam on shore, and ran up directly to the mountains whence he had come.

I quickly found the negroes were for eating the flesh of this creature, so I was willing to have them take it as a favor from me, and for this, when I made signs to them that they might take it, they were very thankful. Immediately they fell to work with him, and though they had no knife, yet with a sharpened piece of wood they took off his skin as readily, nay, much more readily, than we could have done with a knife. They offered me some of the flesh, which I declined, motioning as if I would give it them, but made signs for the skin, which they gave me very freely. They then brought me a great deal more of their provisions, which I accepted.

Then I made signs to them for some water, and held out one of my jars to them, turning it bottom upwards, to show that it

was empty, and that I wanted to have it filled. They called immediately to some of their friends, and there came two women, who brought a great vessel made of earth, and burnt, as I suppose, in the sun. This they set down for me, as before, and I sent Xury on shore with my jars, and filled them all three.

Pensive, thoughtful, sad.

To design, to intend.

Inexpressible, unutterable, excessive.

I was now furnished with roots and corn, such as it was, and water; and, leaving my friendly negroes, I kept on my course for about eleven days more, without going near the shore, till I saw the land run out a great length into the sea. This was about the distance of four or five leagues before me, and, the sea being very calm, I kept well out to make this point. At length, doubling the point at about two leagues from the shore, I saw plainly land on the other side to seaward. Then I concluded, as it was indeed most certain, that this was the Cape de Verd, and those the islands called thence Cape de Verd Islands. However, they were at a great distance, and I could not well tell what I had best do; for if I should be overtaken by a fresh wind, I might neither reach one nor the other.

In this difficulty, as I was very pensive, I stepped into the cabin, and sat down, Xury having the helm, when on a sudden the boy cried out, "Master, master, a ship with a sail!" The foolish boy was frightened out of his wits, thinking it must needs be some of his master's ships sent to pursue us, when I knew we had got far enough out of their reach. I jumped out of the cabin, and immediately saw not only the ship, but what she was—namely, that she was a Portuguese ship, and, as I thought, bound to the coast of Guinea for negroes. But when I observed the course she steered, I was soon convinced they were bound some other way, and did not design to come any nearer to the shore. Upon this, I stretched out to sea as much as I could, resolving to speak with them if possible.

With all the sail I could make, I found I should not be able to reach them, and that they would be gone by before I could make any signal to them; but after I had crowded sail to ¹¹

utmost, and begun to despair, they, it seems, saw me by the help of their spy-glasses. They supposed it was some European boat, belonging to some ship that was lost; so they shortened sail to let me come up. I was encouraged by this, and as I had my patron's ancient on board, I waved it to them as a signal of distress, and fired a gun, both of which they saw, for they told me they saw the smoke, though they did not hear the gun. Upon seeing these signals they very kindly brought to, and lay by for me, and in about three hours' time I came up with them.

They asked me what I was in Portuguese, and in Spanish, and in French, but I understood none of them. But at last a Scotch sailor, who was on board, called to me, and I answered him, and told him I was an Englishman; and that I had made my escape out of slavery from the Moors at Sallee. Then they bade me come on board, and very kindly took me in, and all my goods.

It was an inexpressible joy to me, as any one will believe, that I was thus delivered from such a miserable and almost hopeless condition as I was in. I immediately offered all I had to the captain of the ship, as a return for my deliverance; but he generously told me he would take nothing from me, but that all I had should be delivered safe to me when I came to the Brazils.

Defoe.

Drop anchor, *come to anchor*; opp. *weigh*.

Ammunition, *powder*, &c.

Muster, *assemble in preparation for an attack*.

Companion, *box-like covering over the entrance to the cabin*.

JOHN RUTHERFORD.

I WILL now tell you the story of John Rutherford. He was born in Manchester, in 1796. He went to sea when he was very young, and made a great many voyages. When on board an English vessel he was taken sick, and left on one of the Sandwich Islands. When he got well again, he entered on board an American vessel called the *Agnes*.

After touching at several places, the vessel arrived at New Zealand, in March, 1816. She finally put into a place called Poverty Bay, on the south-eastern part of the northern island.

As soon as the vessel had dropped anchor, a great many canoes came off to the ship from every part of the bay. These were paddled each by about thirty women. Very few men made their appearance that day; but many of the women remained on board all night, stealing whatever they could lay their hands on. Their conduct greatly alarmed the captain, and a strict watch was kept during the night.

The next morning one of the chiefs came on board, whose name was said to be Aimy. He was in a large war-canoe, about sixty feet long, carrying above a hundred of the natives, all provided with plenty of mats and fishing-lines. These were made of the strong white flax which grows in New Zealand; and the natives wished to trade with them.

The captain arranged that this chief should go ashore with some of his men, to fill some casks of water, which the people on board ship wanted very much. While their chief was gone, the natives brought on board a number of pigs, and at the close of the day above two hundred had been purchased, with a quantity of fern root to feed them on.

During the night the thieving was renewed, and carried much further than the night before. For it was found in the morning that some of the natives had not only stolen the lead off the ship's stern, but had also cut away many of the ropes, and carried them off in their canoes. It was not till daybreak, too, that the chief came back with a second load of water. It was observed the ship's boat which he had had with him leaked a good deal. When the carpenter examined her, he found that many of the nails had been drawn out of her planks.

About the same time, Rutherford saw one of the natives steal a piece of lead, and took it from him,—“Which, when I took from him,” says he, in his book, “he grinded his teeth, and shook his tomahawk at me.”

The captain now paid the chief for fetching the water, giving him two muskets, and a quantity of gunpowder and shot; for arms, ammunition, and iron tools are the only things these people will trade for.

There were at this time about three hundred of the natives on the deck, with Aimy, their chief, in the midst of them.

Every man was armed with a green stone, which was slung with a string around his wrist. This weapon the New Zealanders call a "mery;" they use it to kill their enemies by striking them on the head with it.

There was now seen smoke rising from several of the hills. It seemed also as if the natives were mustering in great numbers on the beach. The captain grew much afraid, and ordered his men to loosen the sails, and to make haste to get their dinners, as he was going to put to sea immediately.

As soon as the sailors had dined, they went aloft among the sails. At this time none of the crew were on deck except the captain and the cook. The chief mate was loading some pistols at the cabin table.

The natives seized this opportunity to commence an attack upon the ship. First the chief threw off the mat which he had worn as a cloak, brandished a tomahawk in his hand, and began a war-song. All the rest immediately threw off their mats likewise, and began to dance so furiously that one might have thought they would stave in the ship's deck.

The captain, in the meantime, was leaning against the companion, when one of the natives went stealthily behind him, and struck him three or four blows on the head with a tomahawk, which instantly killed him. The cook, seeing his captain attacked, ran to his help, but was immediately murdered in the same manner.

Just then the chief mate came running up the companion ladder, but before he reached the deck, he was struck on the back of the neck, as the captain and the cook had been. He fell with the blow, but did not die immediately. A number of the natives now rushed in at the cabin door, while others jumped down through the skylight, and others again were cutting away some of the rigging.

At the same time four of the ship's crew jumped overboard off the fore-yard, but were picked up by some canoes that came from the shore, and were bound hand and foot. The natives now climbed up the rigging, drove the rest of the crew down, and made them all prisoners. One of the chiefs beckoned to Rutherford to come to him. Rutherford did so,

“I give myself up as a prisoner.

The captive ship's crew were then put all together into a large canoe, with their hands tied. The natives searched them, and took their knives, pipes, tobacco-boxes, and different articles, from them. The two dead bodies, and the wounded mate, were thrown into the canoe along with the prisoners. The mate groaned fearfully, and seemed in great agony, the tomahawk having cut two inches deep into the back of his neck.

Meanwhile, a number of women who had been left in the ship jumped overboard, and were swimming to the shore. Before doing so they cut the vessel's cable, so that she drifted, and ran aground on the bar near the mouth of the river. Many of the canoes went to the land loaded with plunder from the ship; and numbers of the natives quarrelled about dividing the spoil, and fought and slew each other.

While all this was going on, the prisoners from the ship were detained in the canoe; but at last, when the sun had set, they were conveyed on shore to one of the villages, and tied by the hands to several small trees. The mate had died before he reached the shore, so that there now remained only twelve of the ship's crew alive in the hands of the New Zealanders.

A number of large fires were kindled on the beach, to give light to the canoes, which were busy all night with going to and fro between the shore and the ship, although it rained the greater part of the time.

About ten o'clock in the morning, the savages set fire to their ship; after which they all mustered together on a piece of ground near the village, where they remained standing for some time. At last, they all sat down except five, who were chiefs, for whom a large ring was left vacant in the middle. The five chiefs, of whom Aimy was one, then approached the place where the prisoners were. After they had whispered together for some time, Aimy set two of the men free, one of whom was Rutherford. He took them into the middle of the ring, and made signs for them to sit down, which they did.

In a few minutes the other four chiefs came also into the ring, bringing along with them four more of the prisoners, who were made to sit down beside the two first ones. The chiefs now walked backwards and forwards in the ring, with their "merys" in their hands, and kept on talking together for some

What they said, however, none of the prisoners could make out.

At length one of the chiefs spoke to one of the natives who sat on the ground. The latter instantly rose, and taking his tomahawk in his hand, went and killed the six men who had remained tied to the trees. They groaned several times as they were struggling in the agonies of death, and at every groan the natives burst out into fits of laughter.

Rutherford and his five companions could not help weeping for the sad fate of their comrades, not knowing at the same time whose turn it might be next. Many of the natives, on seeing their tears, laughed aloud, and brandished their "merys" at them.

After this, Rutherford was taken into the interior of the island, where he was kept in captivity for ten long years. Some of his companions were killed, but the fate of the rest he did not know.

He was tattooed like the natives, and conformed as well as he could to their manners and habits, so that he might save his life. At length they made him a chief, and he married Aimy's two daughters. Still he was anxious to leave the island, and return to his native country.

In January, 1826, he escaped on board an American brig, and two years after he reached England, and returned to his native city.

Celebrated, noted, distinguished.

Treated, bargained.

Prospect, view, aspect of a country.

Articles, objects, things.

LA PEROUSE.

I AM going to tell you about a celebrated French voyager, named La Perouse. The king employed him to go on a voyage of discovery into the Pacific Ocean.

In the year 1785, he set out with two ships, and proceeded to the Pacific. He first came along the coast of America, and stopped at various places. He saw a good many of the Indians, and treated with them for various articles. He saw Mount St. Elias, which, I believe, is the highest mountain in North America, and whose top is always covered with snow.

After leaving America, he returned to the south, and then sailed in a westerly direction, across the Pacific Ocean, to the coast of China; and thence to Manilla, a large Spanish town in the Island of Luzon, one of the Philippine group.

In Luzon, La Perouse went into the country, and saw a good many of the natives. He found them nearly equal to Europeans in most respects. They had clever goldsmiths, blacksmiths, and other workmen. They seemed honest, pleasant, and friendly.

La Perouse was anxious to get all the information he could about the islands and shores of the Pacific Ocean, and so he sailed from Manilla, and went to various places along the eastern coast of Asia. In this manner he continued, and at length reached Kamtchatka and the Navigator Islands.

These islands are ten in number, and inhabited by a very savage race of people. When the vessels approached the shore of one of these islands, they saw the natives sitting under the cocoa-nut trees, apparently enjoying the beautiful prospect around them.

At length, La Perouse came to the large island of Maona. Here his vessel was soon surrounded by two hundred boats, full of people. These brought a great many hogs, pigeons, fowls, and fruits, to exchange for beads, axes, clothes, and other articles. In the meantime, La Perouse sent boats ashore, to fill some casks with water, and bring them off to the vessels.

La Perouse himself went on shore. He found the houses very comfortable, and the people seemed quite happy. Nothing, indeed, can be more delightful than the climate of these islands. It is always summer; and the inhabitants are able to live with very little labor. The trees are loaded with fruit, and the shores abound in fish.

There are large sea-turtles along the shores, and the people catch them thus:—

They go into the water and seize the turtle, turn it on its back, and then take it ashore. The creature is quite helpless when on its back.

Obtain the consent of, *get to agree to.*
Calamity, *unfortunate or disastrous occurrence.*
Fate, *what had happened.*

I must now tell you about M. de Langles. He commanded one of the vessels under La Perouse. On the day of their arrival, he went in his boat with some men to a small bay, at the distance of two or three miles. Here he found a delightful spot, with a very pretty village.

De Langles was so much charmed with the place, that he obtained the consent of La Perouse to visit it again the next day. He now took with him four boats and sixty men, wishing to procure water.

When he arrived at the bay, he found it not so good a place to obtain water as he had thought. He was about to return to the vessels, but the people on shore invited the voyagers to land, and they went accordingly.

At first there were about two hundred natives, and these had all something to sell. Some had hogs, and some had various kinds of fruit. While the French people were trading with them, more of the natives continued to arrive, and in an hour or two there were at least twelve hundred on the spot.

De Langles now became alarmed, for he suspected that the Indians intended some mischief. He ordered the men to get the casks, which they had filled, into the boats as soon as possible. This was scarcely done, before the savages began to hurl stones at the people in the boats. De Langles was himself knocked down and killed.

The Frenchmen fired upon the natives, and shot many of them. Ten men and officers, besides De Langles, were killed by the stones of the savages. At length the French succeeded in getting their boats out upon the water. They were followed by the islanders, who came breast deep into the sea, to attack them.

The French, however, made great exertions, and forty-nine out of sixty-one persons who had landed in the morning, returned in safety to the ship. When La Perouse heard of the attack upon the boats he was very angry; but he thought it best to leave the people, and so he went away.

La Perouse now went to several other places, and finally to Botany Bay, in Australia. Here he stayed a short time, and then put to sea again. But from that time nothing was heard of him till long afterwards. He wrote letters at Botany Bay, and sent them to his friends in France, saying he should return in the spring of 1788.

For a long time he was expected ; but by-and-by it began to be feared that some great calamity had befallen himself, the two ships, and all on board. Such was the anxiety in France, on account of them, that some vessels were fitted out, with orders to proceed to the Pacific Ocean, and, if possible, discover their fate.

These vessels, having cruised about for some time, at length came to some islands near Australia. Here they learnt the whole truth. The two ships had been driven on the rocks in a storm, and all on board had perished. Not a single individual escaped to tell the melancholy story. The inhabitants of the islands had picked up some pieces of the wreck, and a few articles that had belonged to the vessel were found in their huts.

Such is the sad story of La Perouse.

Peter Parley.

Mutiny, a revolt of sailors against their captain.

Establish friendly relations, get on a friendly footing.

Mission, the object with which one is sent.

Uninterrupted, unbroken.

Watch, turn of watching (four hours, reckoning from 12 a.m. or

Abuse, insult. [p.m.

THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

CAPTAIN BLIGH having been sent out by King George III. to establish friendly relations with the Otaheitan king, entirely succeeded in his mission ; and was returning with a cargo of bread-fruit when the following incident took place :—

On the 27th April, 1787, Captain Bligh found himself between the islands Tofoaa and Kotoo, advancing in a course of uninterrupted prosperity, and attended with circumstances in the highest degree pleasing. On leaving the deck at night, he gave directions as to the course to be steered : the master had the first watch, the gunner the middle one, and Mr. Christian that of the morning.

But just before sun-rise on the 28th, while he was yet asleep, the last-named officer, Charles Churchill, ship's corporal John Mills, gunner's mate, and Thomas Barkitt, seaman, went into his cabin, and seizing him, tied his hands with a cord behind his back, threatening him with instant death if he spoke or made the least noise. He called, however, as loud as he could, in the hope of finding assistance; but they had already secured the officers who were not of their party, by placing sentinels at their doors. Christian had only a cutlass in his hand, the others had muskets and bayonets. They hauled him out of bed, forced him on deck in his shirt, suffering great pain, says he, "from the tightness with which they had tied my hands. I demanded the reason of such violence, but received no other answer than abuse for not holding my tongue."

The boatswain was ordered to hoist the launch out, with a threat, if he did not do it instantly, of severe measures. When the boat was out, Mr. Hayward and Mr. Hallet, two of the midshipmen, and another person, were commanded to descend into it. The commander desired to know the cause of such behaviour, and tried to persuade the people near him not to persist in such acts of violence; but the only answer he received was "Hold your tongue, Sir, or you are dead this instant." Mr. Bligh states in his narrative that he continued his endeavours to turn the tide of affairs, when Christian changed the cutlass which he had first drawn for a bayonet that was brought to him, "and holding me with a strong gripe by the cord that tied my hands, he threatened to kill me immediately if I would not be quiet: the villains round me had their pieces cocked and their bayonets fixed."

"Particular persons were called to go into the boat, and were hurried over the side of the vessel; whence I concluded that with these people I was to be set adrift. I therefore made another effort to bring about a change, but with no other effect than to be threatened to have my brains blown out." The boatswain and seamen who were to go in the boat were allowed to collect twine, canvas, lines, sails, cordage, with a cask of water containing twenty-eight gallons; and the clerk got one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, with a small quantity of

rum and wine, and also a compass ; but he was forbidden on pain of death to touch either map, chart, or any surveys or drawings.

The officers and men being in the boat, Mr. Christian, the chief mutineer, advanced to his prisoner, and said, "Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the boat, and you must go with them. If you attempt to make the least resistance, you will instantly be put to death." Without further ceremony he was forced over the side, when they untied his hands ; and the small bark being drawn astern by a rope, the party, amounting in all to nineteen individuals, were immediately cast loose in the open ocean.

" Notwithstanding the roughness with which I was treated," says the commander, " the remembrance of past kindnesses produced some signs of remorse in Christian. When they were forcing me out of the ship, I asked him if this treatment was a proper return for the many instances he had received of my friendship ? He appeared disturbed at my question, and answered with much emotion, ' That, Captain Bligh—that is the thing!—I am in hell—I am in hell ! ' "

Turn adrift, *cast loose*.
Attendant, *accompanying*.
Inducement, *temptation*.
Presages, *forerunners, signs*.
Booby, *a foul like a pelican*.

After he was turned adrift with his eighteen companions in distress, they heard a shout on board, several times repeated, " Huzza for Otaheite ! " Now, the chiefs were so much attached to our people that they had encouraged their stay among them, and had even made them promises of large possessions. Under these and many other attendant circumstances, it is not perhaps much to be wondered at, though scarcely possible to have been foreseen, that a set of sailors, most of them having no relations at home who could engage their thoughts, should have been led away ; especially when, in addition to such powerful inducements, they imagined it in their power to fix themselves in the midst of plenty on one of the finest islands in the world, where, without any labor, the comforts of life are beyond anything that can be conceived.

The most wonderful occurrence in the history of this mutiny, is the navigation in the open boat from the Friendly Islands to Timor, in the Indian Ocean, a distance of above four thousand miles, with hardly enough of food to keep the people alive. On the 5th of June, a booby was caught by the hand, the blood of which was divided among three of the men who were the weakest, and the bird kept for next day's dinner.

On the 7th, after a miserably wet and cold night, the sea, which was running high, broke over the boat the whole day. Mr. Ledward, the surgeon, and Lawrence Lebogue, a hardy old seaman, appeared to be giving way very fast. No other assistance could be given to them besides a teaspoonful or two of wine, which had been carefully saved for such a melancholy occasion. In the morning of the 10th, there was a visible alteration for the worse in many of the crew. An extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, a more than common inclination to sleep, with loss of memory, seemed the melancholy presages of approaching death.

Diffuse, *spread*.

(Piece of) intelligence, *news*.

Nautical, *relating to ships or the sea*.

Deplorable, *pitable*.

Delineation, *picturing*.

Indifferent spectator, *careless observer*.

On the 11th, Mr. Bligh announced to his wretched companions, that he had no doubt they had now passed the south of the eastern part of Timor, a piece of intelligence which diffused universal joy and satisfaction. Accordingly, at three in the morning of the following day, the island was discovered at the distance of only two leagues. "It is not possible for me," says the captain, "to describe the pleasure which the blessing of the sight of this island diffused among us. It appeared scarcely credible to ourselves, that, in an open boat and so poorly provided, we should have been able to reach the coast of Timor in forty-one days after leaving Tofoaa, having in that time run, by our reckoning, about three thousand six hundred and eighteen nautical miles; and that, notwithstanding our ^{same} distress, no one should have perished in the voyage."

The poor sufferers, when landed, were scarcely able to walk ; their condition is described as most deplorable. But they were received with every mark of kindness, hospitality, and humanity ; the houses of the principal inhabitants being thrown open for their reception. Their leader observes, "that the abilities of a painter could rarely, perhaps, have been displayed to more advantage than in the delineation of the two groups of figures which at this time presented themselves to each other. An indifferent spectator, if such could be found, would have been at a loss which most to admire—the eyes of famine sparkling at immediate relief, or the horror of their preservers at the sight of so many spectres, whose ghastly countenances, if the cause had been unknown, would rather have excited terror than pity."

Abridged from "Voyages of Discovery."

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

On the arrival of Captain Bligh in England, a ship was immediately despatched to bring back the mutineers. Only a few were found, and the disasters of the return voyage even excelled the sufferings of Captain Bligh and his companions.

Of the remaining mutineers nothing was heard for a long period, but at length two British vessels chanced to fall in with Pitcairn's Island. As they had always supposed it to be uninhabited, they were not a little astonished to observe, as they came near it, plantations regularly laid out, and houses much neater than any they had seen in those regions.

When they were about two miles from the shore, they saw some of the natives coming off to them in boats. The sea ran very high, but the people fearlessly dashed through the waves, and came near the ships. The surprise of the English captains was unbounded, when one of the natives called out in English, "Won't you heave us a rope?"

In a few moments one of them came on board, and explained what seemed so strange. Christian and his companions had gone to Pitcairn's Island. They married the Otaheite women, and had lived there ever since. They had a good many children ; and the young man who first came on board was one of them. His name was Thursday October Christian, and he was the first born.

the island. He was a very handsome young man, and looked more like an Englishman than an Otaheitan.

Several others came on board and breakfasted with the English captains. Before breakfast they all kneeled down and asked a blessing of God; and after the meal was done, they again kneeled, and returned thanks to heaven. They had been taught to do so by their fathers.

These young men saw many things on board the ship at which they were very much surprised. Among other things that excited their wonder was a cow; they had never seen one before, and did not know what to make of it. They concluded it must be either a great goat, or a horned sow.

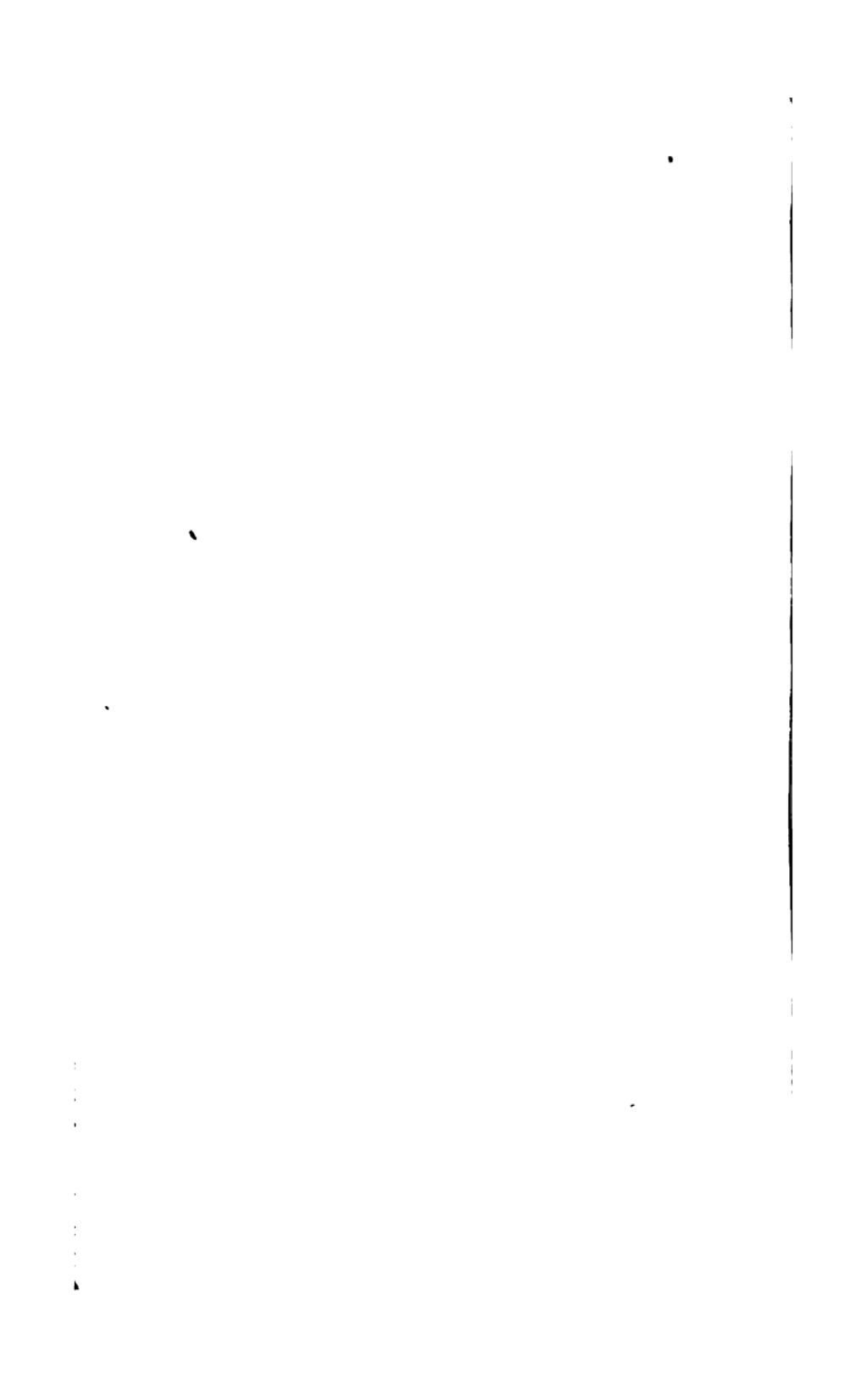
The captains now went to the island with the young natives. The inhabitants were all overjoyed to see people who spoke English, and whom they considered as their countrymen. They brought cocoa-nuts, yams, and other fruit, and gave them to the Englishmen. Only one of the mutineers was alive. His name was John Adams. He was very old, and his wife was blind with age.

There were about forty-six persons. They had a pretty little village, and their houses were very pleasant and comfortable. There were no other animals but hogs or goats on the island, but they had poultry, and plenty of bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, sweet potatoes, and turnips.

The English officers were delighted with their visit. The people appeared to be happy and virtuous. The old sailor, Adams, watched over and governed them, and they looked upon him as their common father and benefactor.

This old man expressed his abhorrence of the crime he had committed, in being concerned in the mutiny. He knew that if he went to England, he might be tried and executed, but such was his desire to see his native country once more, that he proposed to go with the captains to England. They were willing to take him, but when he asked the consent of the islanders, they burst into tears, and besought him not to leave them. The old man was much affected, and told his people that, such being their feelings, he would not go. So after giving them some books and other things, the English captains bade the islanders farewell, and sailed on their voyage.

Poems on Nature and the Affections.



POEMS ON NATURE AND THE AFFECTIONS.

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S LULLABY.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blindworms do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen!

Weaving spiders, come not near,
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence
Beetles black, approach not near,
Worm nor snail do no offence

Philomel* with melody
Sing in your sweet lullaby;
Lulla lulla lullaby :
 Never harm
 Nor spell nor charm
 Come our lovely lady nigh,
 So good night with lullaby.

Shakespeare.

THE FAIRY'S SONG.

COME, follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be ;
Light tripping o'er the green,
Come, follow Mab your queen !
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied
Through key-holes we do glide ;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

* *Philomel*, the Nightingale.

'Then o'er a mushroom's head
 Our table-cloth we spread ;
 A grain of rye or wheat,
 The diet that we eat ;
 Pearly drops of dew we drink
 In acorn-cups filled to the brink.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
 Serve for our minstrelsy.
 Grace said, we dance awhile,
 And so the time beguile :
 And if the moon doth hide her head,
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
 So nimbly do we pass,
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends where we do walk ;
 Yet in the morning may be seen
 Where we the night before have been.

SPRING.

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king ;
 Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring ;
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The palm and the May make country houses gay,
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
 And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
 In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

Spring, the sweet Spring.

T. Nash.

SUMMER.

'Tis June—the merry, smiling June—
'Tis blushing summer now;
The rose is red, the bloom is dead,
The fruit is on the bough.

The bird-cage hangs upon the wall,
Amid the clustering vine;
The rustic seat is in the porch,
Where honeysuckles twine.

The rosy, ragged urchins play
Beneath the glowing sky;
They scoop the sand, or gaily chase
The bee that buzzes by.

The household spaniel flings his length
Beneath the sheltering wall;
The panting sheep-dog seeks the spot
Where leafy shadows fall.

The petted kitten frisks among
The bean-flowers' fragrant maze;
Or, basking, throws her dappled form
To catch the warmest rays.

The opened casements, flinging wide,
Geraniums give to view;
With choicest posies ranged between,
Still wet with morning dew.

The mower whistles o'er his toil,
The emerald grass must yield;
The scythe is out, the swarth is down,
There's incense in the field.

Oh! how I love to calmly muse
In such an hour as this!
To nurse the joy creation gives,
In purity and bliss.

Eliza Cook.

AUTUMN.

THE autumn skies are flush'd with gold,
And fair and bright the rivers run;
These are but streams of winter cold,
And painted mists that quench the sun.

In seeret boughs no sweet birds sing,
In secret boughs no bird can shroud;
These are leaves that take to wing,
And wintry winds that pipe so loud.

'Tis not trees' shade, but cloudy glooms,
That on the cheerless valleys fall;
The flowers are in their grassy tombs,
And tears of dew are on them all.

Hood.

WINTER.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail:
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit to-whoo;—a merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, to-whoo;—a merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Shakespeare.

TO RAIN IN SUMMER.

O GENTLE, gentle summer rain !

Let not the silver lily pine,
The drooping lily pine in vain
To feel that dewy touch of thine,—
To drink thy freshness once again,
O gentle, gentle, summer rain !

In heat the landscape quivering lies ;
The cattle pant beneath the tree ;
Through parching air and purple skies
The earth looks up, in vain, for thee ;
For thee—for thee, it looks in vain,
O gentle, gentle summer rain !

Come thou, and brim the meadow streams,
And soften all the hills with mist,
O falling dew ! from burning dreams
By thee shall herb and flower be kissed,
And Earth shall bless thee yet again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain !

W. C. Bennett.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and the heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout !
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber looks
 At the twisted brooks ;
 He can feel the cool
 Breath of each little pool ;
 His fevered brain
 Grows calm again,
 And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school
 Come the boys,
 With more than their wonted noise
 And commotion ;
 And down the wet streets
 Sail their mimic fleets,
 Till the treacherous pool
 Engulphs them in its whirling
 And turbulent ocean.

In the country on every side,
 Where far and wide,
 Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide
 Stretches the plain,—
 To the dry grass and the drier grain
 How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land
 The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;
 Lifting the yoke-encumber'd* head,
 With their dilated† nostrils spread,
 They silently inhale
 The clover-scented gale,
 And the vapors that arise
 From the well-watered and smoking soil.
 For this rest in the furrow after toil
 Their large and lustrous‡ eyes
 Seem to thank the Lord,
 More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
 From under the sheltering trees,
 The farmer sees
 His pastures and his fields of grain,

* *Yoke-encumbered*, the weight of the yoke (wooden beam) oppressing the head.

† *Dilated*, wide-spread.

‡ *Lustrous*, sparkling.

As they bend their tops
 To the numberless beating drops
 Of the incessant rain.
 He counts it as no sin
 That he sees therein
 Only his own thrift and gain.

Longfellow.

THE HAWTHORN TREE.

IT was a maid of my country,
 As she came by a hawthorn tree,
 As full of flowers as might be seen,
 She marvell'd to see the tree so green.

At last she askéd of this tree,
 "How came this freshness unto thee,
 And ev'ry branch so fair and clean?
 I marvel that you grow so green."

The tree made answer by-and-by,
 "I have cause to grow triumphantly ;
 The sweetest dew that e'er is seen,
 Doth fall on me to keep me green."

"Yea," quoth the maid, "but where you grow,
 You stand at hand for every blow,
 Of every man for to be seen;
 I marvel that you grow so green."

"Though many a one take flowers from me,
 And many a branch out of my tree,
 I have such store they will not be seen,
 For more and more my twigs grow green."

"But how, an'* they chance to cut thee down,
 And carry thy branches into the town?"
 "Then they will never more be seen
 To grow again so fresh and green."

* *An'*, if.

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower,
 Which Mary to Anna conveyed ;
 The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
 And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
 And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
 For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd ;
 And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
 I snapp'd it—it fell to the ground !

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
 Some act by the delicate mind ;
 Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
 Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
 Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile ;
 And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
 May be followed perhaps by a smile.

Cowper.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast ?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay yet here awhile,
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What ! were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night ?
 'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave ;
 And after they have shown their pride,
 Like you, awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

Herrick.

MORNING SOUNDS.

AH, who the melodies of morn can tell !
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side ;
 The lowing herd, the sheep-fold's simple bell ;
 The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean tide ;
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark ;
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milk-maid sings ;
 The whistling ploughman stalks a-field ; and hark !
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings ;
 Thro' rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;
 Slow tolls the village bell the drowsy hour ;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from his aerial tower.

Beattie.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are felled, farewell to the shade,
 And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade !*
 The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
 Nor Ouse on its bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view
 Of my favorite field, and the bank where they grew ;
 And now in the grass behold they are laid,
 And the tree is my seat that once lent mè a shade.

* *Colonnade*, a range of columns ; here fig. for avenue of trees.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat ;
And the scene where his melody charm'd me before,
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive* years are all hastening away,
And I must myself lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs :
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys ;
Short-liv'd as we are, yet our pleasures we see
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

Cowper.

THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges ;
By twenty thorps,* a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my bank I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

* *Fugitive*, fleeting. † *Thorp*, village.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

Tennyson.

THE REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland lass !
 Reaping and singing by herself ;
 Stop here, or gently pass !
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain ;
 Oh, listen ! for the vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers, in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands ;
 No sweeter voice was ever heard
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers* flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago ;
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day ?—
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending :
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending ;
 I listen'd till I had my fill ;
 And as I mounted up the hill
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

Wordsworth.

* *Plaintive numbers*, mournful notes.

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

As to her lips the mother lifts her boy,
 What answering looks of sympathy and joy !—
 He walks, he speaks ! In many a broken word
 His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard ;
 And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
 When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
 Lock'd in her arms, his arms across her flung,
 (That name most dear for ever on his tongue),
 As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
 And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
 How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
 Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart ;
 Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
 And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love !

But soon a nobler task demands her care ;
 Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
 Telling of Him who sees in secret there !—
 And now the volume on her knee has caught
 His wandering eye—now many a written thought
 Never to die, with many a lisping sweet,
 His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.

Released, he chases the bright butterfly,
 Oh, he would follow—follow through the sky !
 Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,
 And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane ;
 Then runs, and kneeling by the fountain side,
 Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,—
 A dangerous voyage ! or if now he can,
 If now he wears the habit* of a man,
 Flings off the coat, so long his pride and pleasure,
 And, like a miser digging for his treasure,
 His tiny spade in his own garden plies,
 And in green letters sees his name arise !
 Where'er he goes, for ever in her sight,
 She looks, and looks, and still with new delight !

Rogers.

* *Habit*, i.e., dress.

VIRTUE.

SWEET day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 The dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose ! whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring ! full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted* lie,
 Thy music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like séason'd timber never gives ;†
 But, though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

Herbert.

HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
 Their place ye may not well supply,
 Though ye among a thousand try
 With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,
 Yet cannot I by force be led
 To think upon the wormy bed
 And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
 A rising step, did indicate
 Of pride and joy no common rate
 That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
 I shall it call : if 'twas not pride,
 It was a joy to that allied,
 She did inherit.

* *Compacted*, closely packed.

† *Gives*, yields and cracks.

My sprightly neighbour ! gone before
 To that unknown and silent shore !
 Shall we not meet as heretofore
 Some summer morning ;

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
 Hath struck a bliss upon the day—
 A bliss that would not go away,
 A sweet forewarning !

Lamb.

HOME.

I TRAVELL'D among unknown men
 In lands beyond the sea ;
 Nor, England ! did I know till then
 What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !
 Nor, will I quit thy shore
 A second time, for still I seem
 To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
 The joy of my desire ;
 And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel
 Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd
 The bowers where Lucy play'd ;
 And thine too is the last green field
 That Lucy's eyes survey'd.

Wordsworth.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lower'd,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track ;
 'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us ! rest ! thou art weary and worn !"
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Campbell.

THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

My untried muse shall no high tone assume,
 Nor strut in arms ;—farewell, my cap and plume !
 Brief be my verse, a task within my power ;
 I tell my feelings in one happy hour :
 But what an hour was that ! when from the main
 I reach'd this lovely valley once again !
 A glorious harvest fill'd my eager sight,
 Half shock'd,* half waving in a flood of light ;
 On that poor cottage roof where I was born,
 The sun look'd down as in life's early morn.

* Shocked, bound in shocks, or bundles.

I gazed around, but not a soul appear'd ;
I listen'd on the threshold—nothing heard ;
I call'd my father thrice, but no one came ;
It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,
But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
The door invitingly stood open wide ;
I shook my dust and set my staff aside.
How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair !
Beneath my elbow on the solid frame,
Appear'd the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before ! The same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacs behind,
And up they flew like banners in the wind ;
Then gently, singly, down, down, down, they went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land. That instant came
A robin on the threshold: though so tame,
At first he look'd distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,
And seem'd to say (past friendship to renew),
"Ah, ah ! old worn-out soldier is it you ?"
Through the room ranged the imprison'd humble bee,
And bomb'd and bounced, and struggled to be free ;
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor ;
That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy stray'd
O'er undulating waves the broom had made ;
Reminding me of those of hideous forms
That met us as we pass'd the Cape of Storms,
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes never ;
They roll and foam and roll and foam for ever.
But here was peace, that peace which home can yield :
The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
And ticking clock, where all at once become
The substitute for clarion, fife, and drum.
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still,
On beds of moss, that spread the window-sill,
(I deem'd no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
And guess'd some infant hand had placed it there,
And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare) ;

Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose ;
 My heart felt everything but calm repose ;
 I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
 But rose at once, and bursted into tears ;
 Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
 And thought upon the past with shame and pain.
 I raved at war, and all its horrid cost,
 And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
 On carnage, fire, and plunder long I mused,
 And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.
 Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard—
 One bespoke age, and one a child's appear'd.
 In stepp'd my father, with convulsive start,
 And in an instant clasp'd me to his heart.
 Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid ;
 And, stooping to the child, the old man said,
 "Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again ;
 This is your Uncle Charles, come home from Spain."
 The child approach'd, and with her fingers light,
 Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.
 But why thus spin my tale—thus tedious be ?
 Happy old soldier, what's the world to me !

Bloomfield.

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

SWEET to the morning traveller
 The skylark's earliest song,
 Whose twinkling wings are seen at fits
 The dewy light among.

And cheering to the traveller
 The gales that round him play
 When faint and wearily he drags
 Along his noon tide way.

And when beneath th' unclouded sun
 Full wearily toils he,
 The flowing water makes to him
 Most pleasant melody.

And when the evening light decays,
 And all is calm around,
 There is sweet music to his ear
 In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

And sweet the neighbouring church's bell
 That marks his journey's bourn;
 But sweeter is the voice of love
 That welcomes his return.

Southey.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

THE more we live, more brief appear
 Our life's succeeding stages :
 A day to childhood seems a year,
 And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
 Ere passion yet disorders,
 Steals, lingering like a river smooth
 Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
 And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
 Ye stars, that measure life to man,
 Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath
 And life itself is vapid,*
 Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
 Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange, yet who would change
 Time's course to slower speeding,
 When one by one our friends have gone,
 And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
 Indemnifying† fleetness ;
 And those of youth a seeming length,
 Proportion'd to their sweetness.

Campbell.

* *Vapid*, empty, unsubstantial.

† *Indemnifying*, making amends for, compensating.

THE AGED WANDERER.

"COME lead me, lassie, to the shade
Where willows grow beside the brook ;
For well I know the sound it made,
When dashing o'er the stony rill,
It murmur'd to St. Osyth's mill."

The lass replied—"The trees are fled,
They've cut the brook a straighter bed ;
No shades the present lords allow,
The miller only murmurs now ;
The waters now his mill forsake,
And form a pond they call a lake."

"Then, lassie, lead thy grandsire on,
And to the holy water bring ;
A cup is fasten'd to the stone,
And I would taste the healing spring
That soon its rocky cist* forsakes,
And green its mossy passage makes."

"The holy spring is turn'd aside,
The arch is gone, the stream is dried ;
The plough has levell'd all around,
And here is now no holy ground."

"Then, lass, thy grandsire's footsteps guide,
To Bulmer's Tree, the giant oak
Whose boughs the keeper's cottage hide,
And part the church-way lane o'erlook.
A boy, I climb'd the topmost bough,
And I would feel its shadow now.

"Or, lassie, lead me to the west,
Where grew the elm trees thick and tall ;
Where rooks unnumber'd build their nest—
Deliberate birds, and prudent all ;
Their notes indeed are harsh and rude,
But they're a social multitude."

"The rooks are shot, the trees are fell'd,
And nest and nursery all expell'd ;
With better fate, the giant tree,
Old Bulmer's Oak, is gone to sea ;
The church-way walk is now no more,
And men must other ways :

* *Cist*, hollow, cup.

Though this indeed promotion gains,
 For this the park's new wall contains :
 And here I fear we shall not meet
 A shade—although, perchance, a seat.”

“O then, my lassie, lead the way
 To Comfort's Home, the ancient inn ;
 That something holds, if we can pay—
 Old David is our living kin ;
 A servant once, he still preserves
 His name, and in his office serves !”

“Alas ! that mine should be the fate
 Old David's sorrows to relate ;
 But they were brief ; not long before
 He died, his office was no more ;
 The kennel stands upon the ground,
 With something of the former sound !”

“O then,” the grieving man replied,
 “No farther, lassie, let me stray ;
 Here's nothing left of ancient pride,
 Of what was grand, of what was gay :
 But all is changed, is lost, is sold—
 All, all that's left is chilling cold !
 I seek for comfort here in vain,
 Then lead me to my cot again !”

Crabbe.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
 In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days ;
 All, all are gone—the old familiar faces !

I have been laughing, I have been carousing—
 Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies ;
 All, all are gone—the old familiar faces !

I have a friend,—a kinder friend has no man ;
 Like an ingrate,* I left my friend abruptly ;
 Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
 Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to travel,
 Seeking to find the old familiar faces !

* *Ingrate*, ungrateful person.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling,
So might we talk of the old familiar faces;

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone—the old familiar faces!

Lamb.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside a hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

Rogers.

A WARNING REPLY.

Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!
The lovely cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirr'd thee deeply; with its own dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!

But covet not the abode—O do not sigh
As many do, repining while they look!
Intruder's who would tear from Nature's book
This precious leaf with harsh impiety.

Think what the home would be if it were thine,
Even thine, though few thy wants! roof, window, door,
The very flowers are sacred to the poor,
The roses to the porch which they entwine:
Yea, all that now enchanteth thee, from the day
On which it should be touch'd would melt away.

Wordsworth.

THE AGE OF CHILDREN HAPPIEST.

LAID in my quiet bed, in study as 'twere,
 I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts appear ;
 And every thought did show so lively in mine eyes,
 That now I sigh'd, and then I smiled, as cause of thoughts did
 rise.

I saw the little boy, in thought, how oft that he
 Did wish of God, to 'scape the rod, a tall young man to be !
 The young man eke that feels his bones with pain opprest,
 How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at rest !
 The rich old man that sees his end draw on so sore,
 How would he be a boy again to live so much the more !
 Whereat full oft I smiled, to see how all those three,
 From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change
 degree.

Earl of Surrey.

THE HAPPY HEART.

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
 O sweet content !

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd ?
 O punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd
 To add to golden numbers, golden numbers ?
 O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
 Honest labor bears a lovely face !

Then hey nonny, nonny ! hey nonny, nonny !

Canst drink the waters of the crisp'd spring ?
 O sweet content !

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears ?
 O punishment !

Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
 No burden bears, but is a king, a king !
 O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;

Honest labor bears a lovely face !
 Then hey nonny, nonny ! hey nonny, nonny !

Bekker.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among the green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den ;
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,—
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills ;
 There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow :
 There oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gath'ring sweet flow'rets she steins thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among the green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Burns.

ON A FRIEND WHO DIED IN ITALY.

FAIR ship, that from the Italian shore
 Sailest the placid ocean plains,
 With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
 Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er !

So draw him home to those that mourn
 In vain ; a favorable speed
 Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead
 Through prosperous floods his holy urn !

All night no ruder air perplex
 Thy sliding keel, till phosphor, bright
 As our pure love, through early light
 Shall glimmer on the dewy decks !

Sphere all your lights around, above ;
 Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow ;
 Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now—
 My friend, the brother of my love !

My Arthur ! whom I shall not see
 Till all my widow'd race be run ;
 Dear as the mother to the son,
 More than my brothers are to me !

I hear the noise about thy keel ;
 I hear the bell struck in the night ;
 I see the cabin window bright ;
 I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bringest the sailor to his wife,
 And travell'd men from foreign lands ;
 And letters unto trembling hands ;
 And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life !

So bring him : we have idle dreams ;—
 This look of quiet flatters thus
 Our home-bred fancies : oh ! to us,
 The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod,
 That takes the sunshine and the rains,
 Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
 The chalice of the grapes of God,

Than if, with thee, the roaring wells*
 Should gulf him fathom deep in brine ;
 And hands so often clasp'd in mine
 Should toss with tangle and with shells !

Tennyson.

* *Wells*, waves.

RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
 Whose eye this atom globe surveys ;
 To Thee, my only Rock, I fly,
 Thy mercy in Thy justice praise !

The mystic mazes of Thy will,
 The shadows of celestial light,
 Are past the power of human skill—
 But what the Eternal acts is right.

Oh, teach me in the trying hour,
 When anguish swells the dewy tear,
 To still my sorrows, own Thy power,
 Thy goodness love, Thy justice fear !

If in this bosom aught but Thee
 Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
 Omnidomine could the danger see,
 And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain ?
 Why drooping seek the dark recess ?
 Shake off the melancholy chain,
 For God created all to bless.

But ah ! my breast is human still—
 The rising sigh, the falling tear,
 My languid vitals' feeble rill,
 The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
 I'll thank the inflicter of the blow ;
 Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
 Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
 Which on my sinking spirit steals,
 Will vanish at the morning light,
 Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

Chatterton.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

Two children in two neighbor villages
Playing mad pranks along the healthy leas ;
Two strangers meeting at a festival ;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall ;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease ;
Two graves grass-green beside a gray church tower,
Wash'd with still rains, and daisy-blossom'd ;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred :
So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

Tennyson.

TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one ; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds and seas ;
Smooth field, white sheets of water, and pure sky ;
I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
Sleepless ! and soon the small bird's melodies
Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees ;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights more I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep, by any stealth !
So do not let me wear to-night away ;
Without thee what is all the morning's wealth ?
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health !

Wordsworth.

THE GIRL AND THE DROWNING LAMB.

SEEK who will delight in fable,
I shall tell you truth. A lamb
Leapt from this steep bank, to follow
'Cross the brook its thoughtless dam.

Far and wide, on hill and valley,
Rain had fallen—unceasing rain;
And the bleating mother's young one
Struggled through the flood in vain.

But as chanced a cottage maiden—
Ten years scarcely had she told—
Seeing, plunged into the torrent,
Clasp'd the lamb and kept her hold.

Whirl'd adown the rocky channel,
Sinking, rising, on they go;
Peace and rest, as seems before them,
Only in the lake below.

Oh ! it was a frightful current,
Whose fierce wrath the girl had braved;
Clap your hands with joy, my hearers,
Shout with triumph, both are saved !

Saved by courage that with danger
Grew, by strength the gift of love;
And belike a guardian Angel,
Came with succor from above.

Wordsworth.

THE FALLING OUT OF FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
 I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept ;
 She sighed sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest,
 That would not cease, but cried still, in sucking at her breast.
 She was full weary of her watch, and grieved with her child,
 She rocked it and rated it, until on her it smiled ;
 Then did she say, "Now have I found the proverb true to prove,
 The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."
 Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,
 In register for to remain of such a worthy wight.
 As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
 Much matter utter'd she of weight in place whereas she sat,
 And proved plain there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
 Could well be known to live in love without discord and strife ;
 Then kissed she her little babe, and vowed by God above,
 "The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."

Richard Edwards.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
 Oh, the pain—the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life !

Hark ! they whisper !—angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away !
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes, it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

Pope.

TODDLING MAY.

FIVE pearly teeth and two soft blue eyes,
 Two sinless eyes of blue,
 That are dim or are bright they scarce know why,
 That, baby dear, is you.
 And parted hair of a pale, pale gold,
 That is priceless, every curl,
 And a boldness shy, and a fear half bold,
 Ay, that's my baby girl.

A small, small frock, as the snowdrop white,
 That is worn with a tiny pride,
 With a sash of blue, by a little sight
 With a baby wonder eyed ;
 And a pattering pair of restless shoes,
 Whose feet have a tiny fall,
 That not for the world's coin'd wealth we'd lose,
 That, Baby May, we call.

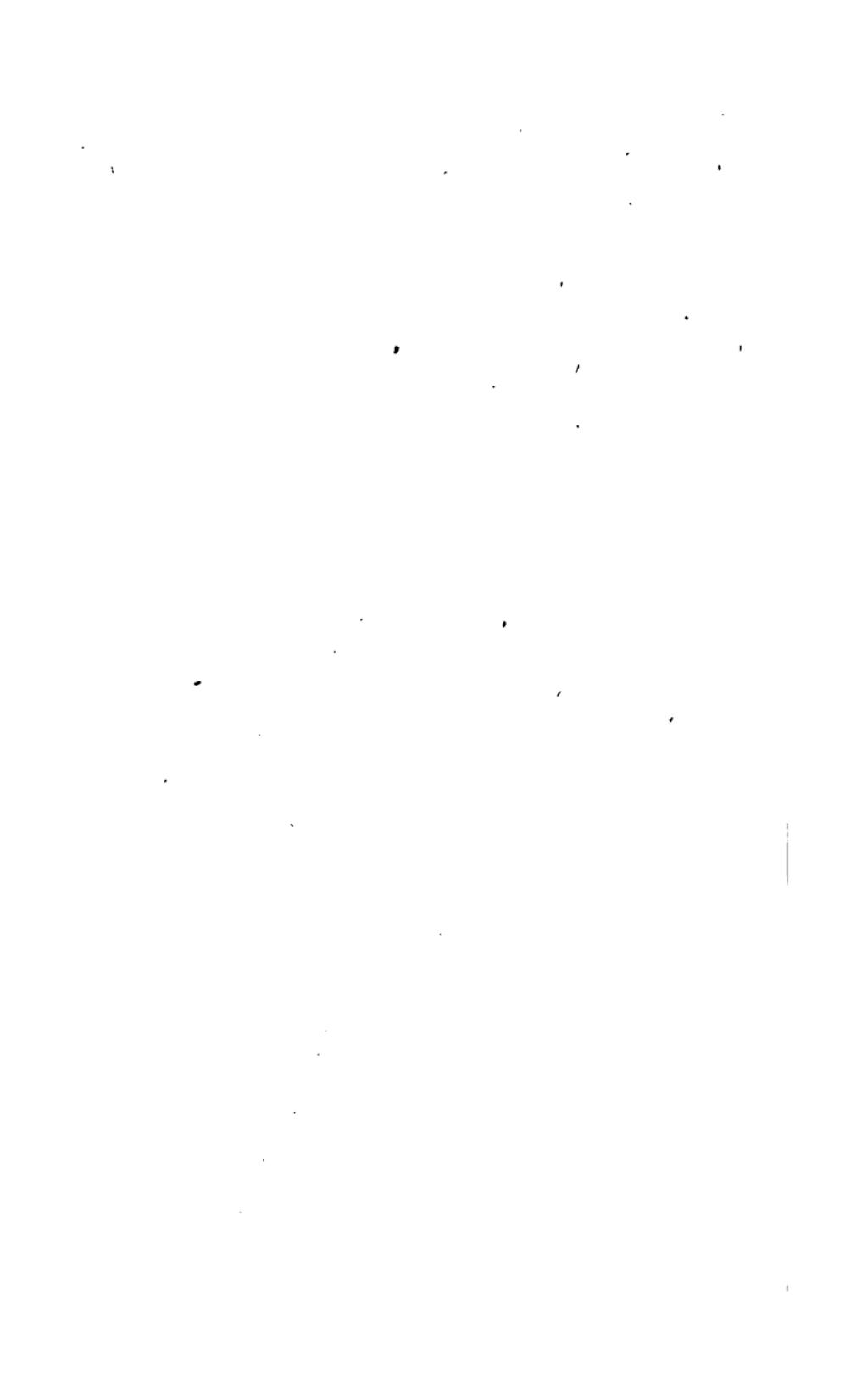
A rocker of dolls with staring eyes
 That a thought of sleep disdain,
 That with shouts of tiny lullabies
 Are by'd and by'd in vain ;
 A drawer of carts with baby noise,
 With strainings and pursed-up brow,
 Whose hopes are cakes and whose dreams are toys,
 Ay, that's my baby now.

A sinking of heart, a shuddering dread,
 Too deep for a word or tear,
 Or a joy whose measure may not be said
 As the future is hope or fear ;
 A sumless venture, whose voyage's fate
 We would and yet would not know,
 Is she whom we dower with love as great
 As is perilled by hearts below.

Bennet.

Tales of Adventure.

III.



TALES OF ADVENTURE.

Animating, inspiriting, exciting.
Trapper, *one who traps animals (beavers, &c.) for their furs.*
Genial, *agreeable.*
Ban, *blight, curse.*
Perilous enterprise, *dangerous adventure.*
Diversified, *varied.*
Trophy, *an object gained with a struggle, booty.*
Taciturnity, *silence.*
Replenish, *refill, provide with a fresh supply.*

PRAIRIE LIFE (N. AMERICA).

OUR march this day was animating, and we were in a region of adventure, breaking our way through a country hitherto untrodden by white men, excepting perchance by some solitary trapper. The weather was in its perfection—temperate, genial, and enlivening; a deep-blue sky, with a few light feathery clouds, an atmosphere of perfect transparency, an air pure and bland, and glorious country spreading out far and wide in the golden sunshine of an autumnal day. But all was silent, lifeless, without a human habitation, and apparently without a human inhabitant. It was as if a ban hung over this fair but fated region. The very Indians dared not to abide there, but made it a mere scene of perilous enterprise—to hunt for a few days, and then away.

After a march for about fifteen miles west, we encamped in a beautiful peninsula, made by the windings and doublings of a deep, clear, and almost motionless brook, and covered by an open grove of lofty and magnificent trees. Several hunters immediately started forth in quest of game, before the noise of the camp should frighten it from the vicinity. Our man, Beatte, also took his rifle, and went forth alone in a different course for the west.

For my own part, I lay on the grass under the trees, and built castles in the clouds, and indulged in the very luxury

rural repose. Indeed, I can scarcely conceive a kind of life more calculated to put both mind and body in a healthful tone.

A morning's ride of several hours, diversified by hunting accidents, an encampment in the afternoon (we encamped under some noble grove on the borders of a stream), an evening banquet of venison, fresh killed, roasted or broiled on the coals, turkeys just from the thickets, and wild honey from the trees, and all relished with an appetite unknown to the wealthy of the cities; and at night—such sweet delight in the open air, walking and gazing at moon and stars shining between the trees.

On the present occasion, however, we had not much reason to boast of our larder. But one deer had been killed during the day, and none of that reached our lodge; we were fain, therefore, to stay our keen appetites by some scraps of turkeys brought from the last encampment, eked out with a slice of salt pork. This scarcity, however, did not continue long.

Before dark, a young hunter returned well laden with spoil. He had shot a deer, cut it up in artist-like style, and putting it into a kind of sack, made of the hide, had slung it across his shoulder, and trudged with it to camp.

Not long after, Beatte made his appearance with a fat doe across his horse. It was the first game he had brought in, and I was glad to see him with a trophy that gave such good promise of a feast. He laid the carcass down before our fire, without saying a word, and then turned to unsaddle his horse; nor could any questions from us about his hunting draw from him more than gruff replies.

If Beatte, however, observed this Indian taciturnity about what he had done, Tonish made up for it by boasting of what he meant to do. Now that we were in a good hunting country, he meant to take the field, and, if we would take his word for it, our lodge would henceforth be overwhelmed with game. Luckily his talking did not prevent his working; the doe was skilfully cut up, several fat ribs roasted before the fire, the coffee-kettle replenished, and in a little while we were enabled to make ample amends for our late meagre repast.

Tour on the Prairies.

To get under weigh, <i>to set off.</i>	Pre-occupied, <i>thinking of something else.</i>
Precipitous, <i>steep.</i>	
Mellowed, <i>softened.</i>	Distract (the attention), <i>take away, draw off.</i>
Verdure, <i>green.</i>	
Trait (pron. <i>tray</i>), <i>feature, aspect.</i>	Inexorable, <i>not be moved by pity.</i>

A BEAR HUNT (N. AMERICA).

BRIGHT and early we were under weigh, our arms all overhauled and in fine order, with a keen relish for the rough work before us. As we neared the hills, they presented singular features. Those in front were by no means precipitous, but rose from the valleys with a gentle curve, clothed all the way to the top with mighty oaks, bearded like patriarchs. Their trunks stood far apart to give room for their long knotty arms, festooned with silvery moss, to spread over the girth, not unfrequently of half an acre. As these trees forked very soon, and as there was no underbush beneath, the heavy drapery of the moss hung drooping as from a low-roofed temple of the Druids; and the thick green sward spread under it, mellowed the grey shades deliciously. The trees became gradually smaller and scantier as the eye descended to the valleys, and then in the centre of each was a stripe of prairie of the deepest verdure, open to the sun, which produced the illusion of a gold and emerald flood, silently creeping beneath the grim towering shadows. A few small trees were scattered along the foot of the ridges a short distance out into our prairie. We were all entranced into gazing upon this marvellous scene, which opened in new traits of surpassing loveliness and grandeur as we approached.

The awed silence which had fallen round the party was broken by a quick, vehement exclamation of the Doctor, "There they are! I'm into 'em, boys!" and away he dashed, with "bobtail" at his best speed, and flourishing the spear above his head!

Looking around in astonishment for the cause of this sudden outbreak, I saw the whole party urging forward their horses, while their eyes were strained with a half eager, half comic look, after the Doctor. Following the same direction, I could distinguish, three or four hundred yards ahead, several black, unwieldy-looking objects, that seemed to be rooting in the long grass, just at the foot of one of the low Knobs, and a little distance out in the prairie. One of them raised its head at the moment, and I saw

that it was a bear! Hays exclaimed, as he spurred his horse, "Boys, we're lucky! They come down to feed on the snails!" At the same moment the company broke off like madmen. I followed; but having been pre-occupied, and less on the alert, was among the hindmost.

The valiant Doctor had between fifty and eighty rods the start of us. His fiery little pony carried him straight up to the nearest bear, which stood upon its hind feet stupidly snuffing the air, evidently greatly puzzled what to make of these new visitors. The gallant Doctor dashed up to it, and was raising his spear to strike, before the astonished animal had concluded to turn tail, which when it did, it waddled off with great speed. But the Doctor drove away manfully at its shaggy back with his weapon, and in his eagerness he had ridden so close that the pony, too, entering into the spirit of the affair, was biting with great vigor at the bear's haunches.

Such a combination of assailants was too much for Bruin's patience, and it wheeled so suddenly that, before pony could dodge, it had given him a blow with its tremendous paws which brought him to his knees. This unexpected stoppage, of course, sent the Doctor vaulting over the head of his beast. Happily for the Doctor, the pony, as the largest object, distracted the attention of the bear from him for an instant, and gave him time to regain his feet, and make for a low live oak which stood near. Into this he mounted with inconceivable nimbleness, but the bear was close at his heels. He ran out upon a limb, but the inexorable monster still pursued. He finally got out as far as the limb would sustain his weight, and there he stood, swayed to and fro in the air, holding on with one hand to the branches above him, while with the other he was pushing away most vehemently at the bear's nose with his spear, endeavouring to keep it at a respectful distance. This arrangement Bruin did not seem to feel disposed to agree to, but was cautiously and slowly pushing his way out on the limb, for the purpose of making a closer acquaintance.

The whole scene occupied but a few seconds. The foremost of the party, seeing the Doctor mount the tree, had galloped on, laughing, in pursuit of the other bears; while we were so much convulsed with merriment that I verily believe the

creature might have eaten the poor fellow whole before any of us would have recovered sufficiently to shoot, but for the interposition of Hays. He, by a great exertion of his remarkable self-command, so far recovered as to be able to send a ball through its head, which brought it to the ground.

Arrest, *stop.*

Intensity, *force.*

Diverge, *turn.*

Gorge, *mountain-pass.*

Maneuvres, *movements, tricks.*

Paralysis of fright, *panic.*

Distended, *spread.*

There were now four bears in sight, which were making for the Knobs; and seeing that the Doctor was safe, without pausing we all swept by in headlong career, to arrest these fellows before they left the plain. The last I saw of the Doctor for many a day, he was dangling from the end of that live oak limb, in the act of driving his spear into the body of the wounded bear, while pony, with his ears laid back, was kicking most violently at its writhing body!

The intensity of individual excitement was all now given to the chase. Our party had broken up into four groups, each of which had selected for pursuit one of the unwieldy brutes, who were getting over the ground with astonishing speed in a direct line for the Knobs. We pushed them so hard, however, that instead of attempting to ascend the ridges, they all diverged into some one of the narrow valleys I have spoken of. It happened that a young Virginian and myself had selected the same animal, and, before we entered the gorge up which he ran, all the others of the party had disappeared into gorges of the same character, which led them to the opposite sides of the ridges. I now began to notice, for the first time, that there was trouble brewing with my horse. He had caught scent of the bear, and seemed to be terribly alarmed, snorting and bouncing up from the ground with a short, stiff spring, that almost jerked me out of my seat. Though his natural action was fully as great as that of the Virginian's horse, yet he, somehow or other, contrived not to get over much ground, and would not keep up. His manœuvres made me feel a little queer, though I am, and was then, a good horseman.

I saw my companion closing upon the bear, which suddenly diverged from the valley, up the hill, and lost sight of both behind an immense oak hung to the very ground with moss. In another instant he had fired two shots in quick succession. The idea of losing my shot entirely made me desperate; and, reining the horse's head with all my strength, I plunged the spurs furiously into his flanks.

Three or four frantic bounds, and he had brushed through the dense moss curtain under the live oak, and came through on the other side within five paces of the object of his terror—the bear, the loins of which had been broken by the two shots, and which was swaying its huge carcass to and fro, and roaring with its great gaping red mouth.

Had my horse been suddenly turned to stone, he would not have been more rigid than he became the instant his feet touched the earth. There was something positively awful in the paralysis of fright which seized him. His skin had been perfectly dry, and in a second, big drops had started, running off to the ground; his legs were set and stiff; his nostrils prodigiously distended, but motionless; his eyes shot out, and fixed, in the fascination of terror, upon the hideous object. I drove my spurs into him with redoubled strength, wrenching at the bit at the same time. His head felt like a rock, and only a slight quiver of the muscles answered the spur. I fairly shouted with rage as I struck him on the head with my gun-barrel. The blow sounded dull and heavy, but there was no motion, not even of an ear. I never felt so strangely in my life. I was frightened.

Deliberation, thought, reflection. Protract, lengthen, extend.
Bedizened, decked, ornamented. Unmanned, weakened, deprived
Lariat, lasso, rope with a noose of strength.
at the end.

At this instant—for all had passed in an instant—just as the Virginian was levelling his pistol for a third shot, our attention was arrested by a quick succession of firing, like a platoon. It came from the other side of the ridge, and was followed up by the clamor—which has only to be heard once to be remembered for—of the Comanche war-whoop; and then, above us, the

heavy tramp and rush of a troop descending the hill directly towards us. There was no time for deliberation. "The Indians! take care of yourself, friend!" hastily exclaimed my companion, as he wheeled his horse and dashed down the hill for the valley. Cold comfort that, "Take care of yourself," indeed.

I made one more desperate and unavailing effort to break the trance of the vile brute I strode, then sprang from his back, ran under the drooping moss, stepped up into the live oak, the forks of which were not over three feet from the ground, and ran along one of its massive limbs. I had barely time to conceal myself behind a dense cluster of the moss, when, with deafening whooping, a bronzed and feather-bedizened crew of some twenty Comanches swept into the valley just beneath me. They paused for an instant on seeing my horse, which was standing as I left him, and one of them took the lariat from the saddle-bow; but just then they caught sight of the flying Virginian, and, with a yell that made the very leaves shiver, dashed on in pursuit of him.

This broke the spell upon my horse; and, with a sudden start and shrill neigh, he plunged wildly through the crowd, dragging the warrior who held the lariat from his seat, and nearly unhorsing two or three others; then, as if the very fiends were lashing him with red-hot steel, he flew, rather than ran, out of the valley into the plains, neighing louder than the savages howled, till he was out of sight. In a little while, they, too, had disappeared; a gun or two followed at momentary intervals, and then the echoes faded into pulseless and oppressive silence, broken only by the sobbing moans of the wounded bear beneath me.

I was stupefied. These events were so strange, and had followed each other so rapidly, that I was dizzy and utterly confounded. Was it enchanted land? Here was I, three hundred miles beyond the remotest outskirts of civilisation, perched in a tree, my horse gone, friends scattered or scalped, this dead silence weighing upon my lungs. No! There is the dismal moan again! I must go down and stop that, or it'll run me crazy, sure enough. Ha! ha! this is a good joke. What a laugh I'll have with the fellows when we all get together again! Oh, they have all hid as I have done; and we will all meet out there at the mouth of the gorge after a while.

Pshaw! the fellows will be here directly, and what will they say to find I have been so unmanned by a little silence that I could not finish a wounded bear, when I came all this way to hunt it? So down I went. The great monster, I found, was too far gone to be savage. I went close up to him. I wanted him to show fight, and excite me. It looked like cold-blooded murder to kill him so, and we the only live things near; but he wouldn't notice me.

His back was broken, and he had enough to occupy him. Wouldn't it be merciful to put him out of pain? Yes; but who's going to be merciful to me when I'm starving, after my ammunition gives out? For the awful conviction was settling about my mind that the party had been scattered, and that I was left alone, with no experience to guide me back, and no hope of getting back on foot if I had possessed experience. But it wouldn't do to let this feeling gain the ascendant. I must have something to employ me. They *might* come yet.

So I killed the bear with my bowie-knife, and went to work to cut him up for food. I managed to protract this operation to such a length, that, when I looked up, I was surprised to find that the sun was setting. But I had no longer to complain of the stillness. Silence was the signal for the voices of the wilderness to break forth.

A long, screeching cry, that seemed right at my ear, made my blood curdle. I looked around. The limbs of a live oak near were rustling and swaying, as under some great weight. The head of a panther peered out from between two bunches of moss. We looked at each other. He stretched his white throat from the covert, turned up his nose, and snuffed towards me. He smelt the blood. His eyes were large and gleaming, but he looked innocent enough.

He stretched his jaws to scream again, and I saw his long white fangs; the cat tribe are well furnished about the jaws. But, horror! his cry has a dozen echoes all around, far away and near! and it is said they like man's meat the best. What shall I do? Shoot that meek-looking panther in the eyes? Dead panthers tell no tales!

No; the Indians will hear the gun. That won't do. What then? Why, I'll climb to the top of this oak, so that these

nimble gentry can't get above me, and I'll tie myself up there so long as I'm above 'em, I'm safe.

This conclusion was forthwith acted upon. I didn't like that panther to stand there watching me, though; so I picked up some round pebbles that were strewed along the hill-side, and took deliberate aim at his face. The first one cut the moss just above his head. He looked up, with a quick movement and low growl, evidently wondering prodigiously where it came from. He had no suspicion of me at all, and looked down again very friendlily and inquisitively.

I tried it again. This time I struck the limb near him, and the stroke rang sharply. He clapped his paw over the place, clawed it, and smelt. The simple fellow didn't look at me at all. I felt almost ashamed to be imposing upon him so. But while he was thus engaged, I sent another: this whistled past him on the other side. He wheeled and clawed at the sound. At last I struck him, plumb! He saw the pebble fall, and go rolling down the hill; with a savage growl, he leaped out of the tree after it, and went chasing it down into the valley. It was clear he thought the place bewitched; for he didn't come back again until it had grown quite dark, if he came even then.

I took some of the choicer pieces of the bear and hung them to a swinging limb, where they would be out of reach, and then ascended the oak. I climbed until I got so high, that, by standing straight, I could look out above the top, and see the stars all round. The moon, too, was just wheeling up from behind the mountains. It all looked too much like old times to be pleasant just then; so I dodged my head beneath the shade of the moss again, and made my arrangements on the most accommodating forks for the night. That settled, I went to sleep counting the answers to the nearest panther's cry, guessing how many there were to the acre, or wondering whether the "rattle! rattle! snap! snap!" of the wolves was considered a legitimate chorus to "tu whit! tu whoo!" by the San Saba owls.

Before I got tired of conjecturing about the owls, they came flapping and hooting about the tree tops, and shining their great eyes curiously at me, as they went by. Then the moon got up overhead, and that narrow little valley, which looked so pretty in the morning sunshine, now lay along the deep bosom of the

shadow, in the light, braiding them like a silver ribbon. Those graceful little creatures stepping across it—one, two, three—they are ocelots, spotted like a pard. What a carouse is going on down there over that bear's carcass. How their eyes do sparkle and flash green flames, as they spit and claw at each other over the bones! But look at that pack of wolves sitting off there in the moonlight. How they fidget, and whine, and lick their chops! They dare not come nearer.

Daylight came at last, and, as the coast was clear, I got down. My tit-bits that I had hung on the branches were gone—poached by the panthers. This was especially unpleasant, as I already began to feel symptoms of hunger. I had tasted nothing since daylight the previous morning: but they say an empty stomach for long wind, and I was likely to need all the wind I could raise before I got across the prairie.

Boys' Magazine.

Pernicious, *hurtful.*

Apprise, *inform.*

Artifice, *trick, expedient.*

Inquisitive, *prying, curious.*

Ingenious, *clever, inventive.*

Competitor, *rival.*

KEES, THE BABOON (AFRICA).

WHENEVER we found fruits or roots with which my Hottentots were unacquainted, we did not touch them till Kees, our pet baboon, had tasted them. If he threw them away, we concluded that they were either of a disagreeable flavor or of a pernicious quality; and left them untasted. The ape possesses a peculiar property, wherein he differs greatly from other animals of his class, namely, that he is by nature equally glutinous and inquisitive. Without necessity and without appetite he tastes everything that falls in his way, or that is given to him. But Kees had a still more valuable quality,—he was an excellent sentinel; for whether by day or night he immediately sprang up on the slightest appearance of danger. By his cry and the symptoms of fear which he exhibited, we were always apprised of the approach of an enemy, even though the dogs perceived nothing of it. The latter at length learned to rely upon him with such confidence that they slept on in perfect tranquillity. I often took Kees with me when I went a hunting; and when he

saw me preparing for sport, he exhibited the most lively demonstrations of joy. On the way he would climb up the trees to look for gum, of which he was very fond. Sometimes he discovered to me honey, deposited in the clefts of rocks or hollow trees. But if he happened not to meet either with honey or gum, and his appetite had become sharp by his running about, I always witnessed a very ludicrous scene. In those cases he looked for roots, which he ate with great greediness, especially a particular kind, which, to his cost, I also found to be very tasty and refreshing, and therefore insisted upon sharing with him. But Kees was no fool. As soon as he found such a root, and I was not near enough to seize upon my share of it, he devoured it in the greatest haste, keeping his eyes all the while riveted on me. He accurately measured the distance I had to pass before I could get to him, and I was sure of coming too late. Sometimes, however, when he had made a mistake in his calculations, and I came upon him sooner than I expected, he endeavoured to hide the root. In which case I compelled him, by a box on the ear, to give me up my share. But this treatment caused no malice between us; we remained as good friends as ever. In order to draw these roots out of the ground, he employed a very ingenious method, which afforded me much amusement. He laid hold of the herbage with his teeth, stemmed his forefeet against the ground, and drew back his head, which gradually pulled out the root. But if this expedient, for which he employed his whole strength, did not succeed, he laid hold of the leaves as before, as close to the ground as possible, and then threw himself heels over head, which gave such a concussion to the root, that it never failed to come out.

When Kees happened to tire on the road, he mounted upon the back of one of the dogs, which was so obliging as to carry him whole hours. One of them, however, which was larger and stronger than the rest, hit upon a very ingenious artifice to avoid being pressed into this piece of service. As soon as Kees leaped upon his back he stood still, and let the train pass without moving from the spot. Kees still persisted in his intention till we were almost out of his sight, when he found himself at length compelled to dismount, upon which both the baboon and the dog exerted all their speed to overtake us. The latter, however, gave

him the start, and kept a good look-out for him, that he might not serve him in the same manner again. In fact, Kees enjoyed a certain authority over all my dogs, for which he perhaps was indebted to the superiority of his instinct. He could not endure a competitor. If any of the dogs came too near him when he was eating, he gave them a box on the ear, which compelled them immediately to retire to a respectful distance.

Serpents excepted, there were no animals of whom Kees stood in such great dread as of his own species, perhaps owing to a consciousness that he had lost a portion of his natural capacities. Sometimes he heard the cry of the other apes among the mountains, and, terrified as he was, he yet answered them. But if they approached nearer, and he saw any of them, he fled with a hideous cry, crept between our legs, and trembled all over. It was very difficult to compose him, and it was some time before he recovered from his fright.

Like other domestic animals, Kees was addicted to stealing. He understood admirably well how to loosen the strings of a basket, in order to take victuals out of it, especially milk, of which he was very fond. My people chastised him for these thefts, but that did not make him amend his conduct. I myself sometimes whipped him; but then he ran away, and did not return to the tent until it grew dark. Once, as I was about to dine, and had gathered the beans, which I had boiled for myself, and put them into a plate, I heard the voice of a bird with which I was not acquainted. I left my dinner standing, seized my gun, and ran out of my tent. In about a quarter of an hour I returned with the bird in my hand; but to my astonishment found not a single bean upon the plate. Kees had stolen them all, and taken himself out of the way. When he had committed any trespass of this kind, he used always about the time when I drank tea to return quietly, and seat himself in his usual place with every appearance of innocence, as if nothing had happened; but this evening he did not show himself. On the following day, also, he was not seen by any of us, and, in consequence, I began to grow seriously uneasy about him, apprehensive that he might be lost for ever. But on the third day, one of my people, who had been to fetch water, informed me that he had seen Kees in the neighbourhood, but that as soon as the animal espied him, he had

concealed himself again. I immediately went out and beat the whole neighbourhood with my dogs. All at once, I heard a cry like that which Kees used to make when I returned from shooting, and had not taken him with me. I looked about, and at length espied him endeavouring to hide himself behind the large branches of the trees. I now called to him in a friendly kind of voice, and made motions to come down to me; but he could not trust me, and I was obliged to climb up the tree to fetch him down. He did not attempt to escape, and we returned together to my quarters. Here he expected to receive his punishment, but I did nothing, because it would be of no use.

Ineffectual, *without result, futile.* Affect, *pretend.*
Accusation, *charge.* Chastisement, *flogging, correction.*

When exhausted with the heat of the sun, and the fatigues of the day, with throat and mouth covered with dust and perspiration, I was ready to sink gasping to the ground, in tracks destitute of shade, and longing even for the dirtiest ditch-water; but after seeking long in vain, lost all hope of finding any in the parched soil; in such distressing moments, my faithful Kees never moved from my side. We sometimes got out of our carriage, and then his sure instinct led him to a plant. Frequently the stalk was falling off, and then all his endeavours to pull it out were in vain. In such cases he began to scratch in the earth with his paws, but as that would also have proved ineffectual, I came to his assistance with my dagger, or my knife, and we honestly divided the refreshing root with each other.

An officer wishing one day to put the fidelity of my baboon, Kees, to the test, pretended to strike me. At this, Kees flew in a violent rage, and from that time he could never endure the sight of the officer.

When any eatables had been pilfered at my quarters, the fault was always laid first on Kees, and rarely was the accusation unfounded. For a time the eggs were constantly stolen, and I wished to ascertain whether I had to attribute this loss also to him. For this purpose, I went one morning to watch him, and waited till the hen had announced by her cackling that she had

laid an egg. Kees was sitting upon my carriage, but the moment he heard the hen's voice, he leaped down, and was running to fetch the egg. When he saw me, he suddenly stopped, and affected a careless posture, swaying himself backwards upon his hind-legs, and assuming a very innocent look. In short, he employed all his art to deceive me with respect to his design. His hypocritical manœuvres only confirmed my suspicions, and in order in my turn to deceive him, I pretended not to attend to him, and turned my back to the bush where the hen was cackling, upon which he immediately sprang to the place. I ran after him, and came up to him at the moment when he had broken the egg. Having caught the thief in the act, I gave him a good beating upon the spot; but this severe chastisement did not prevent his soon stealing fresh-laid eggs again. As I was convinced that I should never be able to break Kees of his natural vices, and that, unless I chained him up every morning, I should never get an egg, I endeavoured to accomplish my purpose in another manner. I trained one of my dogs to run to the nest as soon as the hen cackled, and bring me the egg without breaking it. In a few days the dog had learned his lesson; but Kees, as soon as he heard the hen cackle, ran with him to the nest. A contest now took place between them who should have the egg; often the dog was foiled, although he was stronger of the two. If he gained the victory, he ran joyfully to me with the egg, and put it in my hand. Kees, nevertheless, followed him, and did not cease to grumble and make threatening grimaces at him, till he saw me take the egg. If he succeeded in getting it, he would endeavour to run to a tree, where, having devoured it, he threw down the shells upon the adversary, as if to make game of him. In that case the dog returned looking ashamed, from which I could conjecture the unlucky adventure he had met with.

Kees was always first awake in the morning; and when it was the proper time he awoke the dogs, who were accustomed to his voice, and in general obeyed without hesitation the slightest motions by which he communicated his orders to them, immediately taking their post about the tent and carriage, as he directed them.

Le Vaillant.

Exasperated, *enraged*.

Irreparable, *that cannot be re-paired or supplied*.

Prostrate, *lying flat*.

Demonstration, *show, exhibition*.

Mute, *dumb*.

Obscured, *dimmed, darkened*.

Inevitably, *unavoidably*.

Consummated, *completed*.

ENCOUNTER WITH A KANGAROO (AUSTRALIA).

WHO, that has looked on the meek, deer-like face of a kangaroo, would imagine that any danger could attend a combat with so gentle a creature? Yet it is well known that strong dogs are often killed by it, the kangaroo seizing and hugging the dog with its fore-paws, while with one kick of its muscular hind-leg it rips up its antagonist, and tears out its bowels. Even to man there is peril, as appears from the following narrative. After a description of the slaughter of one of his dogs, in the manner above mentioned, he thus proceeds:—

“Exasperated by the irreparable loss of my poor dog, and excited by the then unusual scene before me, I hastened to revenge; nothing doubting that, with one fell swoop of my formidable club, my enemy would be prostrate at my feet. Alas! the fates, and the still more remorseless white ants, frustrated my murderous intentions, and all but left me a victim to my strange and active foe. No sooner had the heavy blow I aimed descended on his head, than my weapon shivered into a thousand pieces, and I found myself in the giant embrace of my antagonist, who was hugging me with rather too warm a demonstration of friendship, and ripping at me in a way by no means pleasant. My only remaining dog, too, now thoroughly exhausted by wounds and loss of blood, and apparently quite satisfied of her master’s superiority, remained a mute and motionless spectator of the new and singular mode of contest.

“Notwithstanding my utmost efforts to release myself from the grasp of the brute, they were unavailing; and I found my strength gradually diminishing, whilst, at the same time, my sight was obscured by the blood which now flowed freely from a deep wound, extending from the back part of my head over the whole length of my face. I was, in fact, becoming an easy prey to the kangaroo, who continued to insert, with renewed vigor, his claws into my breast, luckily, however, protected by a loose.

coarse canvas frock, which, in colonial phrase, is called a 'jumper,' and but for which I must inevitably have shared the fate of poor Trip. As it was, I had almost given myself up for lost; my head was pressed, with surpassing strength, beneath my adversary's breast, and a faintness was gradually stealing over me, when I heard a long and heart-stirring shout.

"Was I to be saved? The thought gave me new life; with increased power I grappled and succeeded in casting from me my determined foe; and, seeing a tree close at hand, I made a desperate leap to procure its shelter and protection. I reached and clung to it for support: when the sharp report of a rifle was heard in my ear, and the bark, about three inches above my head, was penetrated by the ball.

"Another shot followed with a more sure aim, and the exasperated animal (now once more within reach of me) rolled heavily over on its side. On the rescuers nearing, I found them to be my brother and a friend who had at first taken me for the kangaroo, and had very nearly consummated what had been so strangely begun. However, a miss is always as good as a mile; and, having recruited my spirits and strength with a draught from the never failing brandy-flask, I mourned over poor old Trip, my companions shouldered the fallen foe, by means of a large stake, one carrying each end, while I followed with weak and tottering steps.

"You may imagine that the little beauty I ever had is not much improved by the wound on my face, which still remains, and ever will. I am now an older hand at kangaroo hunting, and never venture to attack so formidable an antagonist with an ant-eaten club; my dogs, also, have grown too wary to rush heedlessly within reach of his deadly rips. We have killed many since, but rarely so fine a one as that which first tried our mettle on the plains of New Holland."

Defiance, *daring or challenging to fight.*
On the defensive, *prepared to defend oneself*; opp. on the offensive.
Convulsively, *spasmodically* (the muscles not being under the control of the will).

MY FIRST GORILLA.

We started early, and pushed for the most dense and impenetrable part of the forest, in hopes of finding the very home of the beast I so much wished to shoot. Hour after hour we travelled, and yet no signs of gorilla. Only the everlasting little chattering monkeys—and not many of these—and occasionally birds. In fact, the forests of this part of Africa—as the reader has perhaps heard—are not so full of life as in some other parts to the south. Suddenly Miengai uttered a little cluck with his tongue, which is the native's way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp look-out is necessary. And presently I noticed, ahead of us seemingly, a noise as of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees.

This was the gorilla, I at once knew by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans; I also examined mine, to make sure that all was right, and then we marched on cautiously.

The singular noise of the breaking of tree branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men showed that they thought themselves engaged in a very serious undertaking; but we pushed on, until finally we thought we saw, through the thick woods, the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives on.

Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla. Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just a-head, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself, and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget.

Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely glaring, large, deep, grey eyes, and a fiendish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision; thus stood before us this king of the African forest.

He was not afraid of us. He stood there and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp bark like an angry dog; then glides into a deep bass roll, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream-creature—a being of that hideous order, half man, half beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired and killed him.

With a groan, which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet,—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

Du Chaillu.

Priority, <i>being first or foremost.</i>	Apprehension, <i>fear.</i>
Spontaneously, <i>voluntarily, of one's own accord.</i>	Precipitate, <i>throw headlong.</i>
Abuse, <i>soul, angry words.</i>	Evince, <i>show.</i>
Unsuspicious, <i>innocent-looking.</i>	Ascendancy, <i>command.</i>

CUNNING OF THE ELEPHANT (INDIA).

DURING the siege of Bhurpore, in the year 1805, when the British army, with its countless host of followers and attendants, and thousands of cattle, had been for a long time before the city, the approach of the warm season, and of the dry hot winds, caused the quantity of the water in the neighbourhood of the camps to begin to fail ; the ponds and tanks had dried up, and no more water was left than the immense wells of the country could furnish. The multitude of men and cattle that were unceasingly at the wells occasioned no little struggle for priority in procuring the supply, and the consequent confusion on the spot was frequently very considerable.

On one occasion two elephant drivers, each with his elephant, the one remarkably large and strong, and the other comparatively small and weak, were at the well together. The smaller animal had been provided for by his master with a bucket of water for the occasion, which he carried at the end of his trunk ; but the other one, being unprovided for with anything of the kind, either spontaneously, or by desire of his keeper, seized the bucket, and easily wrested it from his less powerful opponent. The latter was too sensible of his inferiority openly to resist the insult, though it was obvious that he felt it ; but great squabbling and abuse ensued between the keepers.

At length, the weaker animal, watching the opportunity when the other was standing with his side to the well, retired backwards a few paces in a very quiet and unsuspicious manner, and then rushing forward with all his might, drove his head against the side of the other, and fairly pushed him into the well. It may easily be imagined that great inconvenience was immediately experienced, and serious apprehension quickly followed that the water in the well, on which the existence of so many seemed in a great measure to depend, would be spoiled by the unwieldy brute which was precipitated into it ; and as the surface of the

water was nearly twenty feet below the level of the ground, there did not appear to be any means that could be adopted to get the animal out by main force without the risk of injuring him. There were many feet of water below the elephant, who floated at ease on the surface; and experiencing considerable pleasure from his cool retreat, he evinced but little inclination to lend any assistance towards his rescue.

A vast number of fascines (bundles of wood) had been employed by the army in conducting the siege; and at length it occurred to the elephant-keeper that a sufficient number of these might be lowered into the well on which the animal might be raised to the top, if it could be made to lay them in regular succession under his feet. Permission having accordingly been obtained from the engineers to use the fascines, the keeper, by that extraordinary ascendancy which these men attain over their charge, joined with the intellectual resources of the animal itself, soon taught it how to proceed, and the elephant began quickly to place each fascine, as it was lowered, under him, in succession, until, in a short time, he was able to stand upon them.

By this time, however, the cunning brute, enjoying the coolness of his situation, after the heat and partial want of water to which he had been lately exposed, was unwilling to work any longer, and all the threats of his keeper could not induce him to move another fascine. The man then opposed cunning to cunning, and began to caress and praise the elephant, and what he could not do by threats, he was enabled to do by repeated promise of plenty of arrack, a spirituous beverage composed of rum, of which the elephant is very fond. Incited by this, the animal again set to work, raised himself considerably higher, until, after partial removal of the masonry round the well, he was enabled to step out. The rogue had been in the water about fourteen hours.

Emerging, <i>coming out, appearing.</i>	To mouth, <i>to scent.</i>
Disperse, <i>scatter.</i>	Velocity, <i>speed.</i>
Squatter, <i>settler on hitherto un-claimed land.</i>	Trail, <i>track.</i>

PUMA HUNTING (N. AMERICA).

THE hunters made their appearance just as the sun was emerging from the horizon. They were five in number, and fully equipped for the chase, being mounted on horses, which in some parts of Europe might appear sorry nags, but which in strength, speed, and bottom, are better fitted for pursuing a puma or a bear through the woods and morasses than any in that country. He and myself mounted his two best horses, whilst his sons rode others of inferior quality.

Few words were uttered by the party until we had reached the edge of the swamp, where it was agreed that all should disperse and seek for the fresh track of the puma, it being previously settled that the discoverer should blow his horn, and remain on the spot until the rest should join him. In less than an hour the sound of the horn was clearly heard, and sticking close to the squatter, off we went through the thick woods, guided only by the moon and the repeated call of the distant huntsman. We soon reached the spot, and in a short time the rest of the party came up. The best dog was sent forward to attack the animal, and in a few minutes the whole pack were observed diligently tracking, and bearing in their course for the interior of the swamp. The rifles were immediately put in trim, and the party followed the dogs at separate distances, within sight of each other, determined to shoot at no other game than the puma.

The dogs soon began to mouth, and suddenly quickened their pace. My companions concluded that the beast was on the ground; and putting our horses to a gentle gallop, we followed the curs, guided by their voices. The noise of the dogs increased; when all of a sudden their mode of barking became altered, and the squatter, urging me to push on, told me the beast was *treed*; by which he meant that it had got upon some low branch of a large tree to rest for a few moments, and that, should we not succeed in shooting him while thus situated, we might expect a long chase. As we approached we gradually

united into a body ; but on seeing the dogs at the foot of a large tree, separated again, and galloped off to surround it.

Each hunter now moved with caution, holding his gun ready, and allowing the bridle to dangle on the neck of his horse, as it advanced slowly towards the dogs. A shot from one of the party was heard, on which the puma leaped to the ground and bounded off with such velocity as to show that he was very unwilling to stand our fire longer. The dogs set off in pursuit with the utmost eagerness, and with a deafening cry. The hunter who had fired came up, and said that his ball had hit the monster, and had probably broken one of his fore-legs near the shoulder, the only place at which he could aim. A slight trail of blood was discovered on the ground, but the curs proceeded at such a rate, that we merely noticed this and put spurs to our horses, which galloped on towards the centre of the swamp. One bayon (a part of the swamp in which the water accumulates) was crossed, then another still larger and more muddy, but the dogs were brushing forward, and as the horses began to pant at a furious rate, we judged it expedient to leave them and advance on foot. These determined hunters knew that the animal, being wounded, would shortly ascend another tree, where, in all probability, he would remain for a considerable time. We dismounted, took off the saddles and bridles, set the bells attached to the horses' necks at liberty to jingle, hopped the animals (that is, fastened the bridle to one of their legs so that they might not stray far), and left them to shift for themselves.

After marching for a couple of hours, we again heard the dogs. Each of us pressed forward, elated at the thought of terminating the career of the puma ; some of the dogs were heard whining, although the greater part barked vehemently. We felt assured that the animal was lying across a large branch close to the trunk of a cotton-wood tree. His broad breast lay towards us ; his eyes were at one time bent on us, and again on the dogs, beneath and around him ; one of his fore-legs hung down loosely by his side, and he lay crouched with his ears lowered close to his head, as if he thought he might remain undiscovered. Three balls were fired at him at a given signal, on which he sprang a few feet from the branch, and tumbled headlong to the ground. Attacked on all sides by the enraged curs, the infuriated animal

fought with desperate valor; but the squatter, advancing in front of the party, and almost in midst of the dogs, shot him immediately behind and under the left shoulder. He for a moment struggled in agony, and in another, lay dead.

Audubon.

Cable's length, 120 *fathoms*, or 720 *feet*.

Spent, *exhausted*.

Implements, *tools, materials*.

Service, *use, purpose*.

Congratulate, *greet*.

Ceremonies, *formalities*.

THE MOSKITO INDIAN ON THE ISLE OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

MARCH the 22nd, 1684, we came in sight of the island, and the next day got in and anchored in a bay at the south end of the island, in twenty-five fathom water, not two cables' lengths from the shore. We presently got out our canoe, and went to shore to see for a Moskito Indian, whom we left here when we were chased hence by three Spanish ships, in the year 1681, a little before we went to Arrica; Captain Watlin being then our commander. This Indian lived here alone above two years; and although he was several times sought after by the Spaniards, who knew he was left on the island, yet they could never find him.

He was in the woods hunting for goats when Captain Watlin drew off his men, and the ship was under sail before he came back to shore. He had with him his gun and a knife, with a small horn of powder, and a few shot. The latter being spent, he contrived to make notches on his knife, and thus to saw the barrel of his gun into small pieces, wherewith he made harpoons, lances, hooks, and a long knife—heating the pieces first in the fire, which he struck with his gun-flint and a piece of the barrel of his gun, having learnt to do that among the English. The hot pieces of iron he would hammer out and bend as he pleased with stones, and saw them with his jagged knife, or grind them to an edge by long labor, and harden them to a good temper, as there was occasion. All this may seem strange to those who are not acquainted with the sagacity of the Indians;

but it is no more than these Moskito men are accustomed to in their own country, where they make their own fishing and other implements, without either forge or anvil.

Other wild Indians who have not the use of iron, which the Moskito men get from the English, make hatchets of a very hard stone, with which they can cut down trees (the cotton-tree especially, which is a soft tender wood), to build their houses or make canoes ; and though in working their canoes hollow they cannot dig them so neat and thin, yet they make them fit for their service. This, their digging or hatchet work, they assist by fire, whether for the felling of the trees, or for the making the inside of their canoes hollow. These contrivances are used particularly by the savage Indians of Bluefield's River, whose canoes and stone hatchets I have seen. These stone hatchets are about ten inches long, four broad, and three inches thick in the middle. They are ground away flat and sharp at both ends. Right in the middle, and clear round it, they make a notch, so wide and deep that a man might place his finger along it ; and taking a stick or withe about four feet long, they bind it round the hatchet-head, in that notch, and so, twisting it hard, use it as a handle or heft ; the head being held by it very fast.

Nor are other wild Indians less ingenious. Those of Patagonia, particularly, head their arrows with flint, cut or ground, which I have seen and admired.

But to return to our Moskito man on the Isle of Juan Fernandez. With such instruments as he made in that manner, he got such provision as the island afforded ; either goats or fish. He told us that at first he was forced to eat seal, which is very ordinary meat, before he had made hooks ; but afterwards he never killed any seals but to make lines, cutting their skins into thongs. He had a little house or hut half a mile from the sea, which was lined with goats' skins ; his couch or barbecue of sticks, lying along about two feet distant from the ground, was spread with the same, and was all his bedding. He had no clothes left, having worn out those he brought from Watlin's ship, but only a skin about his waist.

He saw our ship the day before we came to an anchor, and did believe we were English ; and therefore killed three goats in the morning, before we came to an anchor, and drest them with

cabbage, to treat us when we came ashore. He came then to the sea-side to congratulate us on our safe arrival. And when we landed, a Moskito Indian, named Robin, first leapt ashore, and running to his brother Moskito man, threw himself flat on his face at his feet; who, helping him up and embracing him, fell flat with his face on the ground at Robin's feet, and was by him taken up also. We were much pleased with beholding the surprise and tenderness, and solemnity of this interview, which was exceedingly affectionate on both sides.

When their ceremonies of civility were over, we also that stood gazing at them drew near, each of us embracing him we had found here, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old friends come hither, as he thought, purposely to fetch him. He was named Will, as the other was Robin. These were names given them by the English, for these people have no names among themselves; and they take it as a great favor to be named by any of us. They even complain for want of it if we do not give them some name when they are with us; saying they are poor men, and have no name.

Dampier.

Reliance, trust, confidence.

Base, bottom.

To be at fault, to be wrong, off the scent.

Consultation, giving and receiving opinions, deliberation.

Harangue, speech.

Gesture, movement.

Appropriately, suitably.

A MONKEY BRIDGE (S. AMERICA.)

ARAGUATOES are a species of howling monkey, of a reddish-brown color on the body and shoulders, lighter underneath, and their naked, wrinkled faces are of a bluish-black, and with very much of the expression of an old man. Their hair being full and bushy, gives them some resemblance to a bear, whence their occasional name of "bear-ape." The araguato is full three feet without the tail, and that powerful member is much longer. A band was once seen to make its appearance on a creek in the neighbourhood of the Amazon. It came to a halt, all of them gathering into a great tree, that stood by the water's edge. This tree rose

higher than the rest, and the most of the monkeys having climbed among the top branches, were visible from a distance. There were about fifty in the troop, and one that seemed larger than any of the others appeared to act as leader. Many of them were females, and there were not a few that had young ones, which they carried upon their backs, just as the Indian mothers, and those of other savage nations, carry their children. Most of the little monkeys lay along the backs of their mothers, clasping them round the neck with their fore-arms, while the hind ones girdled the middle of the body. But it was in their tails the little fellows seemed to place most reliance. The top parts of these were firmly lapped around the thick base of the tails of the old ones, and thus, not only secured their seat, but made it quite impossible for them to drop off. No force could have shaken them from this hold, without dragging out their tails, or tearing their bodies to pieces. Indeed, it was necessary they should be thus firmly seated, as the exertions of the mothers—their quick motions and long springing leaps from tree to tree—would otherwise have been impossible.

On reaching the bank of the igaripé (or creek) the araguatoes were evidently at fault. Their intention had been to proceed down along the main river, and the creek now interfered. Its water lay directly across their course, and how were they to get over it? Swim it, you may say. Ha! little do you know the dread these creatures have of water. Yes, strange to say, although many species of them pass their lives upon trees that over-hang water, or even grow out of it, they are as much afraid of the water beneath them as if it were fire. A cat is not half so dainty about wetting her feet as some monkeys are; and, besides, a cat can swim, which the monkeys cannot—at best, so badly that in a few minutes they would drown. Strange, is it not, that among animals, those that approach nearest to man, like him, are not gifted by nature with the power of swimming? This is all the more wonderful since so mean an animal as the frog can swim capitally. But to fall into the water would be a sad mishap for a monkey, not only on account of the ducking, but of the danger. There is not much likelihood of an araguato falling in. Even though one branch may be likely to break and snap, in the great space which it can so quickly trace around it by

means of its five long members, it is sure of finding a second. No ; the araguatoes might spend a lifetime in the flooded forest without even wetting a hair, farther than what is wetted by the rain.

- From their movements, it was evident the water had puzzled them, and a consultation was called among the branches of the tall tree already mentioned. Upon one of the very highest sat the large old fellow, who was evidently leader of the band. His harangue was loud and long, accompanied by many gestures of his hands, head, and tail. It was, no doubt, exceedingly eloquent. Similar speeches, delivered by other old araguato chiefs, have been compared to the creaking of an ungreased bullock-cart, mingled with the rumbling of the wheels !

Our party thought the comparison a just one. The old chief finished at length. Up to this point not one of the others had said a word. They all sat silent, observing perfect decorum ; indeed, much greater than is observed in the great British Parliament, or the Congress of America. Occasionally one of the children might utter a slight squeak, or throw out its hand to catch a mosquito, but, in such cases, a slap from the paw of the mother, or a rough shaking, soon reduced it to quiet. When the chief had ended speaking, however, no debate in either congress or parliament could have equalled the noise that then arose. Every araguato seemed to have something to say, and all spoke at the same time. If the speech of the old one was like the creaking of a bullock-cart, the voices of all combined might appropriately be compared to a string of these vehicles, with half the quantity of grease, and a double allowance of wheels. Once more the chief, by a sign, commanded silence, and the rest became mute and motionless as before.

This time the speech of the leader appeared to refer to the business in hand ; in short, to the crossing of the igaripé. He was seen repeatedly pointing in that direction as he spoke, and the rest followed his motions with their eyes.

Horizontal, *straight along* ; opp. *perpendicular*.

Diagonal, *obliquely*.

Precede, *go before* ; opp. *succeed*.

Constructed, *made up of*, *composed of*.

The tree upon which the araguatoes were assembled stood near the edge of the water ; but there was another still nearer. This was also a tall tree, free of branches for a great way up. On the opposite bank of the creek was a very similar tree, and the long horizontal branches of the two were separated from each other by a space of about twenty feet. It was with these two trees that the attention of the araguatoes appeared to be occupied ; and our travellers could tell by their looks and gestures that they were conversing about, and calculating the distance between, their upper branches. For what purpose ? Surely they do not expect to be able to make a crossing between them ? No creature without wings could pass from the one to the other !

At a commanding cry from the chief, several of the largest and strongest monkeys swung themselves into the tree that stood on the edge of the water. Here, after a moment's reconnaissance, they were seen to get upon a horizontal limb—one that projected diagonally over the creek. There were no limbs immediately underneath it on the same side of the tree ; and for this very reason had they selected it. Having advanced until they were near its top, the foremost of the monkeys let himself down upon his tail, and hung head downward. Another slipped down the body of the first, and clutched him around the neck and fore-arms with his strong tail, with his head down also. A third succeeded the second, and a fourth the third, and so on, until a string of monkeys dangled from the limb. A motion was now produced by the monkeys striking other branches with their feet, until the long string oscillated back and forwards like the pendulum of a clock. This oscillation was gradually increased, until the monkey at the lower end was swung up among the branches of the tree on the opposite side of the creek. After touching them once or twice, he discovered that he was within reach ; and the next time, when he had reached the highest point of the oscillating curve, he threw out his long thin fore-arms, and firmly clutching the branches, held fast.

The oscillation now ceased. The living chain stretched across

the creek from tree to tree, and, curving slightly, hung like a suspension bridge! A loud screaming, and gabbling, and chattering, and howling, proceeded from the band of araguatoes, who, up to this time, had watched the manœuvres of their comrades in silence—all except the old chief, who occasionally had given directions both with voice and gestures. But the general gabble that succeeded was, no doubt, an expression of the satisfaction of all that the *bridge was built*.

The troop now proceeded to cross over, one or two old ones going first—perhaps to try the strength of the bridge. Then went the mothers, carrying their young on their backs, and after them the rest of the band.

It was quite an amusing scene to witness; and the behaviour of the monkeys would have caused any one to laugh,—those who formed the bridge biting the others that passed over them, both on the legs and tails, until the latter screamed again! The old chief stood at the near end, and directed the crossing. Like a brave officer, he was the last to pass over. When all the others had preceded him, he crossed, after carrying himself in a stately and dignified manner. None dared to bite at *his* legs. They knew better than play off their tricks on *him*; and he crossed quietly and without any molestation.

Now, the string still remained suspended between the trees. How were the monkeys that formed it to get themselves free again? Of course, the one that had clutched the branch with his arms might easily let go; but that would bring them back to the same side from which they had started, and would separate them from the rest of the band. Those constituting the bridge would, therefore, be as far from crossing as ever! The one at the tail end of the bridge simply let go his hold, and the whole string swung over, and hung from the tree on the opposite bank, into which they climbed at their leisure.

Mayne Reid.

THE FORESTER'S BROTHER -(CANADA).

MR. DAVENPORT, an old black gentleman, lived quite alone in a vast and solemn old Canadian forest, not far from Lake Simcoe. He was a settler, or bushranger. Grand and gloomy pine trees, too lofty for the tops to be easily seen, with trunks that require fathoms of line to span them, stood close about his log dwelling, as they had stood for ages before.

One half the year the settler's cabin was inaccessible, and it was, not easy to find the path to it during the other half. Imagine then his lonely life, in such a solemn, solitary place. If he had not had great courage he would not have stayed there; but yet he felt timorous sometimes.

One night he was very much afraid. He fastened his door early and lay down to rest. Suddenly he heard a moaning under his window, and a constant rubbing noise. Tremblingly he lay all night awake, hearing the sounds at short intervals. He took care not to get up till the sun was pretty high. Then he peeped cautiously about, but saw nothing. When he went forth, you may be sure it was with his axe and gun. He saw that the ground had been slightly disturbed.

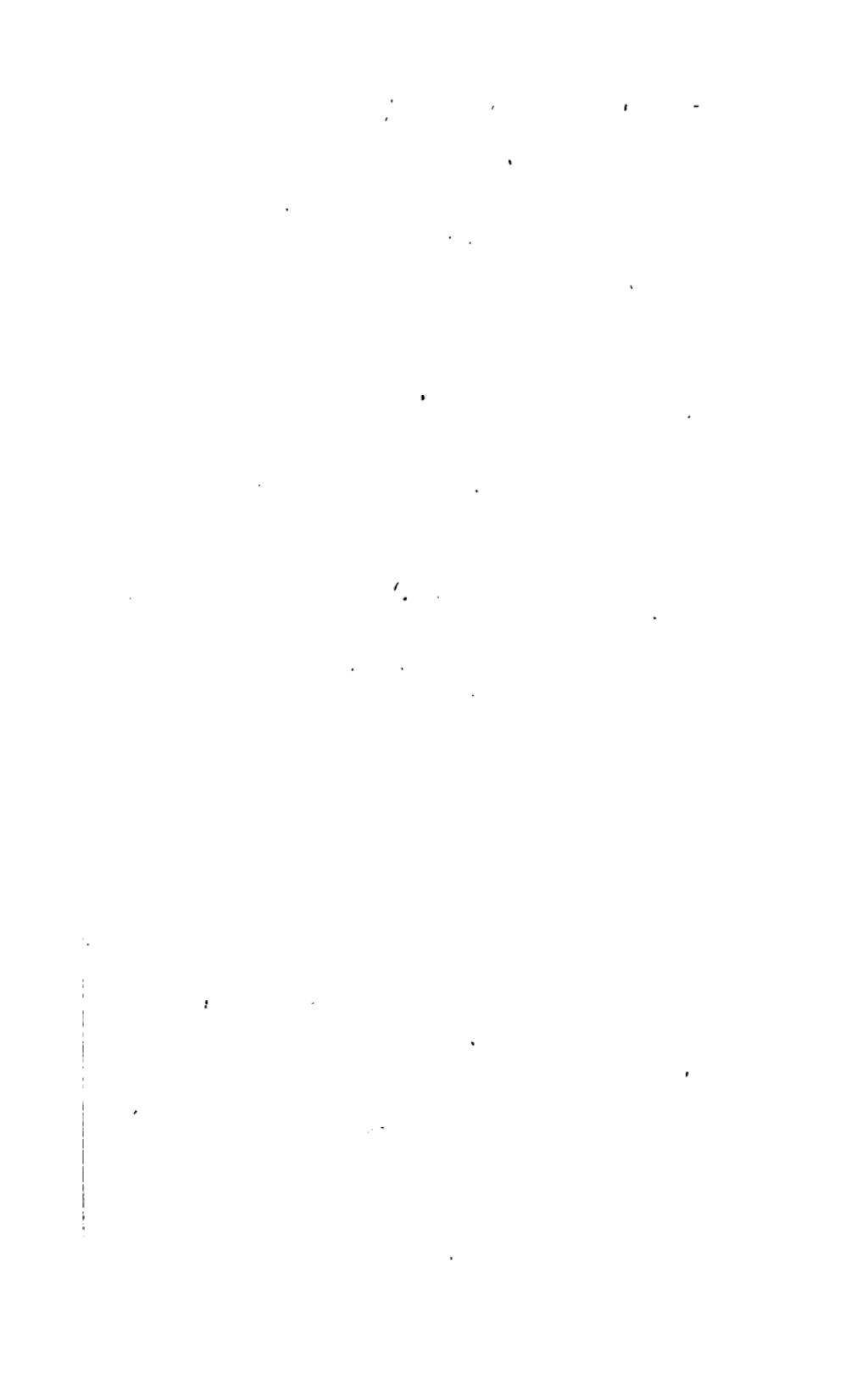
Next night came the same strange noise; and night by night it continued to come, until at last the settler ventured to open a part of his narrow window. On looking out, he beheld, rubbing himself very composedly, a fine large bear, who looked up quietly at him with a melancholy growl.

Bruin one night had found some food that the settler had thrown out of the window, and he came to see if any more was to be had. As for rubbing against the rough logs of the cabin, that was his way of getting rid of mosquitoes.

Davenport threw him some salt pork, which was most gratefully received; and every night after that, about nine o'clock, all the summer and autumn, the bear came for his supper, meat, milk, potatoes, or whatever else could be spared. The owner of the log castle always left the food for him on the ground under the window.

The old settler formed quite a friendship with the bear, whom he called his brother. They spent many hours together, but with the stout log wall betwixt them.

Pieces for Recitation.



PIECES FOR RECITATION.

HODGE AND THE VICAR.

HODGE, a poor honest country lout,
Not overstock'd with learning,
Chanced, on a summer's eve, to meet
The Vicar home returning.

“Ah! master Hodge,” the Vicar cried,
“What, still as wise as ever!
The people in the village say,
That you are wondrous clever.”

“Why, master parson, as to that
I beg you'll right conceive* me;
I do na brag, but yet I know
A thing or two, believe me.”

“We'll try your skill,” the parson cried,
“For learning what digestion,†
And this you'll prove, or right or wrong,
By solving‡ me a question:

“Noah of old three babies had,
Or grown-up children rather;
Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were call'd,—
Now, who was Japhet's father?”

“Rat it!” cried Hodge, and scratch'd his head,
“That does my wits belabor;
But howsomde'er, I'll homeward run,
And ax old Giles, my neighbour.”

* *Conceive*, understand. † *i.e.* what ability really to understand.
‡ *Solving*, answering.

To Giles he went, and put the case
 With circumspect* intention :
 "Thou dolt," cried Giles, "I'll make it clear
 To thy dull comprehension.†

"Three children has Tom Long, the smith,
 Or cattle-doctor rather ;
 Tom, Dick, and Harry they are call'd,—
 Now who is Harry's father ?"

"Adzooks ! I have it," Hodge replied,
 "Right well you know to say it ;
 Who's Harry's father ? stop—here goes !
 Why long Tom Smith, I lay it."

Away he ran to find the priest,
 With all his might and main,
 Who, with good humor instant put
 The question once again :

"Noah of old three babies had,
 Or grown-up children rather ;
 Shiem, Ham, and Japhet they were called,—
 Now who was Japhet's father ?"

"I have it now," Hodge grinning cried,
 "I'll answer like a proctor,‡
 Who's Japhet's father ? now I know—
 Why, long Tom Smith, the doctor."

THE KITTEN.

WANTON droll, whose harmless play
 Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
 When drawn the evening fire about,
 Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout,
 And child upon his three-foot stool,
 Waiting till his supper cool ;
 And maid, whose cheek outblooms the rose,
 As bright the blazing faggot glows,

* *Circumspect*, careful. † *Comprehension*, understanding.
 ‡ *Proctor*, official of a university ; here, a learned man.

Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight ;
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coil'd and crouching low,
With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe—
The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or shred, or straw, that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Heid out to lure thy roving eye—
Then onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile, faithless thing.
Now, wheeling round with bootless skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As oft beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide ;
Till, from thy centre starting fair,
Thou sidelong rear'st, with rump in air
Erected stiff, and gait awry,
Like madam in her tantrums high,—
Though ne'er a madam of them all,
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
More varied trick and whim displays,
To catch the admiring rustics' gaze.

But not alone by cottage fire
Do rustics rude thy feats admire :
The learned sage whose thoughts explore
The wildest range of human lore,
Or, with unfetter'd fancy, fly
Through airy heights of poesy,
Pausing, smiles with alter'd air
To see thee climb his elbow chair ;
Or, struggling on the mat below,
Hold warfare with his slipper'd toe.
The widow'd dame or lonely maid,
Who in the still, but cheerless shade
Of home, unsocial, spends her age,
And rarely turns a letter'd page,
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork, or paper ball ;
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
The ends of ravell'd skein to catch,
But lets thee have thy wayward will,
Perplexing oft her sober skill.
Even he whose mind, of gloomy bent,
In lonely tower or prison pent,

Reviews the coils of former days,
 And loathes the world and all its ways,
 What time the lamp's unsteady gleam,
 Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
 Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
 His savage heart less fiercely beat,
 And smiles, a link in thee to find
 That joins him still to living kind.

Whence hast thou, then, thou witless puss,
 The magic power to charm us thus ?
 Is it that in thy glar'ing eye
 And rapid movements we descry,
 While we at ease, secure from ill,
 The chimney-corner snugly fill,
 A lion darting on the prey,
 A tiger at his ruthless play ?
 Or is it that in thee we trace,
 With all thy varied, wanton grace,
 An emblem, view'd with kindred eye,
 Of tricksy, restless infancy ?
 Ah ! many a lightly sportive child,
 Who hath, like thee, our wits beguil'd,
 To dull and sober manhood grown,
 With strange recoil our hearts disown.
 Even so, poor Kit ! must thou endure
 When thou becom'at a cat demure,
 Full many a cuff and angry word,
 Chid roughly from the tempting board ;
 And yet for that thou hast, I ween,
 So oft our favor'd playmate been.
 Soft be the change which thou shalt prove,
 When time hath spoil'd thee of our love ;—
 Still be thou deem'd, by housewife fat,
 A comely, careful, mousing cat,
 Whose dish is, for the public good,
 Replenish'd oft with savory food ;
 Nor, when thy span of life is past,
 Be thou to pond or dunghill cast,
 But, gently borne on good man's spade,
 Beneath the decent sod be laid ;
 And children show, with glist'ning eyes,
 The place where poor old pussy lies !

Joanna Baillie.

JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN PROPOSES A WEDDING HOLIDAY, AND THE FAMILY GO ON BEFOREHAND.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen of credit and renown,
A trainband* captain eke† was he, of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear, "Though wedded we have been.

These twice ten tedious years, yet we no holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day, and we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton, all in a chaise and pair."

The morning came, the chaise was brought, but yet was not
allow'd

To drive up to the door, lest all should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd, where they did all get
in;

Six precious souls, and all agog, to dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels, were never folks
so glad;

The stones did rattle underneath, as if Cheapside were mad.

JOHN GILPIN FOLLOWS ON HORSEBACK.

Now see John Gilpin mounted well upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones with caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot, which gall'd him in his seat.

"So, fair and softly!" John he cried; but John he cried in vain:
That trot became a gallop soon, in spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands and eke with all his
might.

His horse, which never, in that sort, had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got, did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought; away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt when he set out, of running such a rig.

* Trainband captain, captain of militia.

† Eke, also.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both, at last it flew away.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd, up flew the windows
all,
And every soul cried out, "Well done!" as loud as he could
bawl.

Away went Gilpin ;—who but he ? his fame soon spread around :
"He carries weight!—he rides a race!—'tis for a thousand
pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near, 'twas wonderful to view
How, in a trice, the turnpike men the gates wide open threw.

THE HORSE OVERSHOOTS THE MARK.

At Edmonton his loving wife from the balcony espied
Her tender husband, wondering much to see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"—they all aloud
did cry ;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired." Said Gilpin, "So am
I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit inclined to tarry there :
For why ? his owner had a house full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift, he flew, shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly : which brings me to the middle of my song.

THE HORSE STOPS AT ITS OWN STALL.

The calender, amazed to see his neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate, and thus accosted him :

"What news ? what news ?—Your tidings tell !—Tell me you
must and shall :
Say why bare-headed you are come ? or why you come at all ?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit, and loved a timely joke,
And thus unto the calender, in merry guise, he spoke :

"I come because your horse would come ; and, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,—they are upon the road."

The calender* right glad to find his friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word, but to the house went in ;

* *Calender*, one who calenders (smoothes and renews) cloth.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,—a wig that flow'd
behind;
A hat not much the worse for wear,—each comely in its kind.

JOHN GILPIN TRIES AGAIN.

Then, turning to his horse, John said, "I am in haste to dine :
'Twas for your pleasure you came here; you shall go back for
mine."

A luckless speech and bootless boast, for which he paid full
dear;
For while he spake a braying ass did sing most loud and clear;
Whereat his horse did snort as he had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might, as he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away went Gilpin's hat and wig :
He lost them sooner than at first :—for why?—they were too
big.

MRS. GILPIN MAKES MATTERS WORSE.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw her husband posting down
Into the country far away, she pull'd out half-a-crown;
And then unto the youth she said, that drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours when you bring back my husband safe and
well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet John coming back again,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop, by catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant, and gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more, and made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away went postboy at his heels;
The postboy's horse right glad to miss the lumbering of the
wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road, thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear, they raised the hue and
cry :

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"—not one of them
was mute,
And all and each that pass'd that way did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again flew open in short space,
The tollman thinking, as before, that Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too ; for he got first to town,
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up he did again get down.

Now let us sing "long live the king," and Gilpin long live he,
And when he next doth ride abroad may I be there to see.

Cowper.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.*

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun ;
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing there had found ;
She ran to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in my garden, for
There's many hereabout ;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in that great victory."

" Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
" Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for ? "

* Fought in Queen Anne's reign, at Blenheim, on the Danube.

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"That put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
And knew not where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
They wasted far and wide;
And many a wretched mother, then,
And new-born infant, died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene;"—
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing,"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win;"—
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Southey.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note—
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the pillow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour of retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory!

Wolfe.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the West!
 Through all the wide Border his steed is the best ;
 And save his good broadsword he weapon had none ;
 He rode all unarm'd and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar !

He stay'd not for brake and he stopp'd not for stone ;
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented ; the gallant came late ;
 For a laggard in love and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So bravely he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
 Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all ;
 Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
 For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
 And now I am come with this lost love of mine
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar !"

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,
 He quaff'd off the wine and he threw down the cup ;
 She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar ;
 "Now tread we a measure !" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace :
 While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
 And the bride-maidens whisper'd, " 'Twere better by far
 To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar !"

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
 When they reach'd the hall door ; and the charger stood near ;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
 " She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur,
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow ! " cried young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;
 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran ;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lea ;
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar !

Scott.

THE MERRY HARVEST-HOME.

WHAT gossips prattled in the sun, who talk'd him fairly down,
 Up, memory ! tell : 'tis Suffolk fun, and lingo of their own.
 Ah ! Judie Twitchet ! though thou'rt dead, with thee the tale
 begins,
 For still seem thrumming in my head the rattling of thy pins !

Thou queen of knitters ; for a ball of worsted was thy pride :
 With dangling stockings great and small, and world of clack
 beside !
 " We did so laugh ; the moon shone bright ; more fun you never
 knew ;
 'Twas Farmer Cheerum's Horkey* night, and I, and Grace,
 and Sue.

" But bring a stool, sit round about, and boys, be quiet, pray ;
 And let me tell my story out ; 'twas sitch a merry day !
 The butcher whistled at the door, and brought a load of meat ;
 Boys rubb'd their hands, and cried, ' There's more ; ' dogs
 wagg'd their tails to see't.

" On went the boilers till the hake† had much ado to bear 'em ;
 The magpie talk'd for talking sake ; birds sung, but who could
 hear 'em ?
 Creak went the jack ; the cats were scar'd, we had not time to
 heed 'em ;
 The owd hins cackled in the yard, for we forgot to feed 'em !

* Harvest-home.

† Sliding pot-hook.

" Yet 'twas not I, as I may say, because as how, d'ye see,
 I only help'd there for the day; they cou'dn't lay't to me.
 Now Mrs. Cheerum's best lace cap was mounted on her head:
 Guests at the door began to rap, and now the cloth was
 spread.

" Then clatter went the earthen plates,—' Mind, Judie,' was the
 cry;
 I could have cop't* them at their pates! ' Trenchers for me,'
 said I,
 ' That look so clean upon the ledge, and never mind a fall;
 Nor ever turn a sharp knife's edge;—but fashion rules us
 all.'

" Home came the jovial Horkey load, last of the whole year's crop;
 And Grace amongst the green boughs rode, right plump upon
 the top.
 This way and that the wagon reel'd, and never queen rode
 higher;
 Her cheeks were color'd in the field, and ours before the fire.

" The laughing harvest-folks and John, came in and look'd askew;
 'Twas my red face that set them on, and then they leer'd at
 Sue.
 And farmer Cheerum went, good man, and broach'd the Horkey
 beer;
 And sitch a mort† of folk began to eat up our good cheer.

" Says he, 'Thank God for what's before us; that thus we meet
 again';
 The mingling voices, like a chorus, join'd cheerfully 'Amen.'—
 Welcome and plenty, there they found 'em, the ribs of beef grew
 light;
 And puddings—till the boys got round 'em, and then they
 vanish'd quite!

" Now all the guests, with Farmer Crouder, began to prate of
 corn,
 And we found out they talk'd the louder, the oft'ner pass'd
 the horn.
 Out came the nuts; we set a-cracking; the ale came round our
 way;
 By gom, we women fell a-clacking as loud again as they.

* Thrown.

† Such a number.

"John sung 'Old Benbow' loud and strong, and I 'The Constant Swain,'

'Cheer up my Lads,' was Simon's song, 'We'll conquer them again.'

Now twelve o'clock was drawing nigh, and all in merry cue;
I knock'd the cask, 'O, ho!' said I, 'we've almost conquer'd you.'

"My Lord* begg'd round, and held his hat; says Farmer Gruff,
says he,

'There's many a Lord, Sam, I know, that has begg'd as well
as thee.'

Bump in his hat the shillings tumbled all round among the folks;
'Laugh if you wool,' said Sam, and mumbled, 'You pay for
all your jokes.'

"Joint stock, you know, among the men, to drink at their own
charges;

So up they got full drive, and then went to halloo largess.†
And sure enough the noise they made!—but let me mind my
tale;

We follow'd them, we wor'nt afraid, we'd all been drinking
ale.

"As they stood hallooing back to back, we, lightly as a feather,
Went sliding round, and in a crack had pinn'd their coats to-
gether.

'Twas near upon't as light as noon; "A largess," on the hill,
They shouted to the full round moon, I think I hear 'em still!

"But when they found the trick, my stars! they well knew whom
to blame,

Our giggles turn'd to ha, ha, ha's, and arter us they came,
Grace by the tumbril made a squat, then ran as Sam came by,
They said she could not run for fat; I know she did not try.

"Sue round the neat-house,‡ squalling ran, where Simon scarcely
dare;

He stopp'd—for he's a fearful man—'By gom, there's suffen§
there!'

And off set John, with all his might, to chase me down the yard,
Till I was nearly gran'd|| outright; he hugg'd so woundly hard.

* The leader of the reapers. † A collection of money to be spent.

‡ Cow-house. § Something. || Strangled.

" Still they kept up the race and laugh, and round the house we flew ;

But hark ye ! the best fun by half was Simon arter Sue.
She cared not, dark nor light, not she, so, near the dairy door,
She pass'd a clean white hog, you see, they'd kilt the day before.

" High on the spirket* there it hung,—' Now, Susie, what can save ye ?'

Round the cold pig his arms he flung, and cried, ' Ah ! here I have ye.'

The farmers heard what Simon said, and what a noise ! good lack !
Some almost laugh'd themselves to dead, and others clapp'd his back.

" We all at once began to tell what fun we had abroad ;
But Simon stood our jeers right well ;—he fell asleep and snored.

Then in his button-hole upright, did Farmer Crouder put
A slip of paper twisted tight, and held the candle to't.

" It smoked and smoked beneath his nose, the harmless blaze crept higher ;

Till with a vengeance up he rose, ' Grace, Judie, Sue ! fire, fire !'
The clock struck one—some talk'd of parting, some said it was a sin,

And hitch'd their chairs ; but those for starting now let the moonlight in.

" Owd women, loitering for the nonce,† stood praising the fine weather !

The men-folks took the hint at once to kiss them all together ;
And out ran every soul beside, a shanny pated‡ crew ;
Owd folks could neither run nor hide—some ketch'd one, some tew.

" They skrigg'd§ and began to scold, but laughing got the master ;
Some quack'ling|| cried, ' Let go your hold ;' the farmers held the faster.

All innocent that I'll be sworn, there wor'nt a bit of sorrow,
And women, if their gowns are torn, can mend them on the morrow.

* An iron-hook.

† Giddy, thoughtless.

‡ For the purpose.

§ To struggle quick. || Choking.

"Our shadows helter-skelter danced about the moonlight ground ;
 The wondering sheep, as on we pranced, got up and gazed
 around,
 And well they might—till Farmer Cheerum, now with a hearty glee,
 Bade all good morn as he came near 'em, and then to bed went
 he.

"Then off we stroll'd this way and that, with merry voices ringing ;
 And echo answer'd us right pat, as home we rambled singing.
 For when we laugh'd, it laugh'd again, and to our own doors
 follow'd ;
 'Yo, ho !' we cried ; 'Yo, ho !' so plain the misty meadow
 hollow'd.

"That's all my tale, and all the fun ; come turn your wheels about ;
 My worsted, see !—that's nicely done, just held my story out."
 Poor Judie!—Thus Time knits or spins the worsted from Life's
 ball,
 'Death stopp'd thy tales, and stopp'd thy pins,—and so he'll
 serve us all.

Bloomfield.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
 The ship was as still as she could be,
 Her sails from heaven received no motion,
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
 The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock ;
 So little they rose, so little they fell,
 They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
 Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
 On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
 And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
 The Mariners heard the warning bell ;
 And then they knew the perilous Rock,
 And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day ;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, " It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Can't hear," said one, "the breakers roar ?
 For methinks we should be near the shore ;
 Now where we are I cannot tell,
 But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;
 Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock :
 Cried they, " It is the Inchcape Rock ! "

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
 He cursed himself in his despair ;
 The waves rush in on every side,
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
 One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
 A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
 The fiends below were ringing his knell.

Southey.

TEA-KETTLE'S CONCERT.

ONE bright November's afternoon,
 Miss Kettle, feeling quite in tune,
 Requested Betty's skilful hand
 To polish up her sides with sand ;
 And sent out cards to every friend,
 An evening concert to attend !

The drawing-room its best display'd,
 The curtains drawn, the carpet laid ;
 'Twas dark, and now the guests, a score,
 Were loudly thumping at the door.

The two Miss Candles—twinkling creatures,
 With taper waists and shining features—
 Were first to enter ; with them came
 Their governess, a cross-patch dame,
 Call'd Madame Snuffers, who, 'twas granted,
 Could trim her scholars when they wanted ;
 And all allow'd her merit such,
 Each pupil brighten'd 'neath her touch !

Next Lady Teapot made her *entrée*,
 Surrounded by her noisy gentry ;
 And dandy Sugar-basin too,
 The sweetest fellow, all in blue—
 Though pert he seem'd to Lucy Crumpet,
 And bade her either like or lump it.

Next Mrs. Urn came in a heat,
 Fearful she should not get a seat ;
 For she and kettle met scarce ever,
 Though both as singers were thought clever.
 The cause of difference was this—
 Once jealous Urn was heard to hiss
 When Kettle sung at Madame Steam's
 Her favorite air, "Ye limpid streams."
 But this, as Bellows said in clover,
 Was an ill wind long blown over.

Horse laugh'd, that airy jest to hear ;
 But Tongs and Poker, with a sneer,
 Observed, that rude and vulgar jokes
 Were quite unworthy polish'd folks.

The overture thus being ended,
 Without much fuss, and well intended,
 Kettle pour'd forth a pleasing strain,
 So musical, and yet so plain,
 It caused much mutual admiration,—
 Poor Urn was in a perspiration ;
 And then, with many a "hem!" and "ha!"
 Warbled Italian "Sol mi fa!"

Says Milk, "That's quite the cream of songs ;"
 "Where did she pick it up ?" ask'd Tongs.
 "Really, 'tis melting," Candles sighed.
 "Melting, a' ye call it ?" Snuffers cried ;
 "For my part I detest such stuff ;"
 Then took a pinch of hideous snuff ;
 And lying down in angry scorn,
 Her mouth she stretch'd with such a yawn,
 And breathed therefrom such strange perfume,
 That Salver hurried from the room ;
 Nor had John Footman's hand the power
 To save his falling on the floor ;

Nay, worse—as if to end his cares,
He roll'd completely down the stairs.
Be sure this caused a grievous test,
For Salver was so smartly drest
In silver, and no beau as he
Handed the ladies toast or tea ;
So guileless was his nature too,
'Twas thought that guilt he never knew.

Brush swept into the room and said,
" Alas, alas ! poor Salver's dead ! "
Tea-kettle from the fire fell,
John Footman, weeping, rung the bell ;
Oli, heavy woe, so little dreaded !
Both the Miss Candles were light-headed ;
Loud burst a scream from Mrs. Tray ;
The Tea-spoons fainted quite away ;
Tears trickled down Urn's cheeks so fast,
'Twas fear'd she soon would weep her last ;
More of their grief I dare not say,
Lest you should weep as well as they.

Traditional.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he :
I gallop'd, Dirck gallop'd, we gallop'd all three ;
" Good speed ! " cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew,
" Speed ! " echo'd the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we gallop'd abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
I turn'd in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shorten'd each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chain'd slacker the bit,
Nor gallop'd less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but, while we drew near
'Okeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawn'd clear ;

At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
 At Düsseldorf, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
 And from Mechelen church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
 So Joris broke silence with " Yet there is time ! "

At Aerschot, up leap'd of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,
 To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
 And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
 With resolute shoulders each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray ;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
 For my voice, and the other prick'd out on his track ;
 And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
 His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groan'd ; and cried Joris, " Stay spur !
 Your Roos gallop'd bravely, the fault's not in her,
 We'll remember at Aix,"—for one heard the quick wheeze
 Of her chest, saw the stretch'd neck, and staggering knees,
 And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
 As down on her haunches she shudder'd and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Loos and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
 The broad sun above laugh'd a pitiless laugh,
 'Neath our foot broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff ;
 Till over by Dalhem a dome-tower sprang white,
 And " Gallop," cried Joris, " for Aix is in sight ! "

" How they'll greet us ! " and all in a moment his roan
 Roll'd neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast my loose buff-coat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all ;
 Stood up in the stirrup, lean'd, patted his ear,
 Call'd my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer ;
 Clapp'd my hands, laugh'd and sang, any noise, bad or good,
 Till at length into Aix Roland gallop'd and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground ;
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I pour'd down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

R. Browning.

THE FERRYMAN, VENUS, AND CUPID.

As I a fare had lately past,
 And thought that side to ply,
 I heard one, as it were, in haste,
 "A boat ! a boat ! " to cry ;
 Which as I was about to bring,
 And came to view my fraught,
 Thought I, what more than heavenly thing
 Hath fortune hither brought ?
 She, seeing mine eyes still on her were,
 Soon, smilingly, quoth she,
 " Sirrah, look to your rudder there,
 Why look'st thou thus at me ? "
 And nimblly stepp'd into my boat,
 With her a little lad,
 Naked and blind ; yet did I note
 That bow and shafts he had,
 And two wings to his shoulders fix'd,
 Which stood like little sails,
 With far more various colors mix'd
 Than be your peacocks' tails !
 I seeing this little dapper elf
 Such arms as these to bear,
 Quoth I, thus softly to myself,
 What strange things have we here ?
 I never saw the like, thought I,
 'Tis more than strange to me,
 To have a child have wings to fly,
 And yet want eyes to see.
 Sure this is some devised toy,
 Or it transform'd hath been,
 For such a thing, half bird, half boy,
 I think was never seen.

* Freight.

And in my boat I turn'd about,
And wistly view'd the lad,
And clearly I saw his eyes were out,
Though bow and shafts he had.
As wistly she did me behold,
"How lik'st thou him?" quoth she.
"Why, well," quoth I, "the better should,
Had he but eyes to see."
"How say'st thou, honest friend," quoth she,
"Wilt thou a 'prentice take?
I think, in time, though blind he be,
A ferryman he'll make."
"To guide my passage-boat," quoth I,
"His fine hands were not made;
He hath been bred too wantonly
To undertake my trade."
"Why, help him to a master, then,"
Quoth she, "such youths be scant;
It cannot be but there be men
That such a boy do want."
Quoth I, "When you your best have done,
No better way you'll find,
Than to a harper bind your son,
Since most of them are blind."
The lovely mother and the boy
Laugh'd heartily thereat,
As at some nimble jest or toy,
To hear my homely chat.
Quoth I "I pray you let me know,
Came he thus first to light,
Or by some sickness, hurt, or blow,
Deprived of his sight?"
"Nay, sure," quoth she, "he thus was born."
"Tis strange, born blind!" quoth I;
I fear you put this as a scorn
On my simplicity."
Quoth she, "Thus blind I did him bear."
Quoth I, "If't be no lie,
Then he's the first blind man, I'll swear,
E'er practised archery."
"A man!" quoth she, "nay, there you miss,
He's still a boy as now,
Nor to be elder than he is
The gods will him allow."
"To be no elder than he is!
Then sure he is some sprite,"

I straight replied. Again at this
 The goddess laugh'd outright.
 "It is a mystery to me,
 An archer, and yet blind!"
 Quoth I again, "how can it be,
 That he his mark should find?"
 "The gods," quoth she, "whose will it was
 That he should want his sight,
 That he in something should surpass,
 To recompense their spite,
 Gave him this gift, though at his game
 He still shot in the dark,
 That he should have so certain aim
 As not to miss his mark."
 By this time we were come ashore,
 When me my fare she paid,
 But not a word she utter'd more,
 Nor had I her bewray'd.
 Of Venus nor of Cupid I
 Before did never hear,
 But that a fisher coming by
 Then told me who they were.

Drayton.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle horn,
 "To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!"
 His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
 And thronging serfs their lords pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,*
 Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake;
 While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
 The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day
 Had painted yonder spire with gold,
 And calling sinful man to pray,
 Loud, long, and deep the bell had toll'd.

* i.e., freed from their leashes.

But still the Wildgrave onward rides ;
 " Halloo, halloo ! and, hark again !"
 When spurring from opposing sides,
 Two stranger horsemen join the train.

Who was each stranger, left and right,
 Well may I guess but dare not tell ;
 The right-hand steed was silver white,
 The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
 His smile was like the morn of May ;
 The left, from eye of tawny glare,
 Shot midnight lightning's lurid* ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
 Cried, " Welcome, welcome, noble lord !
 What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
 To match the princely chase afford ? "

" Cease thy loud bugle's clang ing knell,"
 Cried the fair youth with silver voice ;
 " And for devotion's choral swell,
 Exchange this rude unhallow'd noise ;

" To-day the ill-omen'd chase forbear,
 Yon bell yet summons to the fane ;†
 To-day the warning Spirit hear,
 To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain."

" Away, and sweep the glades along !"
 The sable hunter hoarse replies ;
 " To muttering monks leave matin‡ song,
 And bells, and books, and mysteries."

The Wildgrave spurr'd his ardent steed,
 And, launching forward with a bound,
 " Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede,§
 Would leave the jovial horn and hound ?

" Hence, if our manly sport offend !
 With pious fools go chant and pray ;
 Well hast thou spoke, my dark-brow'd friend,
 Halloo, halloo ! and, hark away ! "

* *Lurid*, gloomy.

† *Fane*, temple, house of worship.

‡ *Matin*, morning ; opp. *vesper*.

§ *Rede*, advice, counsel.

The Wildgrave spurr'd his courser light,
 O'er moss and moor, o'er holt* and hill ;
 And on the left and on the right,
 Each stranger horseman follow'd still.

Up springs from yonder tangled thorn
 A stag more white than mountain snow ;
 And louder rang the Wildgrave's horn,
 " Hark forward, forward ! holla, ho ! "

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way ;
 He gasps, the thundering hoofs below ;
 But live who can, or die who may,
 Still " Forward, forward ! " on they go.

See where yon simple fences meet,
 A field with autumn's blessing crown'd ;
 See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
 A husbandman, with toil embrown'd.

" Oh mercy, mercy, noble lord !
 Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry,
 " Earn'd by the sweat these brows have pour'd,
 In scorching hour of fierce July."

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
 The left still cheering to the prey ;
 The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
 But furious holds the onward way.

" Away, thou hound ! so basely born !
 Or dread the scourge's echoing blow ! "
 Then loudly rang his bugle horn,
 " Hark forward, forward ! holla, ho ! "

So said, so done ; a single bound
 Clears the poor laborer's humble pale ;†
 While follow man, and horse, and hound,
 Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man, and horse, and hound, and horn,
 Destructive sweep the field along ;
 While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
 Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

* *Holt*, wood.

† *Pale*, palings.

Again uproused, the timorous prey
Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill ;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear'd ;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd ;
Amid the flock's domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
His track the steady bloodhounds trace ;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall ;
" Oh spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all ;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care ! "

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey ;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

" Unmanner'd dog ! To stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits of thy sort
Were tenants of these carrion kine ! "

Again he winds his bugle horn,
" Hark forward, forward ! holla, ho ! "
And through the herd in ruthless scorn
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall ;
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near ;
The murderous cries the stag appal.—
Again he starts new-nerved by fear.

With blood besmear'd, and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks amid the forest's gloom
The humble hermit's hallow'd bower.

But man, and horse, and horn, and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go ;

The sacred chapel rung around
With "Hark away! and holla, ho!"

All mild amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit pour'd his prayer ;
"Forbear with blood God's house to stain ;
Revere His altar and forbear !

"The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wrong'd by cruelty or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head ;—
Be warn'd at length, and turn aside."

Still the fair horseman anxious pleads ;
The black, wild whooping, points the prey :
Alas ! the Earl no warning heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar and its rights I spurn ;
Not sainted martyrs' sainted song,
Not God Himself shall make me turn !"

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
"Hark forward, forward ! holla, ho !"
But off on whirlwind's pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit go.

And horse, and man, and horn, and hound,
And clamor of the chase was gone ;
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle sound,
A deadly silence reign'd alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around ;
He strove in vain to wake his horn ;
In vain to call ; for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds ;
No distant baying reach'd his ears ;
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark, as the darkness of the grave ;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
 At length the solemn silence broke ;
 And from a cloud of swarthy red,
 The awful voice of thunder spoke :

"Oppressor of creation fair !
 Apostate* spirits' harden'd tool ;
 Scorn of God, scourge of the poor !
 The measure of thy cup is full.

" Be chased forever through the wood :
 Forever roam the affrighted wild ;
 And let thy fate instruct the proud,
 God's meanest creature is His child."

Twas hush'd : one flash of sombre glare
 With yellow tinged the forest's brown ;
 Up rose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
 And horror chill'd each nerve and bone.

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill ;
 A rising wind began to sing ;
 A louder, louder, louder still,
 Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call ; her entrails rend ;
 From yawning rifts,† with many a yell,
 Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend
 The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly huntsman next arose,
 Well may I guess, but dare not tell ;
 His eye like midnight lightning glows,
 His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
 With many a shriek of helpless woe ;
 Behind him hound, and horse, and horn ;
 And " Hark away ! and holla, ho ! "

Sir W. Scott.

* *Apostate*, fallen, rebellious.

† *Rift*, opening, cleft.

MEN OF ENGLAND.

Men of England ! who inherit
 Rights that cost your sires their blood !
 Men whose undegenerate* spirit
 Has been proved on land and flood :

By the foes you've fought uncounted,
 By the glorious deeds ye've done,
 Trophies captured—breaches† mounted,
 Navies conquer'd—kingdoms won !

Yet remember, England gathers
 Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
 If the freedom of your fathers
 Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
 Where no public virtues bloom ?
 What avail, in lands of slavery,
 Trophied temples, arch and tomb ?

Pageants !‡—let the world revere us
 For our people's rights and laws
 And the breasts of civic§ heroes
 Bared in freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
 Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—
 Martyrs in heroic story,
 Worth a hundred Agincourts !||

We're the sons of sires that baffled
 Crown'd and mitred tyranny :—
 They defied the field and scaffold
 For their birthrights—so will we !

Thos. Campbell.

* Undegenerate, not having become worse.

† Breaches, gaps made in a fort by besiegers.

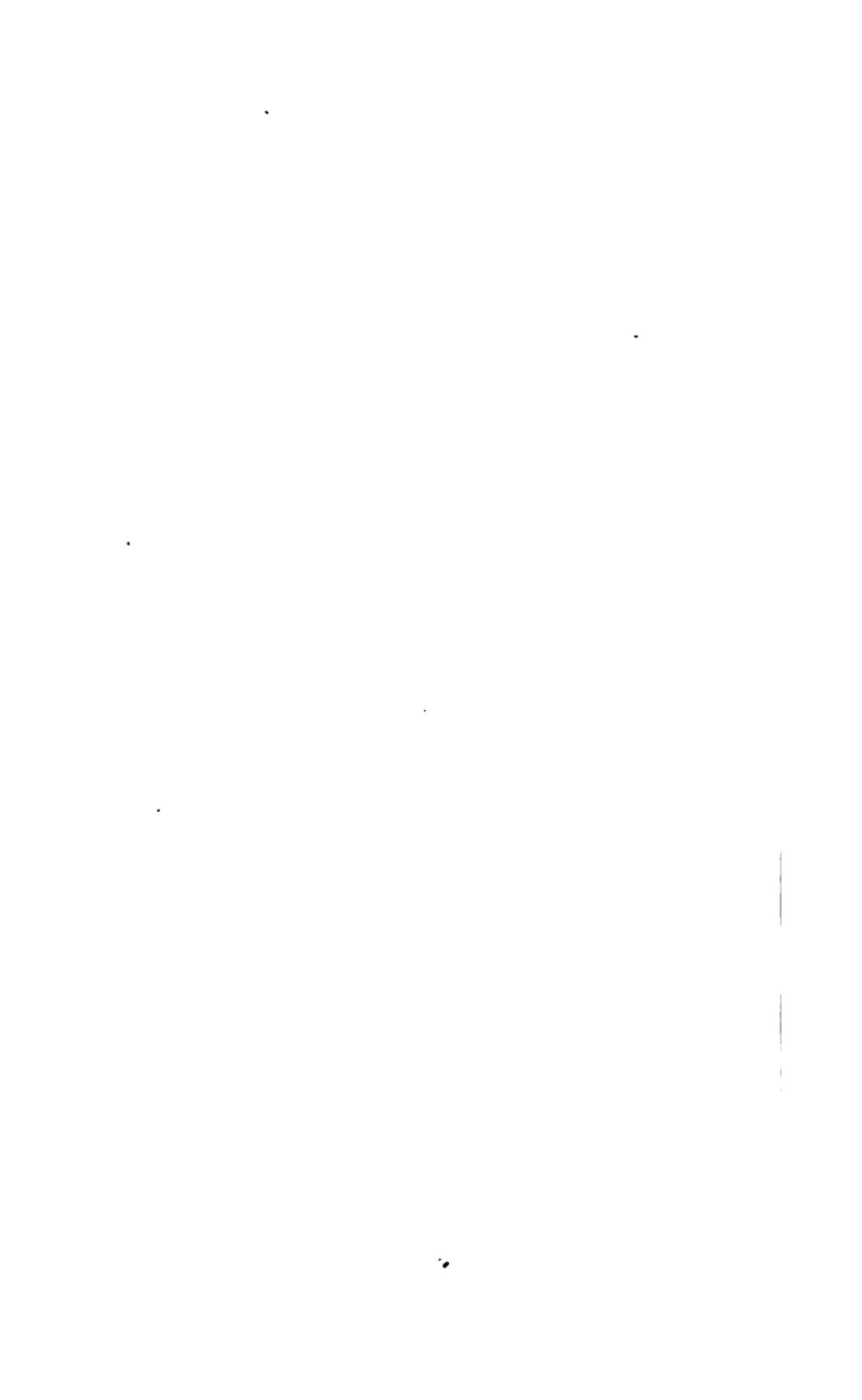
‡ Pageants, pompous shows.

§ Civic, belonging to the city or state.

|| i.e., fruitless French wars.

Tales of Adventure.

IV.



TALES OF ADVENTURE.

Intrepidity, *bravery*.

Mahout, *the leader of an elephant*.

Extricate, *pull out, free*.

Severed, *cut in two*.

Lacerated, *torn*.

ESCAPE FROM A TIGER (INDIA).

A PARTY of Europeans, consisting of indigo planters, and some of the officers of a native regiment stationed in their neighbourhood, went into the jungles, for the purpose of shooting tigers. They had not proceeded far before they roused an immense tigress, which with the greatest intrepidity charged the line of elephants on which they were seated. At this instant a female elephant, which had been lately purchased and hitherto untried, turned suddenly round to fly from the field of battle, showing the greatest dread of the approaching foe.

It was in vain that the mahout exerted all his skill to make her face the tigress, which instantly sprang upon her back, and seizing the gentleman by the thigh, speedily brought him to the ground; then throwing him (quite stunned by the fall) over her shoulder, just in the same manner as a fox carries a goose, she started off into the jungle. Every rifle was pointed at her, but no one dared to fire, because of the position in which the captive lay. She went through the jungle grass much faster than the elephants could do, and they soon lost sight of the tigress and her prey; yet they were enabled to trace her by the blood in her track.

As a forlorn hope, they resolved still to follow on, to see if it were possible to save the remains of their friend from being devoured by the ferocious brute. As they proceeded, the traces grew fainter and fainter, until at length, bewildered in the heart of the jungle, they were about to give up the pursuit in dismay, when all at once they came most unexpectedly upon the objects of their pursuit, and beheld the tigress lying dead upon the long

jungle grass, still griping the thigh of their associate in her tremendous jaws, whilst he, though still sensible, was unable, from loss of blood, to reply to the questions proposed. To extricate his leg was impossible, without first cutting off the head of the tigress, which was immediately done, and the jaws being severed, the fangs were drawn out of the wounds. As one of the party providentially happened to be a surgeon, the patient was properly attended to, and the party had the great happiness of returning with their friend, rescued from the most perilous situation, and with hopes of his recovery. He was taken to the nearest bungalow, and, by the aid thus afforded, he was in a short time able to see his friends, and to explain how it was that the animal was thus found dead.

For some time after the beast had seized him, he had continued insensible, being stunned by the fall, as well as faint from the loss of blood and the excruciating pain which her fangs inflicted. When he came to himself, he discovered that he was lying on the back of the tigress, who was trotting along at a smart pace through the jungle, and every now and then his face and hands would receive the most violent scratches from the thorns and bushes through which she dragged him. He gave himself up as lost, considering that not the least glimpse of hope remained, and determined to lie quietly on her back, waiting the issue, when it struck his mind that he had a pair of pistols in his girdle with which he might yet destroy his captor. After several ineffectual attempts, from the weakness which the loss of blood had occasioned, he at length succeeded in drawing one from the belt, and directing it at the creature's head, he fired. But the only effect it seemed to produce was, that, after giving him an angry shake, by which she made her fangs meet more closely in his flesh, her pace was quickened.

From the excruciating pain thus produced he fainted away, and remained totally unconscious of what was passing for some minutes, when, recovering a little, he determined to try the effect of another shot in a different place. So, getting the remaining pistol out of his girdle, he pointed the muzzle under the blade-bone of the shoulder, in the direction of the heart, and once more fired, when the tigress fell dead in a moment, and neither howled nor struggled after she fell. Neither had he power to call out for

aid, though he heard his friends approaching, and was fearful that they might pass the spot without discovering where he lay. He recovered from his wounds, and was living when I left India, although he was quite lame; the sinews of his thigh having been dreadfully lacerated by the fangs of the tigress.

Tiger Hunting in India.

Purloin, *steal.*
Reinforce, *strengthen.*
Location, *place, locality.*
Effect, *do, accomplish.*

Spoor, *track.*
Abandon, *leave, desert.*
Assailant, *attacker.*

A LION HUNT (AFRICA).

ONE night a lion that had purloined a few sheep out of my kraal, came down and killed my riding horse, about a hundred yards from the door of my cabin. Knowing that the lion, when he does not carry off his prey, usually conceals himself in the vicinity, and is very apt to be dangerous by prowling about the place in search of more game, I resolved to have him destroyed or dislodged without delay. I therefore sent a messenger round, to invite all who were willing to assist in the enterprise, to repair to the place of rendezvous as speedily as possible. In an hour every man of the party appeared ready mounted and armed. We were also reinforced by about a dozen of the "Bastuard" or Mulatto Hottentots, who resided at that time upon our territory as tenants or herdsmen,—an active and enterprising, though rather an unsteady, race of men. Our friends the Tarkaboors, many of whom are excellent lion hunters, were all far too distant to assist us, our nearest neighbours residing at least twenty miles from the location. We were, therefore, on account of our own inexperience, obliged to make our Hottentots the leaders of the chase.

The first point was to track the lion to his covert. This was effected by a few of the Hottentots on foot. Commencing from the spot where the horse was killed, they followed the *spoor*, through grass, and gravel, and brushwood, with astonishing ease and dexterity, where an inexperienced eye could discern neither footprint nor mark of any kind,—until at length we fairly tracked

him into a large *bosch*, or straggling thicket of brushwood and evergreens, about a mile distant.

The next object was to drive him out of this retreat, in order to attack him in a close body, and with more safety and effect. The approved mode in such cases is to torment him with dogs till he abandons his covert, and stands at bay in the open plain. The whole band of hunters then march forward together, and fire deliberately one by one. If he does not speedily fall, but grows angry and turns upon his enemies, they must then stand close in a circle, and turn their horses rear outwards. The horses are held fast by the bridles, while the riflemen kneel to take a steady aim at the lion as he approaches. Sometimes he comes up to the very horses' heels, couching every now and then as if to measure the distance and strength of his enemies.

This is the moment to shoot him fairly in the forehead, or some other mortal part. If they continue to wound him ineffectually, till he waxes furious and desperate, or if the horses, startled by his terrific roar, grow frantic with terror, and burst loose, the business becomes rather serious, and may end in mischief; especially if all the party are not men of courage, coolness, and experience. The frontier Boors are, however, generally such excellent marksmen, and withal so cool and deliberate, that they seldom fail to shoot him dead as soon as they get within a fair distance.

In the present instance, we did not manage matters quite so deliberately. The Bastards, after recounting to us all these and other sage laws of lion hunting, were themselves the first to depart from them. Finding that the few indifferent hounds which we had made little impression on the enemy, they divided themselves into two or three parties, and rode round the jungle, firing into the spot where the dogs were barking round him, but without effect.

At length, after some hours spent in thus beating about the bush, the Scottish blood of some of my countrymen began to get impatient; and three of them announced their determination to march in and beard the lion in his den, provided three of the Bastards (who were superior marksmen) would support them, and follow up their fire, should the enemy venture to give battle. Accordingly in they went (in spite of the warnings of some more

prudent men among us), to within fifteen or twenty paces of the spot where the animal lay concealed. He was couched among the roots of a large evergreen bush, with a small space of open ground on one side of it; and they fancied, on approaching, that they saw him distinctly lying glaring at them from beneath the foliage. Charging the Bastards to stand firm and level fair should they miss, the Scottish champions let fly together, and struck, not the lion, as it afterwards proved, but a great block of red stone, beyond which he was actually lying. Whether any of the shot grazed him is uncertain, but with no other warning than a furious growl, forth he bolted from the bush.

The Bastards, in place of now pouring in their volley upon him, instantly turned and fled, helter-skelter, leaving him to do his pleasure upon the defenceless Scots; who, with empty guns, were tumbling over each other, in their hurry to escape the clutch of the rampant savage. In a twinkling he was upon them, and with one stroke of his paw dashed the nearest to the ground. The scene was terrific! There stood the lion, with his paw upon his prostrate foe, looking round in conscious power and pride upon the bands of his assailants, and with a port the most noble and imposing that can be conceived. It was the most magnificent thing I ever witnessed.

The danger of our friends, however, rendered it at the moment too terrible to enjoy either the grand or the ludicrous part of the picture. We expected every instant to see one or more of them torn in pieces; nor, though the rest of the party were standing within fifty paces with their guns cocked and levelled, durst we fire for their assistance. One was lying under the lion's paw, and the others scrambling towards us in such a way as to intercept our aim at him.

All this passed far more rapidly than I have described it. But luckily the lion, after steadily surveying us for a few seconds, seemed willing to be quits with us on fair terms; and with a fortunate forbearance (for which he met but an ungrateful recompence), turned calmly away, and driving the snarling dogs like rats from among his heels, bounded over the adjoining thicket like a cat over a footstool, clearing brakes and bushes twelve or fifteen feet high, as readily as if they had been tufts of grass, and abandoning the jungle, retreated towards the mountains.

After ascertaining the state of our rescued comrade (who fortunately had sustained no other injury than a slight scratch on the back, and a severe bruise in the ribs, from the force with which the animal had dashed him to the ground), we renewed the chase with Hottentots and hounds in full cry. In a short time we again came up with the enemy, and found him standing at bay under an old mimosa tree, by the side of a mountain stream which we had distinguished by the name of Douglas Water.

The dogs were barking round, but afraid to approach him, for he was now beginning to growl fiercely, and to brandish his tail in a manner that showed he was meditating mischief. The Hottentots, by taking a circuit between him and the mountain, crossed the stream, and took a position on the top of a precipice overlooking the spot where he stood. Another party of us occupied a position on the other side of the glen: and placing the poor fellow thus between two fires, which confused his attention and prevented his retreat, we kept battering away at him till he fell, unable again to grapple with us, pierced with many wounds.

He proved to be a full-grown lion of the yellow variety, about five or six years of age. He measured nearly twelve feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. His fore leg, below the knee, was so thick that I could not span it with both hands; and his neck, breast, and limbs appeared, when the skin was taken off, a complete mass of sinews.

Pringle.

Hilarity, cheerfulness.

Trident, three-pronged.

Unreave, loose, unfurl.

Allegiance, attachment.

*Taffrail, the rail extending over
the stern.*

*Quarter, the part towards the
stern.*

CAPTURE OF A SHARK.

WHEN, on approaching the northern tropic,

"Down drops the breeze, the sails drop down,"

'tis not "sad as sad can be," for all is hilarity and alertness. Away goes one to the harness-cask for a junk of salt pork; another is on his knees before the cabin locker, rummaging out an enormous hook; a third is unreaving the studding-sail halyards to serve as a line, for so tough a customer needs stout

gear ; a fourth is standing on the taffrail, keeping an eye on the monster, that now drops off, and now comes gliding up, a light green mass, through the blue water, till his whiteness nearly touches the surface, and telling the villain all the while that his time is coming. The mate is on the jib-boom wielding the grains, whose trident prongs he has been for the last half-hour sharpening with a file, ready to take by force any one of the hated race who may be too suspicious for the bait astern. And now the skipper himself comes up, for even dignity itself cannot resist the temptation, and with his own brawny hands puts on the enticing pork, and lowers away.

It is twirling and eddying in the wash of the ship's counter ; the crew are divided in their allegiance—half cluster at the quarter to watch the captain's success, half at the bows to see the mate's harpooning. There scuttle up the two little pilot fishes, in their banded livery of blue and brown, from their station one on each side of the shark's nose ; they hurry to the bait, sniff at it, nibble at it, and then back in all haste to their huge patron, giving his grimness due information of the treat that awaits him. See how eagerly he receives it ! With a lateral wave of his powerful tail he shoots a-head, and is in an instant at the pork. "Look out there ! stand by to take a turn of the line round a belaying pin, for he's going to bite, and he'll give us a sharp tug !" Every pair of eyes is wide open, and every mouth, too, for the monster turns on his side and prepares to take in the delicate morsel. But no ; he smells the rusty iron, perhaps, or perhaps he sees the line ; at any rate, he contents himself with a sniff, and drops astern ; coming forward again, however, the next minute to sniff and sniff again. "Tis perilous ; yet 'tis tempting.

A shout forward ! The mate has struck one ! And away rush the after band to see the sport ; the skipper himself hauls in the line and joins the shouting throng. Yes, the grains have been well thrown, and are fast in the fleshy part of the back. What a monster ! full fifteen feet long, if he's an inch ; and how he plunges and dives, and rolls round and round, enraged at the pain and restraint, till you can't discern his body for the sheet of white foam in which it is enwrapped. The stout line strains and creaks, but holds on ; a dozen eager hands are pulling in, and at

last the unwilling victim is at the surface, just beneath the bows, but plunging with tremendous force.

Malignity, hatred (without provocation).

Malice, spite.

Concentration, the act of centring upon, or directing towards.

Vigil, watch.

Now one of the smarter hands has jumped into the forechains with a rope made into a noose. Many efforts he makes to get this over the tail, without success ; at length it is slipped over, in an instant hauled taut, and the prey is secure.

"Reeve the line through a block, and take a run with it !" Up comes the vast length, tail foremost out of the sea ; for a moment the ungainly beast hangs, twining and bending his body, and gnashing those horrid fangs, till half a dozen boat-hooks guide the mass to its death-bed on the broad deck. Stand clear ! If that mouth gets hold of your leg, it will cut through it, sinew, muscle, and bone ; the stoutest man on board would be swept down if he came within the reach of that violent tail. What reverberating blows it inflicts on the smooth planks !

One cannot look at that face without an involuntary shudder. The long, flat head, and the mouth so greatly overhung by the snout, impart a most repulsive expression to the countenance ; and then the teeth, those terrible serried fangs, as keen as lancets, and yet cut into fine notches like saws, lying row behind row, row behind row, six rows deep ! See how the front rows start up into erect stiffness as the creature eyes you ! You shrink back from the terrific implement, no longer wondering that the stoutest limb of man should be severed in a moment by it. But the eyes ! those horrid eyes ! it is the eyes that make the shark's countenance what it is—the very embodiment of satanic malignity. Half concealed beneath the bony brow, the little green eye gleams with so peculiar an expression of hatred, such a concentration of fiendish malice—of quiet, calm, settled villainy, that no other countenance that I have ever seen at all resembles. Though I have seen many a shark, I could never look at that eye without feeling my flesh creep, as it were, on my bones.

How *erie* (to use an expressive northern term, for which we have no equivalent) must be the scene presented to a few forlorn mariners, committed to an open boat in the midst of the broad southern sea, a thousand miles from land, when by night these horrid monsters come gliding up alongside, keeping hated company! Cleaving the phosphorescent sea, their bodies are invested with an *elfish* light, and a bluish gleam trails behind. Nothing strikes more terror into the hearts of the poor ship-bereft seamen than such uninvited companions. They make no noise; as silently as ghosts they steal along; now disappearing for a few minutes, then there again; throughout the dreary night they maintain their vigil, filling the failing heart with auguries of death.

Romance of Natural History.

Aperture, opening.

Gable, the triangular end of a house from the eaves to the top.

Venison, flesh of deer.

Bethink, reflect.

THE JAGUAR (S. AMERICA).

THE jaguar is very like the leopard, but is considerably larger, and may be easily distinguished from that animal by the appearance of the spots, which are larger than those of the leopard, and are composed of a black spot surrounded by several others. There is also a black streak across the chest.

It feeds principally on monkeys, and possesses such activity that it can often catch them in a fair chase among the branches. He springs upon the back of his prey, and placing one paw on the back of the unfortunate animal's head, and another on its mouth, gives the head a sudden twist, which instantly dislocates the neck.

Like most wild animals, the jaguar would rather avoid man than attack him, except when pressed with hunger, at which time it is exceedingly dangerous. There is a very interesting story respecting the perseverance of this animal in obtaining its food.

The inmates of a log-hut, in America, had gone out, having closed the door of their hut, in which a piece of freshly-killed

venison was hanging. Near the top of the hut a small aperture was left in the gable, for the purpose of admitting light and air.

This aperture was so high that when the settlers, a man and his wife, left the hut, they did not think that there was any necessity for closing it. A hungry jaguar happened to come by, and sniffed out the meat. So he contrived to scramble up the end of the hut, and to jump in at the aperture. He then made his way to the venison, and commenced making a repast on it. The return of the owners disturbed him, and he took his departure. The man, discovering what had happened, took away the venison, imagining that, as the cause of the visitation was removed, the jaguar would not trouble himself to come back. That night he was obliged to leave that part of the country, and go to a distance, leaving his wife to take care of the hut. The man was mistaken in his supposition that when the venison was gone the jaguar would not enter the house, for when evening came, the jaguar came too, and scrambled in at the open gable as before. The poor woman was, of course, in a great fright, as she had no means of protecting herself. At last, by screaming with all her might, and making every noise she could think of, she succeeded in frightening the animal away for a time, but knowing well that he would come again soon, she searched for some method of protection. Just as she heard the jaguar again climbing up the house, she bethought herself of a great store-chest, fastening with a spring, into which she got, and pulled down the lid, keeping her fingers between the lid and the side of the chest, lest she should be suffocated for want of air.

Very soon the jaguar came into the room, and before long discovered her hiding-place. He tried to push his head into the chest, but could not raise the lid, nor could his paws obtain entrance. Presently he discovered her fingers, and began to lick them with his rough tongue. They soon began to bleed, but she dared not move them lest the spring-lock of the chest should close. Not being able to do any good at the side of the box, he jumped upon the lid, and by the weight broke the poor woman's fingers. For a long time he continued these efforts, smelling round the chest, trying to force it open, licking the protruding fingers, and leaping on and off; but at last, finding all his endeavours useless, he went away. His intended victim dared

not leave the chest until daybreak, when she ran as fast as she could to her nearest neighbours, where she procured help. On her husband's return, he searched for the jaguar, and found a pair, together with their cubs, in the forest, close to the house, and destroyed them all.

Wood Anecdotes of Animal Life.

Menagerie, *wild-beast show.*

Vehicle, *conveyance.*

Barricading, *fencing with barricades, or railings, &c.*

Eventually, *at last, ultimately.*

THE LION AND THE MAIL-COACH.

IN the year 1816, the horses which were dragging the Exeter mail-coach were attacked in a most furious manner by a lioness which had escaped from a travelling menagerie.

At the moment when the coachman pulled up to deliver his bags from one of the stages, a few miles from the town of Salisbury, one of the leading horses was suddenly seized by a ferocious animal. This, of course, produced great confusion and alarm. The horse kicked and plunged violently; and it was with difficulty the driver could prevent the vehicle from being overturned. The light of the lamps soon enabled the guard to discover that the animal which had seized the horse was a huge lioness. A large mastiff came up, and attacked her fiercely, on which she quitted the horse, and turned upon him. The dog fled, but was pursued and killed by the lioness before it had run forty yards from the place.

It appeared that the ferocious animal had escaped from a menagerie on its way to Salisbury fair. The alarm being given, the keepers pursued and hunted the lioness, carrying the dog in her teeth, into a hovel under a granary, which served for keeping agricultural implements. They soon secured her effectually by barricading the place so as to prevent her escape. The horse, when first attacked, fought with great spirit; and, if he had been at liberty, would probably have beaten down his antagonist with his fore feet; but in plunging he entangled himself in the harness. The lioness, it appears, attacked him in front, and, springing at his throat, had fastened the claws of her fore-feet

on each side of his gullet, close to the head, while those of her hind-feet were forced into his chest. In this situation she hung, while the blood streamed from the wounds as if a vein had been opened by a lancet.

The horse was so dreadfully torn that he was not at first expected to survive. His groans of agony were most piteous and affecting. For a considerable time after the lioness had entered the hovel, she continued roaring in a dreadful manner, so loud, indeed, that she was distinctly heard at a distance of half a mile. She was eventually secured, and led back in triumph to her cell.

Bingley's Stories.

Economically, *without waste, cheaply.*

Blemish, *fault.*

Advantageous, *good, profitable.*

Calling, *trade or profession, vocation.*

Denunciation, *loudly-expressed threats.*

THE ROBBER-HORSE AND THE LAWYER.

ABOUT the middle of last century a Scottish lawyer had occasion to visit the metropolis. At that period such journeys were usually performed on horseback, and the traveller might either ride post, or, if willing to travel economically, he bought a horse before setting out, and sold it at the end of his journey. The lawyer had chosen the latter mode of travelling, and sold the animal on which he rode from Scotland as soon as he arrived in London. With a view to his return, he went to Smithfield to purchase a horse. About dusk, a handsome one was offered at so cheap a rate that he suspected the soundness of the animal; but being able to discover no blemish, he became the purchaser.

Next morning he set out on his journey. The horse had excellent paces; and our traveller, while riding over the first few miles, where the road is well frequented, did not fail to congratulate himself on his good fortune, which had led him to make so advantageous a bargain.

They arrived at last at Finchley Common, and, at a place where the road ran down a slight slope and up another, the lawyer met a clergyman driving a one-horse chaise. There was nobody within sight, and the horse, by his conduct, instantly betrayed the profession of his former owner. Instead of pursuing

his journey, he ran close up to the chaise and stopped, having no doubt but his rider would embrace so favorable an opportunity for exercising his calling. The clergyman seemed of the same opinion, produced his purse unasked, and assured the astonished lawyer that it was quite unnecessary to draw his pistol, as he did not intend to offer any resistance. The traveller rallied his horse, and with many apologies to the gentleman he had so innocently and unwillingly affrighted, pursued his journey.

They had not proceeded far till the horse again made the same suspicious approach to a coach, from the window of which a blunderbuss was levelled, with denunciations of death and destruction to the hapless and perplexed rider. In short, after his life had been several times endangered by the suspicions to which the conduct of his horse gave rise, and his liberty as often threatened by the police-officers, who were disposed to apprehend him as the notorious highwayman who had been the former owner of the horse, he was obliged to part with the well-trained, but ill-bred animal at a low price, and to purchase for a high sum one less beautiful, but not accustomed to such dangerous habits.

Bingley's Stories.

Lagoon, *marshy or shallow lake.*
Distanced, *got further from.*
Suppressed, *smothered, silent.*
Crafty, *cunning.*

A SAVAGE CHASE.

IN order to get full benefit of the land-breeze we kept well over to the seaward or eastern side of the lagoon. I had seen some palm-trees on the same side of the lagoon, and these usually are a sign of a village; so I kept a sharp look-out, and hoped to slip by without being noticed.

It was not until we were abreast of the palms that I saw signs of human dwellings; and just at that moment noticed a large number of canoes drawn up in a little bay, and through a narrow opening I saw a collection of huts. Several of the natives were moving about among the canoes.

I observed also that our boat had roused their attention, and that a number of men were hurrying down to the shore. I was in hopes that they would be content with looking at us from a

distance. I was therefore troubled when I saw two large boats push from the landing. We did not stop to consider, but shook out every thread of our little sail. Each also taking a paddle, we set to work with a will to give our pursuers as pretty a chase as ever came off on the Mosquito shore. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and I felt sure that we could not be overtaken before night, and then it would be easy to elude them.

Our pursuers had no sails, but their boats were larger, and well manned by men that were more used to the paddle than either Antonio or myself. While the wind lasted we rather distanced them, but as the sun went down the breeze lessened, and thus our sail became useless. We were obliged to take it in and trust our paddles alone. This gave our pursuers new courage, and I could hear their shouts echoed back from the shores.

When night fell they had shortened their distance to less than half what it had been at the outset, and were so near that we could almost make out their words. The lagoon narrowed more and more, and was evidently getting to be as straight as the channel by which we had entered. This was against us; for, although we had almost lost sight of our pursuers in the gathering darkness, our safety lay entirely on our slipping unseen into some narrow creek. But we strained our eyes in vain to find such a retreat. The mangroves presented one dark unbroken front.

I now saw clearly, that in spite of all our efforts to avoid it, we would be obliged to fight. I laid aside my paddle and got out my gun.

Our enemies were so near that I was on the point of sending a random shot at them, when, with a suppressed exclamation of joy, Antonio suddenly turned our canoe into a narrow creek, where the mangroves separated, like walls, on either side. Where we entered it was scarcely twenty feet wide, and soon narrowed to ten or twelve. We glided in rapidly for perhaps two hundred yards, when Antonio stopped to listen. I heard nothing and gave the word to proceed. But the crafty Indian said "No;" and carefully leaning over the edge of the boat, plunged his head in the water. He held it there a few seconds, then started up exclaiming, "They are coming!" Again we

bent to the paddles, and drove the boat up the narrow creek with incredible speed.

I was so eager to get a shot at our pursuers, that I scarcely understood what he meant when, stopping suddenly, Antonio pressed his paddle in my hands, and, exchanging a few hurried words with the Poyer boy, each took a hatchet in his mouth and leaped overboard. I felt a sudden suspicion that they had deserted me, and remained for the time motionless. A moment after they called to me from the shore, "Paddle! paddle!" and, at the same instant, I heard the blows of their hatchets ringing on the trunks of the mangroves. They were felling trees across the narrow creek, to obstruct the pursuit. I threw aside the paddle and seized my gun. Our pursuers heard the sound of the blows, and, no doubt knowing what was going on, raised loud shouts and made double speed. *Kling! kling!* rang the hatchets on the hard wood. Oh, how I longed to hear the crash of the falling trees! Soon one of them began to crackle—another blow, and down it fell, the trunk splashing gloriously in the water. Another crackle, a rapid rustling of branches, and another splash in the water. It was our turn to shout now.

I gave Antonio and the Poyer boy each a hearty embrace, as dripping with water, they climbed back into our little boat. We now pushed a little up the stream, stopped close to the slimy bank, and awaited our pursuers. "Come on now," I shouted, "and not one of you shall pass that barrier alive."

The first boat ran boldly up to the fallen trees, but the discharge of a single barrel of my gun sent it quickly back out of reach. We could hear a hurried conversation between the occupants of the first boat and those of the second. It did not last long, and when it stopped, Antonio, in a state of greater alarm than he had ever before shown, caught me by the arm and explained hurriedly that the second boat was going back, and that the narrow creek in which we were, no doubt communicated with the main water by another opening. Thus they designed to entrap us.

We, therefore, at once, took to our paddles, and emerged from our inhospitable retreat just in time to render it quite safe to send a farewell random shot, through the thick darkness, at the approaching boat.

Squier.

Epicure, <i>one fond of delicacies</i>	Exterminate, <i>kill every one</i> .
(good things).	Operation, <i>work, process</i> .
Curved, <i>bent</i> .	Reproduce, <i>bear, produce again</i> .
Variegated, <i>variously colored</i> .	Apparatus (plur. <i>ús</i> , pron. <i>oos</i>), <i>machinery, appliance</i> .
Laminæ, <i>plates</i> .	

FISHING FOR TURTLE.

IT was during the night that Antonio and Frank, who kept themselves concealed in the bushes, rushed out upon the turtles, and with iron hooks turned them on their backs, when they became powerless, and incapable of moving. The day following they dragged them to the most distant part of the island, where they "shelled" them—a cruel process, which it made my flesh creep to witness. Before describing it, however, I must explain that although the habits of all varieties of the turtle are much the same, yet their uses are very different. The large green turtle is best known; it frequently reaches our markets, and its flesh is esteemed by epicures as a great delicacy. The flesh of the smaller or hawk-bill variety is not so good, but its shell is most valuable, being both thicker and better colored. What is called tortoise-shell is not, as is generally supposed, the bony covering or shield of the turtle, but only the scales that cover it. These are thirteen in number—eight of them flat, and five a little curved. Of the flat ones four are large, being sometimes a foot long and seven inches broad, semi-transparent, elegantly variegated with white, red, yellow, and dark brown clouds, which are fully brought out when the shell is prepared and polished. These laminæ, as I have said, constitute the external coating of the solid or bony part of the shell; and a large turtle produces about eight pounds of them; the plates varying from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness.

The fishers do not kill the turtles; did they do so, they would in a few years exterminate them. When the turtle is caught, they fasten him, and cover his back with dry leaves or grass, to which they set fire. The heat causes the plates to separate at their joints. A large knife is then carefully inserted horizontally beneath them, and the laminæ lifted from the back, care being taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, nor to force it off until the heat has fully prepared it for separation. Many

turtles die under this cruel operation; but instances are numerous in which they have been caught a second time, with the coating reproduced; but, in these cases, instead of thirteen pieces, it is a single piece. As I have already said, I could never bring myself to witness this cruelty more than once, and was glad that the process of "scaling" was carried on out of the sight of the hut. Had the poor turtles the power of shrieking, they would have made that barren island fearful with their cries of torture.

The apparatus for striking the turtle is a kind of harpoon, except that instead of being barbed, the point is an ordinary triangular file, ground exceedingly sharp. This, it has been found, is the only thing which will pierce the thick armour of the turtle; and, moreover, it makes so small a hole, that it seldom kills the green turtle, and very slightly injures the scales of the hawksbill variety, which furnishes the shell of commerce.

*Regulate, guide methodically, or in
a measured manner.*

Islets, little islands.

Predicated, stated, presumed.

Novel, new.

Anon, again.

Maze, mass of confusion.

Transfix, stab.

Disengage, loosen, free.

Harris stood in the bow of the pitpan, keeping a sharp lookout, holding his spear in his right hand, with his left hand behind him, where it answered the purpose of a telegraph to the two men who paddled. They kept their eyes fixed on the signal, and regulated their strokes, and the course and speed of the boat accordingly. Not a word was said, as it is supposed that the turtle is sharp of hearing. In this manner we paddled among the islets for half an hour, when, on a slight motion of Harris's hand, the men altered their course a little, and worked their paddles so slowly and quietly, as scarcely to cause a ripple. I peered ahead, but saw only what I supposed was a rock, projecting above the water. It was, nevertheless, a turtle floating lazily on the surface, as turtles are wont to do. Notwithstanding the caution of our approach, he either heard us or caught sight of the boat, and sank while we were fifty yards distant. There was a quick motion of Harris's manual telegraph, and the men began to paddle with the utmost rapidity, striking their paddles deep in the water. In an instant, the boat had darted over the spot

where the turtle had disappeared, and I caught a hurried glimpse of him, making his way with a speed which quite upset my notions of the ability of turtles in that line, predicated upon their unwieldiness on land. He literally seemed to *slide* through the water.

And now commenced a novel and exciting chase. Harris had his eyes on the turtle, and the men theirs on Harris's telegraph hand. Now we darted this way, then that; slow one moment, rapid the next, and anon stock-still. The water was not so deep as to permit our scaly friend to get entirely out of reach of Harris's practised eye, although to me the bottom appeared to be a hopeless maze. As the turtle must rise to the surface sooner or later to breathe, the object of the pursuer is to keep near enough to transfix him when he reappears. Finally, after half an hour of dodging about, the boat was stopped with a jerk, and down darted the spear. As the whole of the shaft did not go under, I saw it had not failed to reach its object. A moment more and Harris had hold of the line. After a few struggles and vain attempts to get away, the tired turtle gave in, and tamely allowed himself to be conducted to the shore. A few sharp strokes disengaged the file, and he was turned over on his back on the sand, the very picture of utter helplessness, to await our return. I have a fancy that the expression of a turtle's head and half closed eyes, under such circumstances, is the superlative of resignation.

Hostility, *enmity*.

Overrate, *reckon too highly*; opp.

Pinions, *wings*.

underrate.

Talons, *claws*.

Capture, *seize*.

Emerge, *appear*.

Extricate, *free, release*.

ENCOUNTER BETWEEN AN EAGLE AND A SALMON.

I HAVE often been struck with the singular attachment hunters occasionally have for some bird or animal, while all the rest of the species they pursue with deadly hostility. About five hundred yards from Beach's hut stands a lofty pine-tree, on which a grey eagle has built his nest annually during the nine years he has lived on the shores of the river Raquette. The Indian who dwelt there before him says, that the same pair of birds made their nest

on that tree for ten years previous—making in all, nineteen years that they have occupied the same spot, and built on the same branch.

One day, however, Beach was near losing his bold eagle. He was lying at anchor fishing when he saw his favorite bird, high up in heaven, slowly sweeping round and round in a large circle, evidently awaiting the approach of a fish to the surface. For an hour or more he thus sailed with motionless wings above the water, when all at once he stopped and hovered a moment with an excited gesture; then, rapid as a flash of lightning, and with a rush of his broad pinions like the passage of a sudden gust of wind, came to the still bosom of the lake. He had seen a huge salmon-trout swimming near the surface; and plunging from his high watch-tower, drove his talons deep in his victim's back. So rapid and strong was his swoop, that he buried himself out of sight when he struck; but the next moment emerged into view, and, flapping his wings, endeavoured to rise with his prey.

But this time he had overrated his strength. In vain he struggled nobly to lift the salmon from the water. The frightened and bleeding fish made a sudden dive, and took the eagle out of sight, longer than a quarter of a minute. Again they rose to the surface, and the strong bird spread out his broad dripping pinions; and, gathering force with his rapid blows, raised the salmon half out of water. The weight, however, was too great for him, and he sank again to the surface, beating the water into foam about him. The salmon then made another dive, and they both went under, leaving only a few bubbles to tell where they had gone down.

This time they were absent a full half minute, and Beach said he thought it was all over with his bird. He soon, however, reappeared, with his talons still buried in the flesh of his foe, and again made a desperate effort to rise. All this time the fish was shooting like an arrow through the lake, carrying his relentless foe on his back. He could not keep the eagle down, nor could the bird carry him up: so, now beneath, and now upon the surface, they struggled on, presenting one of the most singular, yet exciting spectacles that can be imagined. It was fearful to witness the blows of the eagle as he lashed the lake with his wings into spray, and made the shores echo with the report. A+

last the bird gave in, and loosening his clutch, soared heavily and slowly away to his lofty pine-tree, where he sat for a long time sullen and sulky, the picture of disappointed ambition. So might a wounded lion lie down in his lair, and brood over his defeat.

Beach said that he could easily have captured them, but he thought it best not to interfere.

Whether the eagle in his rage was bent on capturing his prize, and would retain his hold, though at the hazard of his life, or whether in his terrible swoop he had stuck his crooked talons so deep in the back of the salmon that he could not extricate them, the hunter said he could not tell. The latter, however, was doubtless the truth; and the eagle would have been glad to have let go long before he did.

Life in the Woods.

Undiversified, *without change.*

Recreation, *amusement.*

Lay under contribution, *take advantage of.*

Abstemious, *moderate in eating and drinking.*

Requisition, *demand.*

Calabash, *a nut whose shell serves for a dish.*

Siesta, *repose in the middle of the day.*

Interminable, *never-ending.*

HISTORY OF A DAY IN THE MARQUESAS.

NOTHING can be more uniform and undiversified than the life of the Typees of the Marquesas. One tranquil day of ease and happiness follows another in quiet succession; and with these simple savages the history of a day is the history of a life. I will, therefore, as briefly as I can, describe one of the days spent there.

To begin with the morning. We are not very early risers,—the sun would be shooting its golden spikes above the Happar mountain ere I threw aside my tappa rope, and girding my long tunic about my waist, sallied out with Tayaway and Kory-Kory, and the rest of the household, and bent my steps towards the stream. Here we found all those who dwelt in our section of the valley, and here we bathed with them. The fresh morning air, and the cool flowing waters, put both spirits and body in a glow; and after a half-hour employed in this recreation we returned back to the house—Timor and Marheyo gathering dry

sticks by the way for firewood; some of the young men laying the cocoa-nut trees under contribution as they passed beneath them; while Kory-Kory played his outlandish pranks for my particular diversion.

Our morning meal was soon prepared. The islanders are somewhat abstemious at this repast; reserving the more powerful efforts of their appetite to a later period of the day. For my own part, with the assistance of my valet, who, as my constant servant, always served as spoon on these occasions, I ate sparingly from one of Timor's trenchers of Pooe Pooe, which was devoted exclusively to my own use, being mixed with the milky meat of ripe cocoa-nut. A piece of a roasted bread fruit, a small cake of "amam," or a mess of lookoo, two or three bananas, or a Maw-mee apple, annuee, or some other agreeable and nutritious fruit, served from day to day to diversify the meal, which was finished by tossing off the liquid contents of a young cocoa-nut or two.

While partaking of this simple repast, the inmates of Marheyo's house, after the style of the indolent Romans, reclined in sociable groups upon the divan mats, and digestion was promoted by cheerful conversation. After the morning meal was concluded pipes were lighted, and among them my own especial pipe, a present from the noble Mehavi. The islanders, who only smoke a whiff or two at a time and at long intervals, as they keep their pipes going from hand to hand continually, regarded my regular smoking of four or five pipefuls of tobacco in succession as something quite wonderful. When two or three pipes had circulated freely the company gradually broke up.

Marheyo went to the little hut he was for ever building. Timor began to inspect her rolls of tappa, or employed her busy fingers in plaiting grass mats. The girls anointed themselves with their fragrant oil, dressed their hair, or looked over their curious finery, and compared together their ivory trinkets, fashioned out of boar's tusks or whale's teeth. The young men and warriors produced their spears, paddles, canoe gear, battle clubs, and spears, and occupied themselves by carving all sorts of figures upon them with pointed pieces of shell or flint, and adorning them with tassels of braided bark and tufts of human hair. Some, immediately after eating, threw themselves once more upon the inviting mats, and resumed the employmen-

of the previous night, sleeping as soundly as if they had not closed their eyes for a week.

Others sallied out into the groves for the purpose of gathering fruit, or fibres of bark, and leaves, the last two being in constant requisition, and applied to a hundred uses. A few, perhaps, among the girls, would slip into the woods after flowers, or repair to the stream with small calabashes and cocoa-nut shells, in order to polish them by friction with a smooth stone in the water. In truth, these innocent people seemed to be at no loss for something to occupy their time; and it would be no light task to enumerate all their employments, or rather pleasures. My own morning I spent in a variety of ways. Sometimes I rambled about from house to house, sure of receiving a cordial welcome wherever I went; or from grove to grove, and from one shady place to another, in company with Kory-Kory and a rabble rout of merry young idlers.

Sometimes I was too indolent for exercise, and, accepting one of the many invitations I was continually receiving, stretched myself out on the mats of some hospitable dwelling, and occupied myself pleasantly, either in watching the proceedings of those around me, or taking part in them myself. Whenever I chose to do the latter the delight of the islanders was boundless; and there was always a throng of competitors for the honor of instructing me in any particular craft. I soon became quite an accomplished hand at making tappa, could braid a grass sling as well as the best of them, and once with my knife carved the handle of a javelin so exquisitely, that I have no doubt to this day Karnoonoo, its owner, preserves it as a surprising specimen of my skill.

As noon approached, all those who had wandered forth from our habitation began to return; and when midday was fairly come, scarcely a sound was to be heard in the valley,—a deep sleep fell upon all. The luxurious siesta was hardly ever omitted, except by old Marheyo, who was so odd a character that he seemed to be governed by no fixed principles whatever, but acting just according to the humor of the moment, slept, ate, or tinkered away at his little hut with no regard to proprieties of time or place. Frequently he might have been seen taking a nap in the sun at noonday, or a bath in the stream at midnight.

Once I beheld him perched eighty feet from the ground, in the tuft of a cocoa-nut tree, smoking ; and often I saw him standing up to the waist in water, engaged in plucking out the stray hairs of his beard, using a piece of mussel shell for tweezers. The noontide slumber lasted generally an hour and a half, very often longer ; and after the sleepers had arisen from their mats, they again had recourse to their pipes, and then made preparations for the most important meal of the day.

I, however, enjoyed the afternoon repast with the bachelor chiefs of the Ti, who were always rejoiced to see me, and lavishly spread before me the good things their larder afforded. Mehavi generally produced, among other dainties, a baked pig—an article which I have every reason to suppose was provided for my sole gratification.

After spending a considerable portion of the afternoon at the Ti, I usually found myself, as the cool of the evening came on, either sailing on the lake or bathing in the waters of the stream, with a number of the savages, who at this hour always repaired thither. As the shadows of night approached, Marheyo's household was once more assembled under his roof ; tapers were lit, long and curious chants were raised, interminable stories were told (for which I was little the wiser), and all sorts of social festivities served to while away the time. Unless some particular festivity was going forward, the inmates of Marheyo's house retired to their mats rather early in the evening, but not for the night, since after slumbering lightly for awhile, they rose again, relit their tapers, partook of the third and last meal of the day, at which Poee-Poee alone was eaten ; and then, after inhaling a narcotic whiff from a pipe of tobacco, disposed themselves for the great business of the night—sleep. With the Marquesan, it might almost be styled the great business of life, for they pass a large portion of their time in the arms of Somnus. The native strength of their constitutions is in no way shown more completely than in the quantity of sleep they can endure. To many of them, indeed, life is little else than an often interrupted and luxurious nap.

Community, an assemblage of people under the same social arrangement, or having the same government.

Projected, thrown forward, discharged.

Ordnance, gunnery.

MANUFACTURE OF POP-GUNS.

IN my various wanderings through the vale, and as I became better acquainted with the character of its inhabitants, I was more and more struck with the light-hearted joyousness that everywhere prevailed. The minds of these simple savages, unoccupied by matters of graver moment, were capable of deriving the utmost delight from circumstances which would have passed unnoticed in more intelligent communities.

What civilised community, for instance, would derive the least satisfaction from shooting pop-guns? The mere supposition of such a thing being possible would arouse their indignation; and yet the whole population of Typee did little else for ten days but occupy themselves with that childish amusement, fairly screaming, too, with the delight it afforded them.

One day I was frolicking with a little spirited urchin, some six years old, who chased me with a piece of bamboo, about three feet long, with which he occasionally belabored me.

Seizing the stick from him, the idea happened to suggest itself, that I might make for the youngster, out of the slender tube, one of those nursery muskets with which I had sometimes seen children playing. Accordingly, with my knife, I made two parallel slits in the cane, several inches in length, and cutting loose at one end the elastic strap between them, bent it back, and slipped the point into a little notch made for the purpose. Any small substance placed against this would be projected with considerable force through the tube, by merely springing the bent strip out of the notch.

Had I possessed the remotest idea of the sensation this piece of ordnance was destined to produce, I should certainly have taken out a patent for the invention. The boy scampered away with it, half delirious with ecstasy; and in twenty minutes afterwards I might have been seen surrounded by a noisy crowd—venerable old grey beards, responsible fathers of families, warriors, matrons, young men, girls, and children, all

holding in their hands bits of bamboo, and each clamoring to be served first!

For three or four hours I was engaged in manufacturing pop-guns, but at last made over my goodwill and interest in the concern to a lad of remarkably quick parts, whom I soon initiated into the art and mystery. Pop, pop, pop, pop! now resounded all over the valley.

Duels, skirmishes, pitched battles, and general engagements were to be seen on every side. Here, as you walked along a path which led through a thicket, you fell into a cunningly-laid ambush, and became a target for a body of musketeers, whose tattooed limbs you could just see peeping into view through the foliage. There you were assailed by the intrepid garrison of a house, who levelled their bamboo rifles at you from between the upright canes which composed its sides. Farther on, you were fired upon by a detachment of sharpshooters, mounted upon the top of a hut or hillock.

Pop, pop, pop, pop! green guavas, seeds, and berries, were flying about in every direction; and during this dangerous state of affairs, I was half afraid that, like the man and his brazen bull, I should fall a victim to my own ingenuity. Like everything else, however, the excitement gradually wore away, though ever after occasional pop-guns might be heard at all hours of the day.

Melville's Marquesas.

LLAMAS, ALPACAS, VICUNAS, AND GUANACOS (S. AMERICA).

PERHAPS no animal of South America has attracted so much attention as the llama, as it was the only beast of burden the Indians had trained to their use, on the arrival of Europeans in that country. So many strange stories were told by the earlier Spanish travellers regarding this "camel-sheep," that it was natural that great interest should attach to it. These reported that the llama was used for riding. Such, however, is not the case. It is only trained to carry burdens, although an Indian boy may be sometimes seen on the back of a llama for mischief, or when crossing a stream, and the lad does not wish to get his feet wet.

The llama is three feet high from hoof to shoulder, though his long neck makes him look taller. His color is generally brown, with black and yellow shades, sometimes speckled or spotted; and there are black and white llamas, but these are rare. His wool is long and coarse, though the females, which are smaller have a finer and better wool. The latter are never used to carry burdens, but only kept for breeding. They are fed in flocks upon the heights, and it was a flock of these that our travellers saw near the hut.

The males are trained to carry burdens at the age of four years. A pack-saddle, called *yerqua*, woven out of coarse wool, is fastened on the back, and upon this the goods are placed. The burden never exceeds 120 or 130 pounds. Should a heavier one be put on, the llama, like the camel, quite understands that he is "over-weighted," and neither coaxing nor beating will induce him to move a step. He will lie down, or, if much vexed, spit angrily at his driver, and this spittle has a highly acrid property, and will cause blisters on the skin where it touches. Sometimes a llama, over vexed by ill-treatment, has been known, in despair, to dash his brains out against a rock. The llamas are used much in the mines of Peru, for carrying the ore. They frequently serve better than either asses or mules, as they can pass up and down declivities where neither ass nor mule can travel. They are sometimes taken in long trains from the mountains down to the coast region, for salt and other goods; but on such occasions many of them die, as they cannot bear the warm climate of the lowlands. Their proper and native place is on the higher plains of the Andes. A string of llamas, when on a journey, is a very interesting spectacle. One of the largest is usually the leader. The rest follow in single file, at a slow, measured pace, their heads ornamented tastefully with ribands; while small bells, hanging around their necks, tinkle as they go. They throw their high heads from side to side, gazing around them; and when frightened at anything, will "break ranks," and scamper out of their path, to be collected again with some trouble.

The guanaco is larger than the llama, and for a long time was considered merely as the wild llama, or the llama *run wild*, in which you will perceive an essential distinction. It is neither but an animal of specific difference. It exists in a wild state in

the high mountains, though with great care and trouble it can be domesticated and trained to carry burdens as well as the llama. In form, it resembles the latter, but as is the case with most wild animals, the guanacos are all alike in color. The upper parts of the body are of a reddish brown, while underneath it is a dirty white. The lips are white, and the face a dark grey. The wool is shorter than that of the llama, and of the same length all over the body. The guanaco lives in herds of five or seven individuals, and these are very shy, fleeing to the most inaccessible cliffs when any one approaches them. Like the chamois of Switzerland, and the "bighorn" of the Rocky Mountains, they can glide along steep ledges where neither men nor dogs can find footing. The "alpaca," or "paco," as it is sometimes called, is one of the most useful of the Peruvian sheep, and is more like the common sheep than the others. This arises from its bulkier shape, caused by its thick fleece of long wool. The latter is soft, fine, and often five inches in length; and, as is well known, has become an important article in the manufacture of cloth. Its color is usually either white or black, though there are some of the alpacas speckled or spotted. Ponchos are woven out of alpaca-wool by the Indians of the Andes.

The alpaca is a domesticated animal, like the llama, but it is not used for carrying burdens. It is kept in large flocks, and regularly shorn as sheep are. If one of the alpacas gets separated from the flock, it will lie down and suffer itself to be beaten to death, rather than go the way its driver wishes. You have, no doubt, sometimes seen a common sheep exhibit similar obstinacy.

Of all the Peruvian sheep, the vicuna is certainly the prettiest and most graceful. It has more the form of the deer or antelope than of the sheep, and its color is so striking that it has obtained among the Peruvians the name of the animal itself, *color de vicuna* (vicuna color). It is of a reddish yellow, not unlike that of our domestic red cat, although the breast and under parts of the body are white. The flesh of the vicuna is excellent eating, and its wool is of more value than even that of the alpaca. Where a pound of the former sells for one dollar—which is the usual price—the pound of alpaca will fetch only a quarter of that sum.

Mayne Reid

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Song to May.*

FOR TWO VOICES.

THOMAS MURBY.

Lively. cres-cen-do.

cres - cen - do.

Sweet May! thou art come a-gain, With thy bright festive train, Each feather'd songster is warbling thy praise;
 Why should I, a - lone, Seem an un-grateful one,
 Why not sing, though humble be my lay?

With every smile you bring
 Flowers are opening;
 Beauty and sweetness you lavishly shed.
 Perfume fills the air,
 Brightness is everywhere,
 Winter's gloom and cheerlessness has
 [fled.]

How fresh is the verdant green,
 Tranquil the rippling stream,
 Every young flower tree fair to the
 2 Melody fills the grove, [view;
 Oh! 'tis sweet time to rove,
 Heav'n is clothed in blue of richest hue.

The children, in buoyant glee,
 Dance and sing merrily;
 Gentle and youthful hearts welcome
 E'en the aged man, [thee back.
 Worn by ^{af} ¹ fiction, can
 1 Gladden to meet thee once again on
 [his track.]

For now all is pure and fair,
 Placid and calm the air,
 Bright is the sunbeam and cloudless
 Beauty doth abound, [the day.
 Joy beams on all around,
 3 So why not sing, though humble be
 [my lay?]

* Re-arranged from "New Tunes to Choice Words."

1 filo - tion can 2 | me - lo - dy 3 So | why
 glad - den to

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